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EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE

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EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE

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EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY
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An Authorized Exponent of Dr. C. Wesley Emerson's Philosophy of Expression

CECIL HARPER . . . . . MANAGING EDITOR

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Five numbers will be published during the present College year—the first in December; the second in January; the third in February; the fourth in March, and the fifth in May.

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GREETING.

To all our readers, known and unknown we extend our warmest salutation, and indulge the pleasant hope that our acquaintance will be extended in time and profitable in character. To attain this end no effort shall be wanting on our part and we are persuaded that the intelligent appreciation of our readers will not only lighten our duties but so transform them that they will become a positive delight. A few words will naturally be expected as to the purpose and plan of the work.

THE EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE is issued in response to numerous and urgent requests on the part of our graduates and students. Two years ago the *Alumni Association* decided to take the matter in hand; but for sufficient reasons the matter was postponed until last summer. In conversation, however, with Dr. Emerson, it was felt that the work of the College was so radically different from the usual methods of teaching oratory that the MAGAZINE would naturally be regarded as an authoritative exponent of his Philosophy of Expression. It was therefore decided that the College should assume all the responsibility of publication, and that the entire work should be under the immediate direction of the Faculty. While no formal and systematic presentation of the philosophy of the College will be attempted every article published in the MAGAZINE will be approved by the Faculty; and the extracts from Dr. Emerson's Saturday lectures will be revised by himself. Our readers may thus feel assured that the contents of the MAGAZINE faithfully and authoritatively represent the methods and principles of the Emerson College of Oratory and its honored President.

Our earnest effort will be to elevate the standard of instruction in oratory throughout the country by bringing it into line with the most approved pedagogical methods, based upon accepted principles in Physiology, Psychology and Art. An attempt will furthermore be made to raise the literary standard of the reading platform, so that recitals shall become recognized as a vital interpretation of our best English and American authors.

While not confining ourselves rigidly to a prescribed plan, the scope of the MAGAZINE may be gathered from the following outline, which will constitute our general guide:—

1. Reports of Dr. Emerson's Saturday Lectures.
2. Articles on Physical Culture and Hygiene.

3. General Educational Notes.

4. Contributions from Teachers, Authors, Graduates and Friends of the Institution.

5. Criticisms of Standard and Current Literature, especially that suitable for platform work.

6. New Selections for Recitation and Public Reading.

7. Personal Notices of Public Readers, Teachers and Lecturers.

8. Notes from the *Alumni Association, Alumni Club, Southwick Literary Society, Glee Clubs, Debating Clubs,* etc.

9. News of Interest in and about the College.

Dr. Emerson's Portrait.

In accordance with the intimation made in the prospectus issued two years ago we are pleased to draw the attention of our readers to the excellent portrait of Dr. Emerson which adorns our first number. We are confident that our readers will be delighted to possess this "speaking likeness" of our beloved president in a form which will enable them to preserve it permanently by binding it with the other numbers of the MAGAZINE at the close of the year.

Our Attendance.

Two years ago the increase in the number of our students rendered it necessary to secure additional room at Wesleyan Hall. Last year a still further increase "burst its walls" and obliged us to seek still ampler accommodation, which we found in the commodious halls of the Odd Fellows' Building on Berkeley Square. This year our numbers are even greater than last, and already crowd to the utmost the capacity of our new quarters. The Freshman class already numbers nearly two hundred and is divided into eight sections, the Senior class numbers over one hundred, the Postgraduate class about fifty, the Saturday class nearly thirty, occasional and summer students two hundred and thirty, the grand total being over six hundred. This is the largest attendance of any institution of its kind in the world.

Additions to the Faculty.

On account of the almost phenomenal growth of the school during the past few years constant accessions to our teaching force have been rendered necessary. During the present year no less than four new members have been added to the Faculty.

In the Department of Rendering, we have been so fortunate as to secure the services of Miss Daisy Carroll Hoyt, O. M., the well known public reader, and of Miss Annie Blalock, O. M., who has been so successful with her classes in oratory both in New England and in the South. Both of these ladies are graduates of the Emerson College of Oratory.

In the Department of Rhetoric we are pleased to welcome Prof. Ralph Waldo Trine, A. B., a graduate and recent professor of Knox College, Ill., and a postgraduate of Johns Hopkins University. His work is already bearing fruit, and he is holding the undivided attention of his classes.

In the Department of Literature we are singularly favored in securing the services of Prof. Daniel Dorchester, PH. D., who has occupied the chair of literature and political economy in Boston University for the past eight years. Prof. Dorchester is recognized as an authority both in this country and in England, and he has become noted for his valuable contributions to the Shakespeare and Browning Societies. His mode of teaching, we are pleased to say, is not confined to grammatical and philological investigation, but is based upon the broadest principles of artistic and historical criticism, the good

results of which are already seen in the deep interest and habits of wide research inspired by his valuable lectures.

Prof. and Mrs. Southwick's Summer Work.

In another column there is an accouut of the summer session at Cottage City, Martha's Vineyard, where Dr. and Mrs. Emerson presented the principles and methods of our education to a class of nearly one hundred teachers. But this was not the only presentation of the work during the summer of 1892. At Bedford City, Virginia, Prof. and Mrs. Southwick conducted a class containing eighty teachers in attendance at the Virginia Summer School of Methods. At the close of the three weeks' session at Bedford City, Prof. Southwick proceded to Glens Falls, N. Y., where he taught a class of sixty teachers at the National School of Methods. Here Mrs. Southwick joined him during the the third week of the session and gave several readings. The work at both places was highly successful, and Prof. and Mrs. Southwick will conduct the work in oratory next summer in the National School of Methods and also in the Virginia Summer School of Methods.

Dr. Rolfe's Lectures on Shakespeare.

During the winter term Dr. Wm. J. Rolfe, A. M., the well-known Shakespearean scholar and critic, who has been for several years connected with the Emerson College of Oratory, will deliver a series of eight lectures on Shakespeare. Prof. Rolfe is so well-known both in this country and in Europe for his scholarly editions of Shakespeare and other standard English poets that the mere mention of his name is a guarantee of the unrivaled excellence of his course. To those who have not had the privilege of hearing him a rare treat is in store.

Dr. Dickinson's Lectures.

During the remaining Thursdays of the present term the lecture period will be occupied by the Hon. John W. Dickinson, LL. D., Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education, in his masterly exposition of the subject of Rhetoric. As the distinguished gentleman has given his life to the study of pedagogical methods, our students may confidently anticipate a rare treat in the presentation of this valuable and interesting subject.

Addresses of Graduates and Students.

As no record of the addresses of graduates and former students is for any length of time reliable, we shall regard it as a favor if all those who can do so will furnish us with the present address of all persons who have at any time been connected with the college.

No Advertisements.

In consultation with Dr. Emerson it was deemed wise to devote the entire space of our columns to the elucidation of the principles of oratory, as based upon recognized laws of science and art, and to the presentation of such matters as are of immediate interest and paramount importance to students, readers, and teachers of the art. It has accordingly been decided that for the present, at least, no advertisements of any kind whatever will be accepted. We therefore beg to inform our readers, and especially those who have already applied to us for space, that we are reluctantly obliged to decline any request of this nature.

Crowded Out.

Owing to the crowded condition of our columns several contributions have been necessarily much condensed, while a number of valuable articles have unavoidably been held over for a subsequent issue.

WORDS OF WELCOME.

Prof. Southwick's Address on Opening Day.

It is very gratifying to add a little note to the general chorus of welcome which greets you here this morning—a welcome earnest and heartfelt to those who have returned to us as from a journey and to those who are newly entered within our gates. I add this welcome in my own behalf and in behalf of one who cannot be here this morning, a lady who has done me the honor to take my name. To some of you this place has become a home, and they will sympathize with me speaking to you to whom this place is yet strange, not as a teacher, but rather as an elder brother in the great family of which you have now become a part; for it was once my privilege to be in your places, and I have watched this broad river of organized influence since it was a little stream, and I know something of the nature of the spring that feeds it. I am in no way responsible for the principles of this college, nor for its methods, nor for its spirit, except so far as I may partake of this spirit through baptism in its influence. All these things are not yours, fellow-students, or yours, fellow-teachers — except so far as they have become a part of your nature — but are emanations of the brain and heart and life of one at whose feet teachers love to sit, and who, to those whose lives have touched his own, seems not so much a man as an *influence* which has entered into them and shaped them—an influence that has brought light into the eye and hope into the heart and purpose into the will and aspiration into the soul, and has made life seem larger, duty clearer, God nearer. This man has given to us a system of education, and I use this word "system" advisedly. Now every system of education must be judged by its results; it has one infallible test — the man that it forms. The system must stand or fall according as that question is answered, What sort of a man? What sort of a woman? Your daughter or sister returns to you after one, two, three years at an institution of learning. You know she must have changed; and in your first anxious, wistful gaze, so full of solicitude and of prayer—and concentrated in that search is all the intensity of your yearning, hoping, fearing heart—you look into her eyes and through them into her soul for answer to your questions, "*What can she do and what has she become?*" There is the supreme test, and according as that question is answered an institution will rise and stand or it will fall. Some among us have seen this acorn grow to a mighty oak, and it is because this question has been answered to the satisfaction of the mothers and the fathers and of the educators and of those who in their turn come to be educated—answered in the success and in the manhood and womanhood of those who have gone forth—that we begin to understand the numerical marvel of twelve students in 1880 and six hundred in 1892.

Inasmuch as this system touches life on every side—muscle, manners, manhood, mind—and furnishes principles by which all study may be simplified and inter-relationships traced, and gives a mental training which will make all acquirement easier and more significant, this college is the most inclusive of all educational institutions; yet its students come here for special equipment, and it is therefore a technical school. But it is a technical school conceived and developed upon the principle that the end of all education is the enlargement and enrichment of personality and the consecration of this large and rich personality to high ends, and that, as Dr. Moxom once said, "the professional school which, while rightly emphasizing its speciality, seeks to broaden and nourish the whole nature of the pupil is the best school for the specialist. First

the man, then the vocation." What and how are we to be taught are questions your minds are asking as you sit here for the first time this morning. "Do you teach bird-calls in the college?" somebody asked me the other day. No, we do not learn bird-calls here; no, nor cat-calls, nor any tricks of that sort. There is no harm in these as long as we do not study for this as an *end*. Our voices are trained, and the trained voice may be employed to furnish this sort of entertainment if its owner wishes and there is no harm in it, although this is hardly the highest employment for that instrument sweeter than any made by mortal hands, more melodious than the laughing brook, the lapping wave, and all the songsters of the wood, because it vibrates with all the harmonies of a living, thinking soul.

"Do you teach etiquette here?" asked some one this morning. No, not etiquette, but courtesy. Etiquette leads you to think about yourself; courtesy, to think of others. Courtesy is a lesson of sweet, tender, reverential consideration of the well-being and well-feeling of others. It is the deportment of the heart, indifferent to rank or caste, to high or low, through look and tone and manner and action paying its fraternal tribute of kindness, respect, and reverence to the sacredness of another—sacred because with you he is the child of a common Father. Now it is a common error to suppose that a man who is distinguished for tenderness must lack force. The founder of this college is not notably lacking in force; nor was Philip Sydney, nor Hamlet, nor Buddha, nor Christ. We come here to receive, and the first lesson we learn is not only that it is more blessed to *give* than to receive, but that in order to receive we must give; *that the spirit of helpfulness is the very life-blood of oratory*. Let me illustrate in one very simple and familiar way. The French make a use of the word which means to assist, which is a significant evidence that they have found the philosophic truth of this matter. They do not say they attend lecture, concert, or entertainment, simply that they are present, but that they "assist" in it. They have found out that if they do not assist with hand, heart, imagination, and sympathy at play or lecture they carry away very little with them. Kindliness and self-interest prompt them to the same course. We know, moreover, that the actor cannot play to wooden chairs nor to wooden men. He cannot be funny if no laughter ripples and runs; he cannot be pathetic if no eye moistens; he cannot give out a single electric spark if insulated by the arctic coldness of unresponsive hearers. It was to an audience of this sort that Frances Willard once said as she finished her address, "Well, you have had a poor speech and you deserved it." Let us learn to give and give freely of our best. We may sometimes give more than we receive, but, if we give of our best, life becomes larger and richer, we call out the best that is in others and establish sympathy not only with them but with this precious *best*, and thus add new sap to the tree of our spiritual life. Through the study of expression, which, apart from impression, means the freeing of the channels that we may give out to others that which is within, we approach the highest power of ministration. In the study of expression the spirit and practice of helpfulness is the savor of life unto life, while that of a censorious criticism is the savor of death unto death.

Tell a sensible boy that he is a fool, and tell him times enough, and after a while he will believe you; and then what future is there for him? Dr. Holmes has said that the human race is divided into two classes — those who go ahead and do something and those who critically sit still and inquire, "Why wasn't it done the other way?" The critic never does anything. You grow by adding, not

by taking away. A young man came to the office to see me one day and spoke confidently of his qualifications for our work, and the poor benighted soul informed me as an evidence of fitness that he could find the *faults* of every orator and actor he had ever heard, but I found he had not obtained one glimpse of the sources of their power. I wanted to tell him to go home and saw wood, but remembered that "while the light holds out to burn," etc. Never feel complacency because nature has endowed you more richly than your classmate. It is not your virtue. See to it that you make the best use of what you have. And, above all, never pride yourself on your ability to criticise or find fault. No successful school was ever conducted on such a basis and no power was ever developed and no character unfolded in this way. It requires great knowledge and wisdom to criticise helpfully. It requires talent and generosity to recognize talent and generosity in others, yet how often are these trodden down beneath the ass's hoof of petty self-conceit. If I speak warmly it is because I know how much this means to personal growth and how how important this consideration is at the outset of our work. To cultivate indulgence in censorious criticism is to shut the door of your soul against truth and inspiration. It means worse than stagnation; and let me say with all the earnestness of my soul that if you feel the sneer coming when you see the mistaken, feeble, inartistic effort of some struggling souls, if you value your own success and hope to build power, *don't you dare, don't you dare!*

Turn from the darkness and let in the light; contemplation of truth, not error, enriches the soul. By helping you will be helped. The perfume of the flower you place in the pathway of another will fill your soul with its fragrance. Whom to help? All those who need it. Not the one who is your friend, the one who dazzles with the brilliancy of his work or the one to whom you are especially attracted, but the one who needs it; and if there be on earth one thing which is truly inspiring it is, when we have given of our best to help, to find success blessing an inferiority of natural powers when those powers have been honestly and zealously cultivated.

Another lesson which we shall learn is the lesson of hard work. We are told of the value of the study of higher mathematics as a means of mental discipline. This is true. But the value of Dr. Emerson's work in developing the power of concentrated attention is far greater, as I know by experience with both. And it is this capability of continued attention that marks the difference between mental superiority and inferiority. Again, we have here full recognition of the principle of *repetition* prized so highly in Greek education, and which present day instruction, with its fancy for tickling the mental palates of students with the spice of novelty has neglected to its cost; and when we expect a diamond we find too often only diamond dust. In these two — concentrated application and the repetition which gives certainty and facility—we have two of the grandest sources of power, particularly that kind of force which we call reserve power, which gives to all effort the suggestion of ease.

How easily yon rope-walker passes from steeple to steeple. Yes, but application and repetition gave him courage and facility. How easily that orator speaks or this author writes, you say; but you usually mean by that how easy is it to listen to that speaker or to read this writer. Easy writing or speaking flow from a full mind and a rich experience. A great Spanish sculptor once completed a statue in twenty-five days. The tradesman who employed him offered to pay him by the day, "Villain," he cried, "I have been twenty-five years learning to make a

statue in twenty-five days." The story is credited to Webster that he replied, when asked how long it had taken him to prepare a certain great speech, "Forty years." All the great extemporaneous flashings forth of power come not from without but from within. Outward occasion may smite the rock, but the water that gushes forth comes from the deep well-spring of the soul, and the man gives forth what he is prepared to give. We are impressed with the power and the peacefulness of the man. His work has *repose*, and his expression becomes the gracious, natural, overflow of his full-tided character. The impression which he makes, and, for that matter, the impression that all men make upon their fellows, is the moral resultant not of what they say, but of all they have grown to be.

Again, you will have definite systematic education of the imagination; a faculty which is the inspiration of all art, and which, although it may be here and there incidentally trained, is to the best of my knowledge and belief no where else systematically developed and guided. In this training you will be taught to *see*—to both reproduce and create pictures. But there is again something higher than seeing—it is *perceiving*, or seeing into. I was reading one of the Socratic dialogues the other day, wherein Socrates is telling his friend how "all the great arts require a subtle and speculative research into the laws of nature." Socrates proceeds to draw an analogy between the methods of medicine and those of oratory, showing how the nature of the body must be understood in the one case and that of the soul in the other. Since the power of speech is that of leading the soul he urges that it is necessary for him who would be an orator to understand the soul. And Cicero says substantially the same thing,— that without this insight into the minds and souls of men the arts of the rhetorician avail nothing in moving the wills of others. And right here our work takes us, as you see, into the profoundest philosophy upon the one hand, and it gives logical necessity for the cultivation of the dramatic element upon the other. On the one hand it means the study of the laws of the mind and the actual and natural evolution of the powers and faculties of that mind; it means psychological development of these powers by successive and progressive steps. It means not only unconscious individual growth, but it means a conscious grasp of these processes of unfolding. Sound practice is sound theory unconscious of itself. But with the practice we need the sound theory which is conscious of its reason for being, its process, and its end. Thus on the one hand our work leads us to the heights of philosophy — "to a conscious study of those mental processes which a born artist, orator, or teacher intuitively feels and instinctively practises" to apply the philosophy of the soul of man in our education. The supreme necessity is to know the instrument our touch is to awaken to music. That instrument is the soul, and to awaken its harmonies we need more than knowledge, more than imagination cultivated to see; we need intuition and imagination cultivated to feel. We need to educate the dramatic sense. What is it? Not theatrical display; this is but the most limited expression of it. It is, considered elementally, the power of putting yourself into the place of another. It is not to look *at*, but to look *with* and to feel with. You cannot express the soul of your poet until you can look out upon nature and in upon man through his eyes and see and feel what he saw and felt. The power of putting one's self into the place of another is the dramatic sense. Until you can do this you can interpret but feebly, despite your expressive muscles, silvery voice, and logical mind. Until you can do this you cannot teach successfully, despite your good intentions

and great erudition. You cannot help that pupil much until you know how he feels and looks at things. Every great orator has to an eminent degree the dramatic instinct; and although he may not be in the least theatrical in manner yet he is essentially dramatic in thought.

I spoke a few minutes ago of sympathy as a spiritual impulse blessing both giver and receiver, but here we meet it once more and upon a higher plane. I spoke of it before as a kindliness of attitude, a general desire to help and to give our best and to look for the best in others, and of how this attitude of helping would enable us to be helped and would open the mind to a clearer, keener, perception of truth. Now we see sympathy in service. Acting through the dramatic sense it becomes a mighty power, an "intuitive perception of the mental condition and processes of others," as Dr. Laurie phrases it, "so vivid as to enable a man without effort to live in and with other minds and to help them on to knowledge and to character by moving with them step by step." It is profound pyschological knowledge, sometimes unconscious of itself, illuming the brain from the glowing fire of love which is in the heart.

And here is a higher point than the classic orators ever touched. With Cicero they gloried in the power of eloquence to fascinate the mind and direct the passions of men to whatever object the orator pleased. Love leads the way to a clearer vision and a deeper philosophy. Above the laurel wreath of Cicero is the thorny crown of Christ. Oratory means the education of the body and of its divine tenant — of the body that it may be free that the soul may shine through it—and the cultivation of the beautiful in the inner man —sensibility, intellect, will, love. It means a drawing *out*, it is true; it also means a drawing *up*. As your fellow student I welcome you upon coming here and I congratulate you that you are here.

From the New England Journal of Education.

HOW TO TEACH READING

By C. W. Emerson, LL. D.,
Emerson College of Oratory, Boston

In considering the problem of how to teach reading we naturally begin by discussing the method which should be used in teaching the youngest children in the primary department of our public schools. It is the office of the teacher in this grade to give the mind of the child its start in the direction of literary culture. To be able to do this successfully something more than learning and talent is required. The teacher must possess the genius for teaching legitimately; that is, teaching in accordance with the laws of the human mind. When we consider that the whole future career of the child depends upon the method by which he is introduced into the world of learning, we realize what a tremendous responsibility rests upon the teacher of the little children. That we may better consider this subject I will give what I deem a comprehensive definition of learning to read. Learning to read is: 1. Learning to bring the concepts of invisible objects into the presence of the mind. 2. Learning to associate these concepts with their signs in written or printed language. 3. Learning to express these concepts through speech to others. We must go back a step, and learn how to bring a visible object into the presence of the mind.

A thing may be in the presence of the senses and yet not be in the presence of the mind. The teacher must first learn to bring an object which is in contact with the senses of the child into the presence of his mind; that is, to call his attention to that object; in other words, to cause his mind to act upon that object. Let the teacher hold before the pupil some object, for example, a watch. Let her tell him a story about it — one that will enlist his

feelings — and his mind will at once begin to act upon the watch. Let her now put the watch out of sight and ask the child what he is thinking about, and he will tell her, provided she has been successful in her experiment, that he is thinking about the watch. "Can you see the watch?" He will say, "No." Again let it be placed before him. "Can you see the watch?" "Yes." Let her now remove it from his sight, and again ask him if he can see it. By this method he can soon be taught to see the watch in his mind. The next step is to take advantage of the law of mental association. A saddle placed upon a log brings into the presence of a boy's mind the horse upon which he has seen that saddle, and he sees the absent horse as clearly as he sees the present saddle. He soon demonstrates the truth of the mind's action by mounting the saddle and driving his mental horse. If, in the child's mind the word horse can be as intimately associated with the animal as the saddle is, as soon as his eyes see the word his mind will see the horse. The object of the teacher should be not merely to make the child understand that the word stands for the thing it signifies, but to cause his mind to see the object the instant he sees the name. Thus the mind is constantly dealing with things, and not with words as words. The next step in teaching reading should be to teach the pupil to associate words with the *activities* of objects. The child must first see the object *acting* (either in reality or in picture), then the word which represents that *activity*. Keep this question constantly before you: When the pupil looks upon the printed page does he see words or things?

A question may arise in regard to the length of words first taught to children. Within reasonable limits the length of the word does not signify; for it is not the number of letters that the child should be taught to look at, but the word as a whole. Letters should not be taught until the child can read words freely. This brings us to the oral side of the subject; viz., how to teach expression. The teacher says to the child, "Read to me," and he reads, merely because he is told to read. He has no motive other than obedience, and the result is he is a slave, and he shows it by the slavish voice in which he reads. If, on the other hand, the teacher places the right motive before the child — the motive of making the children around him see what he sees, think what he thinks — he is no longer a slave; his mind is free, and he shows it by opening his mouth vigorously and reading with a will. I have never yet seen a child who would not speak out freely if he was really interested in communicating his thought to another. His desire to communicate will tend to gradually develop his enunciation. To sum up the whole matter: 1. *Never allow the child to use a sign unless his mind is seeing that which the sign signifies.* 2. *Never ask him to read one sentence or one word unless you can first inspire his mind with the desire to impart his thought, his knowledge, or his state of feelings to others.* Be guided in your teaching by these rules and you will revolutionize the matter of reading and speaking, so that when a pupil takes up a book to read he will not think words; he will think the things behind them. One so taught is not shut up within the covers of the book; he is not confined by the walls of the room. The walls are dissolved; space is annihilated; time is no more. Things that transpired hundreds of years ago are transpiring in his mind now. He reads ancient history and dwells with the heroes of Greece and Rome; he hears the sound of battle, the clash of arms, the cry of the onset, and the shouts of victory. Everything

of which he reads is present and real, for he has learned to live while reading, in realities, of which words are but suggestions.

College Notes.

Leland T. Powers.

On Thursday, November the 3d, Mr. Leland T. Powers, one of the regular readers of the Emerson College of Oratory, gave his monologue rendition of the play of "David Garrick." Mr. Powers' rare ability in impersonation is so well known that any word of commendation is unnecessary. The work from first to last was rapturously enjoyed, and the appreciation of the students was manifested at the close of the performance by an enthusiastic recall.

Mayor Howland.

W. H. Howland, Esq., ex-mayor of Toronto, Canada, visited the College a short time since, and made a brief address to the students of a cheering and helpful nature. We shall be pleased to see our genial Canadian friend again.

A Natural Orator.

On Thursday, Nov. 17, an unexpected treat was afforded our students by a temperance lecture delivered by the colored orator, Rev. Mr. Hector. Although without the stamp of culture he is a vigorous, natural speaker. His humor is rich, his pathos tender, and his enthusiasm contagious. His unintentional indorsement of truths emphasized by Dr. Emerson in a recent lecture added in no slight degree to the deep impression produced. At the conclusion of his address Dr. Emerson voiced the general conviction in saying, "This man is doing great good in his work."

Feed Your Nerves.

For the past fifteen years Dr. Emerson has advocated, as a nerve food, the use of a "coffee" made from that part of the wheat which contains the hypophosphites, but for many years it was impossible to find such a preparation in the market. About eighteen months ago Profs. Clark and Alden, realizing the urgent need, entered into partnership for the manufacture of this brain food. The demand for this article, termed "phospho-cereal-nervine coffee," has so increased that two successive additions have been made to the original plant, the capacity of which is now two thousand pounds a day. The product is shipped from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and even to England. Many physicians are prescribing it for brain exhaustion with most satsfactory results.

Our Bereaved.

It is with heartfelt sorrow that we record the removal by death of Deacon Hoadley of the Pilgrim Congregational Church, Dorchester, the father of one of the most highly esteemed students of the College. On learning the sad news the Faculty and students expressed their deep sympathy with their bereaved friend by providing for an appropriate floral tribute and by sending the following resolutions:

Whereas, God in his infinite wisdom and love, moving in ways we are so little able to understand, has seen best to take from our dear friend and fellow-worker one of those who are nearest and dearest to her; therefore be it,

Resolved, That we the Faculty and Students of the Emerson College of Oratory do tender to Miss Frances Hoadley and all the members of her bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy in this their great sorrow. Words are little consolation at such a time and fail to express what our hearts feel. May the tender Heavenly Father, who alone is able to minister to us in our afflictions, grant them all comfort, filling their minds with the peace that passeth knowledge.

[Signed.]

C. W. EMERSON, for the Faculty.
CECIL HARPER, for the Postgraduate Class.
JOS. S. GAYLORD, for the Senior Class.
M. L. SWIGERT, for the Freshman Class.

THE STOMACH AND THE HEART.

Extracts from Stenographic Reports of Dr. Emerson's Saturday lectures.

One of the most Herculean attempts of modern times is now being made at Niagara Falls. That immense power which has been running all these years— not quite to waste, because the contemplation of it has been cultivating the sense of sublimity in man — is now being conducted to where it will light the cities of America. Men are merely conducting the power; no more power is being generated. So the Universe is full of power. It is now being conducted by natural causes through this channel, by artificial causes through that; and while there seem to be so many more manifestations and so much greater variety in the manifestations of power on the earth to-day than in the ages gone by, when perhaps it was only a molten mass — for then there was no variety in the exhibition of power — yet there is no more power now than there was then. Power was then heaving the billows of fire; now it is growing in yonder pine forest and roaming over the hills as so many living creatures. The vital organs of our bodies are conductors, conducting power into the body to support the mind. We journey far for health sometimes. That man is taking a sail to Europe. For what? To find health. Is health in Europe any more than it is here on the Atlantic coast? No. We know not where nature has furnished the most health. You say how dangerous are the swamps in Southern Florida. You say that the civilized man, the white man, cannot go there and live well. Yet there is a negro breathing that miasmatic atmosphere every day and every night and he is perfectly healthy. The Indian once roamed there in perfect health, as he once roamed on this coast without knowing catarrh or consumption. Has the earth changed? Health is everywhere. If you are not able to live well in a certain locality of the earth it is because your conducting power is not good. The earth is belted with air, yet if you close your nostrils and your mouth you get none of it. These are conductors.

We want to contemplate the fact that we are bathing in an ocean of health, and that a limitless ocean. God has not said to that ocean, as he has said to the ocean of waters, "Hitherto shalt thou come and no further. Here shall thy proud waves be stayed." He invites man to bathe in it, to drink it, to inhale it, to live by means of it, to open the channels that He has given him and let health flow through him.

Nowhere perhaps is true Faith needed so much as in the struggle for health. We feel helpless. What are all these advertised drugs in our drug stores but something that we take hold of with a sort of desperate grasp as a drowning man reaches after a straw, as a forlorn hope that peradventure there may be something that will help us in our extremity. Why do quacks exist? Simply because people despair of health. One philosopher has said — this infinite dosing is the last criticism upon the knowledge and the resources of health. Medicine is not an absolute science — it is still experimental, if not empirical. But where is this for which we are seeking? Nature carries on her work through centers. Christ built his church on that idea, the law of centers. Except the branch abide in the vine it withers; He "that abideth in me, bringeth forth much fruit." In saying this he was only proclaiming of the spiritual world what every scientist knows is true in the physical world. The sun in every beam of light is proclaiming to the planets, "Except ye are controlled by me and revolve about me ye have no light in you." Each planet is sustained by its right relation to the sun, its center. You and I are so strong that no disease and no pestilence that

is inhaled in the night or walketh at noonday can possibly injure us if we "abide in the vine"—that is to say, if we maintain right relations with universal being. Man is not a separate existence, flung off like a scintillation from the universe, a spark left to wander a while and then to go out in blackness. It is said by philosophical scientists that the planets are but broken rings flung off in early times from the sun. But the sun did not leave them to take care of themselves. The sun directs and controls them, furnishes them light and heat to-day as when they were consolidated into one luminous body. So nature never flings off to cut away and separate — she only makes things stand out so that she may manifest her power more grandly. We are not flung off from immortality, from the sources of life, from the essence of being. It only seems so to our outer eye.

If I can only impress this fact upon your moral sensibilities, and call your intellectual faculties to accept it as a principle to-day — that there is no such thing as getting outside of the fountain of health — I shall feel happy, even if I do not give you any instruction as to the ways and means of receiving from this fountain, because with your minds once opened the facts will not be slow to follow. Our aim in this college is to build up and strengthen the entire individuality, that the man shall be more of a man, and the woman more of a woman, for the education received here. We do not aim to educate one side of human nature and to cause the intellectual faculties to grow like a fungus on the brain. That is not what you are here for. But you are here to widen and deepen and lift the whole being. To what and by what means? To secure your natural relations with the universe. That is all education can do at its best for anybody. To help man into his natural relations to the universe, physically, spiritually, intellectually and morally, is the end of education. When you are in right relationship with the universe the floodgates of your being are opened and you are filled with all that is desirable for one to have or to be.

In order that we may do this, we commence with the physical first, but we do not wish to reach the physical to-day, through your instincts, as God reached it through the instincts of the natives, the Aborigines of America. We must as civilized beings open our reason to it first. We must now be reached philosophically and scientifically. We must turn our intelligence full blaze upon the sources of power, that we may understand and receive them into ourselves. When the intellect of our race is turned towards health as it is now turned towards mechanics, we shall no longer look back to our Germanic forefathers, nor to the Norsemen for illustrations of the highest health — to the man of whom, as one poetic philosopher has said, "Into him if you plunged a sword his flesh would be healed like wax before the next day." Health is not obsolete, a thing of the past — it is before us. I have heard doctors say and have read letters written to one and another saying, "Now, you must not do this. You must not do that. Away with this false idea of suppression. The days of "Thou shalt not" are past --- they belonged to early civilization. The later form and the higher form is "Thou shalt," "Thou shalt do." In the beginning the mind of man could reach no farther than "Thou shalt not kill," "Thou shalt not covet." He knew nothing but suppression at first. But the time came when "Thou shalt not" was changed into "Thou shalt" and man was lifted and guided into another and a higher world — "Thou shalt *love* God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself;" on these two hang all the commandments. We want the same thing in the matter of health. We say to-day "You must not do this

thing," and "You must not do the other thing." But in saying this we are not assuming that you are of the highest intelligence. If we were we would say "Thou shalt do this thing, thou shalt do the other thing," No man knows the resources of physical power that may be conducted through himself any more than any man knows the resources of intellectual, moral and religious power that may be conducted through him. Why, the sources of all these powers are infinite. But we are too apt to think simply of ourselves, that we get our goodness from ourselves, our morality from ourselves, our wisdom from ourselves. The man who has a little wisdom is always congratulating himself for having it, while that man who has a great deal of wisdom does not congratulate himself because he is the exclusive possessor of it, but he is on his knees and offering thanks to the great Source of wisdom. If any man lack wisdom let him go to the infinite Source. In Scriptural language, "if any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God." So I will say of any other power. He that lacks grace let him ask of the Fountain of grace, and he that lacks health let him go to the same fountain. "Yes," says one, "simply asking God to make us well is sufficient." Well, to ask Him in words, is very good for a beginning, but I like prayers that speak in deeds — those are the highest prayers, those are the prayers that rise in sweet incense to the great I AM. Put yourselves into right relations with the universe. Then you bring forth works meet; then you show your faith by your works; then you bring yourselves into right relations to the universe. I am not speaking of the universe in a scientific sense only; I am speaking of it in a religious sense as well.

We should begin to feel that the care of our bodies is a religious duty — that it is a religious duty to bring ourselves into right relations with the fountain of health. I do not feel quite in the spirit of an expression which I heard quoted by an eminent professor of physiology by whom I was taught years ago. He was attempting to show the follicles of the human stomach magnified a thousand times or more on canvas, and he said to us students, "Behold the monarch of creation, the human stomach." He said it in all seriousness — "the monarch of creation." Of course, this little stomach was not the monarch of creation, but it certainly represented the feeding power of the universe. Man with all his boasted pride can have no life unless he draws it from the great reservoir of life every day. The stomach then is to be honored.

Civilized man is perhaps the least healthy of all organisms on the earth, and yet he has advantages in regard to the opportunities for health. I see trees dying as I go along the streets — dying seemingly prematurely. There is a lack in the soil where they are rooted, and therefore they must die. The tree cannot go and find new soil — it must take that soil which is around its roots or none. Man can change his food; he can put new elements into it; if there are not sufficient elements in it for his use, he can get other elements. The animal can seek its food in certain climes, but if it is cut off from those climes it must die. The ability of man to improve himself is not confined merely to the fact that he can move from one point to another — he has the power of mind to bring to bear upon the problem. Why, there is less reason in the nature of things for a man ever to be sick between birth and death, and death in old age too, than there is for any other organic being to be diseased. And yet the forest is healthier than man; the flowers are healthier than man; the animals that roam the field are healthier than man; the unenlightened savage is healthier than civilized man. We seem to be going away from health.

The stomach then is the organ that relates us to the material universe so far as most of the elements are concerned. That element in your brain which is at this moment so active, was not many hours since represented by a piece of bread. Now see to what it is elevated. I do not say it has become a source of thought, but it has become a means of thought. You have not a single enjoyment, a single aspiration, a single power of will which is not sustained by the elements taken into the stomach. It behooves us then to take care of this important organ.

Now the first act which I would mention in connection with the care of the stomach is that of maintaining it in the right position in the body. I have received letters, sometimes directly and sometimes through the press since I sent out my book entitled "Physical Culture," asking me what I meant by saying that the stomach was too low in the human body. "When you say the stomach is so low it will not fulfill its functions what evidence have you of it?" Why, I say that if all these students of physical culture would study pathology as well as physiology — if they would study the nature of diseases — it would lead them to understand these things much better. What is the effect of the prolapsus of any organ in the body? It fails to perform its function and invites disease. When does the state of an organ receive the name of prolapsus? When it has fallen so low in the body that it cannot be lifted by the voluntary effort of the individual. There are only a few cases where the stomach falls so low that by no effort of the individual can he bring it into its place. A few years since there was a case which one or two physicians diagnosed as cancer of the stomach. Other physicians were consulted and all declared the same except one who is a physiologist somewhat famous in New England. He said it was prolapsus of the stomach. "Why," said the others, "look at those symptoms; all indicate cancer of the stomach." Said he, "Gentlemen, I will convince you that this is prolapsus of the stomach. You all know where the stomach is located and what its altitude should be. I will show you that this stomach is much below its normal altitude." He had the patient, who was very much emaciated, drink some alkali. After the patient had drunk the alkali the doctor gave her some acid. When the acid and the alkali united the stomach was immediately expanded by the gas generated from the contact of those two chemical elements, so that there was an evident protrusion on the body, several inches below where the stomach should be. The doctor then took a piece of tissue paper, spread it over the protrusion, and with a pencil marked out the form of this protrusion. Then he held the paper up so that the other members of the council could see it, and everyone saw that its form was precisely that of the human stomach. After the patient died the post mortem revealed the fact that the whole cause of this trouble was simply the prolapsus of the stomach. I am prepared to say that by careful observation of persons, we find that in the majority the human stomach is habitually carried too low in the body. We cannot call it prolapsus, because in prolapsus it falls so low that it cannot be lifted back by an effort of the muscular system. The muscles that support it should prevent it from falling too low, but as soon as they begin to lose their tone it falls. So the first thing we do in our exercises here is to see to it that those muscles are developed in strength. I will not describe the exercises because they are involved in the work which you are doing here every day. If the muscles which sustain the stomach are of sufficient tone, and elasticity, they hold it where it belongs. I want to say still further, that much of what is called dyspepsia comes from

the stomach being carried too low in the body.

Next the stomach must be exercised by the muscles of respiration. In all normal breathing the stomach is exercised with every respiration. I am aware that some have said — and some of our standard physiologists too — that women after they are fourteen or fifteen years old, have to breathe differently from men. I claim that the organs of respiration are precisely the same in both sexes, and if they are the same they ought to be used the same. I may also say further that persons under great nervous tension, whether men or women, are apt to breathe improperly and in a way not to move the stomach. Now observe one of the bearings of the vocal exercises which you take here. Listen to this tone which I am making. While I am prolonging this tone there is a pressure brought to bear on the stomach. While I am giving this full, round tone the stomach is held firmly. Now I will give you another tone. Here the stomach has no support. The stomach is relieved as soon as the tone is finished — then comes the reaction. Thus the stomach by a proper use of the voice is made to act more vigorously.

We have spoken of the care of the stomach in regard to its position, and in regard to its exercises, though we have spoken very briefly. You will learn much more of this in the classes, practically as well as theoretically. I must spend a few minutes in speaking of the right kind of nourishment. You must eat those things which go to make up the structure of the body. In the body there is a certain amount of bone material. The bones must have the necessary element or you cannot build up bone. There is a certain substance that will go to make muscle. The muscle must have it, or the muscle cannot be developed. There must be nerve food that goes to make nerve, or the nerve cannot be restored. Now I will not enter into this matter chemically, and take up all the different materials that are placed upon our tables. The work on physical culture which you are studying tells you what the chemical elements are that are ordinarily found upon our tables—what their muscle-making quantity is, what their nerve-making quantity is, etc.

Then there is another question with regard to meats or grains. I believe man was naturally an eater of grains and not of animal food. I think scientific researches go to show that he can live on both kinds or can live on either kind. On which will he live the longer? I know not, neither does anybody else. I can advance a moral argument against meat eating — on the ground of prevention of cruelty to animals; but as a matter of nourishment it is not so easy to make an argument on one side or the other. You will find persons who have cured themselves of various diseases by eating grains and no meat; on the other hand you will find persons who have cured themselves by living on a meat diet only. We find that the peoples of the earth who have confined themselves to a vegetable diet have proved to be the strongest in the world. But that is probably not owing altogether to their vegetarian diet, but is owing partly to climatic conditions. You may require a different diet next week from the one you require to-day, hence it will not do to draw the line of limitation too closely on this subject.

I wish to speak of drinks. Do not drink anything for the purpose of quenching thirst except water. You may drink other things for medicines. As to tea and coffee, never use them simply for the purpose of quenching thirst. They may be good as medicine, good when the system is in a certain condition, but it is only water that can quench the thirst healthfully. You are furnished here, by one of the students with a drink called Clark and Alden's Nervine coffee. Now I have no objec-

tion to that because there are in that coffee elements which nourish the bones, the brain, and the nerves. We usually do not drink enough when we drink the right thing. Probably ninety-nine out of every hundred persons need to drink a great deal more than they do. With their meals? Yes, and between their meals. Dyspepsia was never maintained or induced by drinking a large quantity with the food. Never drink *cold* drinks of any description within an hour of your meals. The stomach can digest nothing unless its heat is ninety-eight degrees Fahrenheit. Some have argued that drinking too much with your meals will dilute the gastric juice and make it so thin and watery that it will not digest the food. If there is too much water in the stomach the system promptly takes it up and the gastric juice is kept at the right consistency. Moreover the gastric juice will not flow freely unless a sufficient amount of water has been taken into the blood.

The experience of the world is not totally depraved in regard to food and drink. Our tables are spread, for the greater part, with the things that are needed by the body. But there is one thing that the physicians and others have been feeling for, somewhat blindly, for a good while and that is to get the hypo-phosphites that nourish the brain and nerves and bone. Savages get them. In the wild animals which the savage struck down and upon which he nourished himself there was a great deal of the hypo-phosphites. These are the very elements you are drinking in the nervine coffee served in your lunch room every day.

Hitherto I have spoken of the stomach as a conductor of life. We will now consider the heart. Would there ever have been a civilization in this world had no water coast or shores been found? All civilization, so far as we are able to trace it historically or inferentially, commenced upon the shores of rivers, bays, and seas. Ships carried not only food and raiment but also timber and materials for building cities. The arteries and veins are to the human body in matter of construction what the rivers were to the earlier civilization. The bones require to be grown, and afterwards to be repaired, and there is floating along the arteries the very material to repair them. The brain needs repair. The muscles must be enlarged or rebuilt, and that which is to build or repair is floating along these channels. If the blood fails to carry these materials, if it does not have them, then the repair cannot go on. But here I must turn back a moment to the demand for nourishment. Your power to do, your power to exist as an individualized being, depends upon your power to destroy your own body. I see some of you moving your pencils, driving them along with your hand. You could not do that if you could not destroy the muscles. You are converting, what is destroyed into mechanical force. You are conducting it through your fingers, and the result appears; but if you could not destroy that arm, you could not use it. We are constantly burning ourselves up. An engine burns the wood that you put into it to get for itself power. We burn our *engine*. What we put into us first becomes the engine — the human body — and then we burn up this engine to get power. You do not take that piece of bread and get power out of it directly; you first convert it into the tissues of the body; then you destroy those tissues to get power. The nourishment that floats along through the arteries is to replace the material destroyed. First the destruction, second the motion; first the destruction, second the power. Thus we see how the blood is giving nourishing material to build up that which our energies have wasted. Blessed be waste, then, if that waste is only well conducted, directed or conserved.

Harvey, a few hundred years ago

made himself exceedingly unpopular in England — became an outcast from the scientific world after he made the discovery that the blood did not stand still in the body, as in a pool, but moved about through the system. There is circulation where there is no heart. There is circulation in the vegetable kingdon, but it is not as definite and would not be efficient for the animal organism. As the organism rises in perfection and in power it becomes more delicate and refined. The heart is supposed to send the blood to every part of the body, first sending it out through the great aorta, the largest artery in the human body. It is thence distributed into smaller arteries, and sub-divided *ad infinitum*. The heart propels the blood on the principle of the force pump.

The time is come when we should seriously ask ourselves what is the cause of so much heart failure in the world. Why so much heart disease to-day? I am not going to say that all disease of the heart comes from lack of physical exercise or of muscular development. There are other causes; but I do want to say that one of the best methods of preventing disease of the heart is to develop the muscular system. The arteries, unless called upon to open for some special reason are contracted too much, but if they are called upon to open for a specific reason they let the blood flow freely through them.* If I have been allowing the hand to rest passive without energizing it for some considerable time the arteries are small in diameter or have too little tone, because the muscular coating that lines them contracts. Certain it is that if I exercise any part of myself, the arteries in that part allow the blood to flow more freely. What we want to establish is equilibrium in the circulation. You can work the heart to death if you do not properly exercise the body. The true object of the cultivation of the muscles is primarily to give free circulation to the blood.

Now, what kind of exercise gives this free circulation. If I can have exercise of all the different muscles of the body, then I shall have an equalized circulation. We must have this equilibrium of circulation, and we can get it in no other way than by equalizing the activity of the body.

The best kind of action is that which exercises all parts of the body equally. I think it is now fully understood by the greatest physiologists who have ever given their attention to this subject that not only are the muscles made more elastic by stretching them, but that the arteries are freed more by stretching the muscles than by severely contracting them. Look at the house cat when she has been lying asleep for a while. The wisdom that is acting through the cat says, "I ought to have equilibrium in order that I may be a limber, spry and healthy cat." What does the cat do? You know better than I can suggest. She stretches herself to the utmost. She does not roll herself up as though she had cramps and convulsions. How splendidly she stretches herself out. No dumb-bells for pussy! She knows something better than machines. She does not need a cat gymnasium.

Now the exercises you are called upon to take here in this college are arranged on the principle of stretching the muscles for the purpose of giving equilibrium and freedom to the arterial system If the arteries are well toned throughout the whole body, the heart can send the blood through the body with comparatively little effort.

Oh, ye Grecks, how was it with you in the matter of heart failure?

They sought equilibrim, agility, freedom, elasticity of muscle. They gained these and became the most beautiful people in the world. With them there was no degeneracy of heart, not of the physical heart at least. De-

* Carpenter, Physiology. Page 261.

generacy of heart is a very common thing. In no case is it an underworked heart, but in many instances it is an overworked heart. Many physiologists think, and some of the greatest of them, that when the arteries are exercised by the muscles there is a kind of peristaltic wave going on through the arteries carrying the blood like a second heart, thus aiding and relieving the heart. The first thing I would do with the man who has heart failure would be to give him proper exercise. He says, "The moment I take exercise I feel a fluttering of the heart." My friend, you are not taking the right exercises; you are exercising some part at the expense of some other, or you are over-exercising some part and not exercising some other part.

A word in closing regarding the attitude of the mind. What is the worst thing that a man can do so far as injuring the heart is concerned? To indulge in fear. It has been demonstrated over and over again that all emotions of the soul produce an immediate effect upon the heart. Persons have been known to drop dead with fear.

What state of the mind, then, is most favorable to the strength of the heart? It is courage. So true is this that people, without examining the matter scientifically have come to feel that it is true. So you find in all literature that courage is associated with strong heart — that courage and strength of heart go together. There is a phrase "He had not the heart to do it." An ancient would say, "He is a man of mighty heart; he is not afraid to do anything." Cultivate the attitude of courage. Courage to do right, courage to be true, courage to do your noblest every moment. Life is heroic and there is as great need of heroes now as in ancient days. There is as grand an opportunity for heroes now as at any time since man was made. And the only way in which you can fulfill your own being is to be heroic. All things yield to the moral hero. Moral heroism consists in speaking the truth and living it.

Contributions.

From the Oberlin Review.

Extract from a letter written by Prof. Wm. B. Chamberlain, A. M., Professor of Oratory in Oberlin College, who is now visiting the Emerson College of Oratory.

THE EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY.

BOSTON, Nov. 10, 1892.

Editor Review:—

It has occurred to me that some account of the Emerson College of Oratory might be acceptable to your readers. Though really a technical, or professional school, it presents much that is of interest to the non-professional student. The study of expression as now given by the best teachers, is not in the restricted sense a specialty, since it necessarily includes so much of physical, mental and moral dicipline. Of the hundreds of students now at work in this college, I presume that less than one-half will be special teachers of elocution. The others are seeking better preparation for general teaching, for public speaking and platform work, or are aiming at better physical development and health, or at more liberal culture. Emerson College is a chartered institution, conferring degrees.

The courses are being extended, and embrace in addition to what one would expect under elocution and oratory — or rather as subservient to fully developed oratory — such subjects as Physical Education, Vocal Physiology and Visible Speech, Singing, Rhetoric and English Literature, Dramatic Interpretation, Aesthetics, and Philosophy of Expression. To all this is added genuine normal work, actual teaching and lecturing by students before large classes and under criticism of the president. Dr. Emerson is a man of large

power as an educator. His studies have been wide and varied; he has had a long experience in the pulpit, a regular course in medicine, and years of earnest study and practical experience in methods of education; and, above all, he is a man of large parts, generous, magnetic, forceful.

The impression made upon my own mind at the opening of the school year was a trifle startling and decidedly pleasing. I went to the college at nine o'clock, expecting to see the formal opening exercises. Instead I found an overgrown class sociable, or, rather, an inter-class sociable, for all were mingling in the greetings and friendly introductions, while the new students appeared to be treated at once as honored guests and as old familiar friends. This spirit of cordiality and good cheer as I soon learned, is a distinguishing characteristic of the college; nor does it exhaust itself on the first day.

At half-past ten, however, the students were seated in the spacious and beautiful Berkeley Hall to hear announcements and something more. After the president had given the natural welcome and had made two or three preliminary statements, he introduced Prof. Southwick, who stepped forward to give his greetings and assign his work. These were so interesting and pleasant, and so naturally connected with several things one wanted to know about the school, that it seemed only suitable that he should extend his remarks a little, and before you knew it you were following an address of half an hour, which for pure, simple, and elegant conversational oratory one will not often see surpassed.

The aim of the school is certainly high, and its whole spirit and atmosphere stimulating and helpful. As everywhere, those who bring the most will carry away the most. There is a considerable number of mature and even middle-aged students. These are mostly teachers or preachers.

The physical exercises which are unique in many features, are agreeable and invigorating; they are hygienic and aesthetic free gymnastics, using no apparatus but the body itself. The voice work, so far as I have seen it, is simple, natural, and wholesome. In rendering the great principle always insisted on is that the *mind must lead;* the "object of thought" must be held firmly before the attention, and must be seen in its true relations; the method is eminently a psychological one. Many of the lectures might be denominated popularly scientific; and they always illustrate in themselves the laws of expression.

Around the routine of instruction and drill cluster those by-plays of college life, only second in educational value to the regular work itself, literary societies, a glee club, an orchestra, and a college paper, or, rather a magazine, which is just beginning its first year.

As every one knows, the general advantages of Boston are many and attractive; but the students of the Emerson College are held closely to their work, not chiefly by the requirements, but by the contagion of enthusiasm in the work itself. It is a good demonstration of the practical value of the philosophy of encouragement. As another observer has expressed it, "The beauty of this school is that they emphasize the possibilities rather than the limitations of human achievement."

W. B. Chamberlain.

THE SUMMER SCHOOL AT MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

By Rev. B. T. Kidder. Ph. D.
Pastor Rose Hill M. E. Church, New York City.

It was the writer's privilege to be acquainted during the past summer with the work of the "Martha's Vineyard Summer Institute." The session was in many respects the most satisfactory

that has yet been held. About seven hundred students were in attendance, representing nearly every State and territory in the union.

Dr. Emerson's class in oratory was as usual very large and very enthusiastic. The three weeks were far too short; but I received an inspiration that will go with me through all the future years of my study and work. No other educator with whom I have ever been associated has possessed in so large a measure as Dr. Emerson the power to reflect from his own mind and soul the truths which he wishes to impart. To present in this paper an adequate idea of the principles which he gave us in the three weeks of our class would be obviously impossible.

After dealing, in the earlier lectures of the course, with health as the foundation of the orator's work, and with the methods of obtaining the highest results in voice and gesture, Dr. Emerson dwelt upon the primal importance of the correct mental attitude. The power of concentration is at the bottom of every great achievement. Moreover, to gain richness of thought the true public reader must be conversant with many authors. Public taste is growing, the standard is becoming higher. His soul should be saturated with the best thoughts of the best authors.

To be a great man the orator must rise higher than this, he must have a strong will. When the outlook seems dubious, he must have cheerfulness and courage, and there is something beyond even this. The orator must be a man, not only of great intellectual power but of *tremendous moral convictions*. He must be a man of religious feeling; man is naturally a religious being. Adoration is his proper mental attitude. The orator must also cultivate his social nature; before he can present the various feelings of humanity they must first pass through his own personality.

For four years it has been my privilege to sit each summer, at the feet of this great master. My appreciation of the sacredness and the value of the principles according to which his work is conducted has steadily increased. No day is allowed to pass in which I do not study and seek to put into practice those principles. I find myself already looking forward with keener anticipations than ever to the next session of the M. V. S. I. and the class in oratory under Dr. Emerson. Favored indeed are those who can take the full course in the College at Boston.

MRS. MALAPROP.

A Character Study

By Cora E. Northrop, O. B.

A contribution to the discussion of the plot and characters of Sheridan's comedy of "The Rivals," delivered before the Post-Graduate Class, November 3, 1892.

In the study of characters created by mortal masters, we find different orders of creations as in the Divine universal creation. Shakespeare has given us real life in the highest sense and widest application that has yet been attained by human minds. His characters have brought home their lessons in life to each succeeding generation. Sheridan has given us *prima facie* types of his century, and those types caricatured. And as a type, caricatured, of the eighteenth century, I ask you to contemplate with me, for a few moments, "Mrs. Malaprop." But in order to get at the type I find it necessary to dwell upon the environments, even though that it is an over-worked term of late.

Sheridan's great plays, as far as they are from modern moral realism, do present a picture of the life of the last century better than anything else. There is nothing more permanent in literature, in its way than the "School for Scandal" or "The Rivals." Sheridan's plays and Hogarth's pictures give us truer knowledge of, greater insight into, the life of the eighteenth cen-

tury than any stereotyped history of the time.

I have used the term caricature, and true, both these plays and these pictures of Hogarth's are caricatures to a greater or less degree, but you will recollect that before one can caricature, one must have the real thing, the true type, and thus reasoning backward we can detect the true elements beneath the distortions. And then, too, the social life of the eighteenth century in one sense savored of caricature. More strictly speaking, it was pre-eminently superficial. There has been a wide step, a stupendous leap between that century and our own, not in time but in growth and achievement. The England from which the generation of our grandfathers cut loose was the England of the "School for Scandal" and "The Rivals." Now I take it if we can first get at Sheridan's purpose, the dominant idea of his scheme of creation, we can more readily understand his characters. We cannot understand any writer until we can in a measure comprehend what manner of man he is, what his environments and atmosphere are, in fine, his relation to his fellow-beings and his period.

There are certain centuries that stand out as great ones in literature. Such was not the eighteenth century, most particularly in England, yet it has a distinctive value of its own. It was one of conserving, of reforming, of adjusting, of polishing the crude civilization established. One literary reformer was Addison who laughed people out of their vulgarism and narrowness, but in so polished, delicate and attractive a way that they did not realize what was happening to them. Another reformer was the brilliant Richard Brinsley Sheridan. In the dramatic world of the eighteenth century, so indicative of the real life, there had not been found the happy and true medium between the cold, statuesque classics of the ancients — yet regarded as the only models of their type, for the eighteenth century did not fully appreciate Shakespeare — and the gross vulgarism and animalism which in that age of crudity stood for wit and humor, or the diluted sentimentalism which represented the passion of love. Sheridan conceived of wit and humor that should be really of their metal. He has not presented the highest and purest form, but it is free to a marked extent from the grossness of the dramatic and other literature in general of that time. A liberal dose of Smollett, Sterne, and even of the more robust and virile Fielding shows us what that grossness was. Sheridan was not, of course, the only reformer of the drama in his age. There comes to my mind next to him Goldsmith, whose "She Stoops to Conquer" and "The Good-natured Man" are genuine pieces of English drama. But Sheridan's strokes are stronger, bolder, truer, more clear-cut.

Sheridan took his characters from real life so that they should appeal to the people of his own time and he caricatured them to show them up. What sharper stimulant to correction than ridicule, and when it is good-humored, there is not so much danger of creating antagonism. It has been urged against him that his fun is a shallow, mechanical sort of thing, these ingenious applications of misapplications, but it tickled his own generation immensely and it still tickles us. And now — why? Why does Mrs. Malaprop with her skilful misdirections make nineteenth-century earnest practicality, refinement, progress, philosophy laugh? We might say at first thought that, although we have leaped ahead so far, *we* are not so very civilized — we yet have commonplace, funny spots accessible to verbal quips — there are immense leaps yet to take. All this is true but it is not the whole reason. The elements of real life in Mrs. Malaprop exist to-day. She is still true to life. It is the intuitive ap-

plication of truth in whatever form that engages us. She is of course more of a caricature to-day than in the superficial life of her own century, but "Mrs. Malaprops" move about in American life to-day — in Boston life — Boston! Why, simply the words "the Boston girl" convey whole volumes. Now I have talked all around Mrs. Malaprop, and have been skilful enough so far as to say nothing directly personal of her; but it seems to me necessary to realize the temper of these plays, for they represent better than anything else the life, the LIFE of that century. If we can appreciate the difference between the type of "Sir Roger de Coverly," ideal representative of the earlier period and "Sir Peter Teazle" typical of this later phase, we shall have entered into intelligent comprehension of the spirit of the age, the life source, the great human background through which literature filters itself.

We see in Mrs. Malaprop the essence of superficiality and silliness — the most lamentable spectacle, an old woman without intrinsic womanhood. She is essentially feminine in the weakest sense of the term. She is the legitimate product of the artificial training of a superficial social period. Hers is a small horizon that we can take in at a single glance, and when we consider this, her virtues — if that is not too heavy a term for those qualities in her that lean towards the redeeming side — come at once into view. Mrs. Malaprop is energetic; she can conduct at once, or thinks she can, the love affairs of her niece and herself. Mrs. Malaprop is indefatigable; she is at it — the conduct of said love affairs — all the time. Mrs. Malaprop shows great trust in human nature; she is not continually expecting deception — witness her confidings in Lucy and Sir Lucius. Mrs. Malaprop is not utterly lacking in the good sense to perceive the humor of a situation sometimes, grim though it may be; witness the sudden cessation of her cackling when it dawns upon her that she actually has been a *bona fide* go-between. Mrs. Malaprop is not without refinement, and aspirations, such as they are. She would have woman cultivated to some extent at least, and would form the lady, so far as the superficial spirit of her era has evolved the ideal. She is in herself a model of polished form, we feel about her the atmosphere of thorough at-homeness in all the artificial conventionalities that are the fad of her social set. Mrs. Malaprop has a strong sense of dignity. We may laugh at her, despise her, but we cannot loathe her. She may not have true womanhood but she is never unsexed, she is not utterly without womanliness. She is THE type of the shallow, the circumscribed, the undeveloped, the superficial society creature of the eighteenth century and is OF that type in the nineteenth century. Thus can we not enter into sympathetic comprehension of this ridiculous but irresistibly funny Mrs. Malaprop, and into the study of the play with a feeling of most good-humored fun?

College Societies.

Emerson Alumni Club.

The Alumni Club, devoted to literary and social pursuits, and composed of graduates who live in and about Boston, is an entirely distinct organization from the Alumni Association which comprises all the Alumni of the College. The Club holds monthly meetings during the school year.

The first season the subject for study was Egypt, and during the year Rev. Wm. C. Winslow, D. D. LL. D., American vice-president of the Egyptian Exploration Fund, delivered a lecture before the Club, giving many valuable hints for study. The second year the subject was the Intel-

lectual Development of the Human Race. During the present year, the third of the organization, the first half of each session will be devoted to questions on general college work and the remainder of the time to the subject of acoustics. The first meeting this season was held Nov. 1st, with a large attendance of members as well as a number of seniors who were present by invitation. After the routine business Prof. Tripp took the chair and interesting questions on voice, the philosophy of expression, and physical culture were discussed. The latter portion of the session was occupied by the president, Prof. Metcalf, and the secretary, Prof. Kidder, who gave much valuable information on sound.

Second Meeting of the Southwick Literary Society.

The second meeting of the Southwick Literary Society was held at Berkely Hall on Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 22, Prof. Metcalf in the chair. The following program was presented:

BUSINESS
1. Opening
2. Report of Secretary
3. Report of Treasurer
4. Miscellaneous

PIANO SOLO . . . . . *Selected*
MRS. F. M. DAVIS

READING. Extract from the "Days of Bruce" . . . *Aguilar*
MISS EDITH MAUD HUSTED, O. B. '92

A BRIEF STUDY. Temples . . . . . .
MISS CORA E. NORTHROP, O. B. '92

PIANO SOLO . . . . . *Selected*
MRS. DAVIS

"A BACHELOR'S DILEMMA" . . . . . *Anon*

DR. JACKS . { A mild-mannered old gentleman with literary ambitions } . MR. TRIPP, O. M. '89

CAPT. PIGEON { A bluff old sea-officer with matrimonial intentions } MR. KIDDER, O. M. '89

RECEPTION
"Come on; give me your hand, sir."—*2 Henry IV.*

USHERS
MISS MARGARET SHANKS, '92 MISS ADELAIDE CROCKER, '93
MISS MAUD RUSSELL, '93 MISS IDA REMICK, '94

The Southwick Debating Club.

This society, composed of the male members of the College, meets on Friday evening of each week. The present officers are: President, W. E. Atwater; vice-president, W. T. Worcester; secretary, M. L. Swigert; treasurer, J. H. Ward.

Ladies' Debating Club.

Stimulated by the worthy example of the young men a number of the ladies determined to form a society for cultivating the power of extemporaneous speaking and debating and for the practice of parliamentary law. They meet every Friday evening and report their sessions as full of interest and profit. The present officers are: president, Mrs. Sadie A. Hackett; vice-president, Miss Mary A. Greely; secretary, Miss Ella F. Bliss; and treasurer, Miss Annie L. Cilley.

Personals.

Brief communications of a personal nature will always be welcome from students, graduates, and friends of the College.

Blake . . .

Miss Marion E. Blake, who was last year engaged in teaching the Emerson system of oratory in Ward's Seminary, Nashville, Tenn., is this year reviewing her studies with the post-graduate class.

Butterfield . . .

Prof. A. L. Butterfield of Buchtel College, Akron, O., who has been suffering from the effects of malarial fever contracted last August while visiting in Vermont, is aided in his work by Mrs. Butterfield, a graduate of the Emerson College of Oratory.

Coates . . .

Miss Ada M. Coates, '92, is a leading member of "The Boston Entertainers."

Coe . . .

Miss Clara Coe gave a recital in Berkeley Hall on Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 15. Her selections, embracing humorous, pathetic, and dramatic sketches, were well rendered and she received several encores.

Colbath . . .

Mr. Webster Colbath has just returned from a trip up the Connecticut

Valley with "The Boston Entertainers." When at Lancaster, N. H., the Company helped dispose of a fine bear which was killed expressly for them.

Dow . . .

Mr. Mart Dow, the genial humorist, has already filled some forty engagements this season.

Farrington . . .

Miss Isabel H. Farrington is introducing the physical work in the Back Bay, Boston. The beauty of the exercises bids fair to make them very popular among society ladies.

Hoyt . . .

Miss Daisy Carroll Hoyt, one of the late additions to our faculty, read at this season's opening of the Boston Y. M. C. A. Course.

Jones . . .

Miss Lottie A. Jones, who is teaching in Brewster Free Academy, Wolfboro, N. H., reports that she has ninety-five pupils in her department of Elocution, and that the good results of the system show themselves all through the school.

King . . .

During her European trip this summer Miss Julia King recited in Paris before a very select audience and took her critics by storm. She is at present teaching in the Copley Square School and filling numerous reading engagements.

Little . . .

Miss Edna L. C. Little, Nashua, N. H., has regular classes in the town in which she resides, and also gives public readings in New York city and vicinity.

McRobert . . .

A Halifax paper, in speaking of a recital by the pupils of the Halifax, Ladies' College before a large audience, says, "The general excellence of the entertainment was as pleasing to the audience as it was creditable to the pupils, and must have been particularly gratifying to Mrs. McRobert, whose training of the young ladies demonstrates in a very satisfactory manner that she is eminently qualified for the position she fills in this one of our most important and flourishing educational institutions."

Paige . . .

Miss Caroline M. Paige has over sixty pupils in the Conservatory of Music, Newburyport. She also has large and growing classes in Fall River and Boston.

Palmer . . .

Besides pursuing the regular college course Mr. A. E. Palmer of the senior class is teaching at Providence, R. I., and at Haverhill, Mass. He reports classes constantly increasing.

Reed . . .

Miss Alice Thaxter Reed of the Senior Class has accepted a position with the Boston Star Co., whose list of engagements is complete for the season.

Rowe . . .

Miss S. F. Rowe, '89, is at present in charge of the department of Expression and Physical Culture in Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass.

Safford . . .

Miss Agnes M. Safford is engaged in teaching a large class of pupils in Lewiston, Me. She commenced her work a few weeks ago with fourteen members, but the enthusiasm has so steadily grown that the class now numbers thirty.

Sanborn . . .

Miss Helen M. S. Sanborn is teaching Elocution and Physical Culture in Peddie Institute, Hightstown, N. J. She recently lectured on the Emerson System before the Homeopathic Medical Society of New Jersey. After her lecture, the physicians present expressed themselves as heartily in favor of the system.

Smith . . .

Mrs. Addie Chase Smith is a member of "The Henschel Concert Company," and of "The Adelphi Concert Company"; teaches in Arms Academy, Shelburne Falls, Mass., and has regular classes in Northampton, Westfield, Holyoke, and South Hadley Falls.

EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE

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An Authorized Exponent of Dr. C. Wesley Emerson's Philosophy of Expression

CECIL HARPER . . . . . MANAGING EDITOR

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A Happy New Year.

Our greeting, we know, is a little late but it is none the less cordial. From our heart we wish all our readers a very happy new year. And there are just two conditions upon which it may be secured. The first is health. We never knew a perfect healthy person to be unhappy. We cannot even imagine Mrs. Peerybingle as being nervous or having a headache. And as to the proprietor of the Golden Key being bilious or dyspeptic, why, it is as absurd as to think of a lark singing a funeral dirge. With exercise of the right kind and with plenty of nourishing food all can secure the first condition.

But there is a second. The mind must be happy as well as the body. And there is no mental tonic equal to the determination to make some one else happy. Can you think of Florence Nightingale or Frances Willard as being anything but happy? If we were asked the name of the happiest man we know we would point to the one who daily makes the largest number of other people happy. Can you guess who he is? Ah! your bright eyes are already sparkling and your lips are eager to speak his name. Have you been baptized with his spirit? Assuredly you have. Then fed by the sacred flame that burns on the altar of his heart let others share the genial warmth of your fireside. In making others happy you will be the happiest of all for "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

Thanks for Congratulations.

A number of our friends have said very kind and encouraging things to us about the first number of the MAGAZINE to whom we have not been able to reply personally; and we desire to take this opportunity of expressing our gratitude for their warm and appreciative words. From our heart we thank you. You have greatly encouraged us. It is just what we expected you would do; and your words have stimulated us to greater exertion to make the MAGAZINE worthy of your indulgence. We can truthfully say that there is no incitement equal to sincere and hearty appreciation.

Dr. Emerson's Saturday Evening Lectures.

Dr. Emerson's lectures last term were largely upon subjects relating to health. The first lecture this term was upon the moral side of the orator's work and on the subject of Earnestness. So many requests have been made for the publication of this lecture that our

readers will be glad to learn that Dr. Emerson has consented to have it appear in the February number of the MAGAZINE. Dr. Emerson is now engaged in delivering a series of four lectures on the Evolution of Art, illustrated by the stereopticon. The subjects are Egyptian Art, Assyrian Art, and the two periods of Greek Art. These lectures are for purposes of teaching, and in no sense for entertainment, yet the attendance is so large as to crowd Berkeley Hall, large and commodious as it is, even to the aisles, galleries, and doors.

Hamlet and Macbeth.

Our readers will be interested in knowing that it is the intention of the Faculty, particularly of Prof. and Mrs. Southwick, to repeat the Hamlet and Macbeth productions of last year. The committee for the work of casting the characters has already been appointed. It consists of the following members:— from the Postgraduate class, Miss Edith M. Husted, Miss Alice Moore, and Mr. Cecil Harper; from the Senior class, Miss Minnie L. Morgan, Messrs. Albert J. Conant, Joseph S. Gaylord, and Arthur L. Strout. As far as possible the cast of last year is to be retained, which will somewhat simplify the work of the committee. At their first meeting Mr. Harper was elected chairman and Miss Husted secretary.

Dr. Sherman.

Dr. Sarah E. Sherman has commenced her lectures on Anatomy with the Senior class. The Postgraduate class experienced more than a shade of disappointment when it was announced that they were not to have the opportunity of repeating this course. To our friends in the Senior class we predict a little hard work, but most gratifying results in their further acquaintance with the subjects of anatomy and physiology, which are of such paramount importance to all students of oratory and physical culture. Dr. Sherman won golden opinions among the class last year, and we predict for her not less gratifying results during the present season.

Dr. Wm. J. Rolfe.

Prof. Rolfe has commenced his lectures on English Literature. The first lecture on the subject of Tennyson, awakened deep interest, not only because of our great interest in the sweet singer who has so lately gone from us, but also because of the scholarly and artistic treatment of the lecturer. Our friends may confidently look for a rich treat in the lectures which are to follow during the present term.

A Question.

The following inquiry comes to us from one of our students on the Pacific Coast: "How is it possible for a person to gain the desired benefit from the exercise which fills the apexes of the lungs if he does not breathe normally? How can he tell whether the superior vocal cords are controlling the breath after inhalation?" To this inquiry Dr. Emerson makes the following reply: "When the emission of breath is properly governed by the superior vocal cords there will, during exhalation, be a sense of self-control in the front of the nares. When the breath escapes uncontrolled there will be a sense of exhaustion after exhalation."

A Galaxy of Artists.

During last term the students of the College were singularly favored in the amount of artistic talent which was presented for their enjoyment. At the last meeting of the Southwick Literary Society Prof. J. W. Churchill gave the

entire entertainment, which consisted of miscellaneous readings. A short time before that, Mrs. Jessie Couthoui Shandrew appeared before the school, and gave an hour's reading of selections from her repertoire. We also had the pleasure of an hour with our always welcome friend, Mrs. Charles Bond. Last, but not least, we listened to a most inspiring lecture from the Rev. Dr. Lansing of Worcester, on the subject of Intellectual Culture. All of these ladies and gentlemen are so well known in their respective fields that any word of praise from us is supererogatory.

Columbia School of Oratory.

Our older graduates, and all who remember Miss Mary A. Blood, will be delighted to know of her continued success in the Columbia School of Oratory in Chicago. Miss Blood has associated with her Mrs. Ida Morey Riley of the class of '90, and both of the ladies have all the work they can attend to. Our readers will be pleased to learn that at an early date we expect an article from the pen of Miss Blood for the columns of the MAGAZINE.

Class of '90.

The class of '90 will be pleased to know that through visitors and others, they have been well represented at the College during the past two weeks. No less than six of the number were present one week, and two different ones the following week. Congratulations, class of '90.

Prof. Cheney's Vocal Work.

In another column will be found an article from Prof. Albert J. Conant, in which he has applied the Emerson Philosophy of Expression to the teaching of the piano. We desire here to draw attention to the work which Prof. Albert Baker Cheney is doing with the singing voice upon the same psychological principles.

Prof. Cheney comes from a musical family and has inherited the genius of his illustrious father, Prof. Simeon Pease Cheney, whose wonderful book, "Wood Notes Wild," shows an intense love of nature and natural song, for by patient observation he has actually been able to write out the melody of many of our untamed feathered songsters.

Prof. Albert Cheney's love of nature is not less than his father's. His mode of training the singing voice is in many respects unique and original, and the result of long continued observation combined with an intuitive artistic sense. His first care is to find the true singing voice of a pupil, that is, the voice which naturally expresses the pupil's musical feeling. Through lack of culture this may at first be quite weak and inadequate, but when once found it is rapidly developed. He thus retains the individual style of every pupil, putting nothing in his way and putting nothing on the outside. In interpreting musical ideas he develops true dramatic fire through mental pictures. In his teaching he is truly electrical, inspiring his pupils to express their whole personality through the singing voice as the orator does through this speaking voice.

Those experienced in other methods say that his teachings are a perfect revelation. Some affirm that they have learned more in ten lessons from him than in five years of hard work with other methods. Some who have studied in foreign countries for an extended time, and have returned home only to disappoint their friends, have with a very few lessons from Prof. Cheney made such marked progress in their work as to delight their friends and win for themselves a most triumphant success before the public.

Prof. Cheney's mode of teaching

gives him great power in understanding character. He reads a pupil like an open book, knows her immediate needs, and rapidly develops her utmost possibilities. His ability to give style and bring a pupil out is simply marvelous. This statement is strong, but all who have heard Miss Lola Purman sing this winter and remember her a year ago will indorse every word. Too much can scarcely be said of the brilliancy of her execution and her absolute command of her song, her voice, and her audience. Her increase in compass and volume, her expressive phrasing, and her dramatic fire fairly electrify her hearers. Those who are studying with Prof. Cheney are singularly fortunate in having a teacher who will develop to the utmost not only the singing voice, but, what is far more important, the singing heart and the musical soul.

PIANO TEACHING.

An application of the Emerson Philosophy of Expression to Piano-forte Technique.

By Albert F. Conant.

Modern educational methods have not as yet been adopted by the teachers of instrumental music. In the "Life of Mendelssohn" we find that in a celebrated conservatory in Germany a certain violin pupil was required to master every known technical difficulty before being allowed to study any music of an emotional nature. Years of mechanical practice must precede any attempt of the soul to express its feelings. To assist nature in the acquirement of this technical dexterity, mechanical devices without number have been invented and employed. Robert Schumann tried to strengthen certain muscles of the fourth finger by means of a weight fastened to a string which passed over a pulley. His experiments ruined his hands for life so far as piano playing was concerned. A few years ago a gentleman was in Boston who advertised to free the fourth finger by cutting the tendons between it and the adjacent fingers; and quite a number of ambitious pianists embraced this opportunity to be mutilated. Some teachers have used a little railing fastened in front of the piano and about two inches above the keyboard, upon which the pupil, who could not remember to keep his wrists up, was permitted to rest the weight of his arms. The "technicon" is a small gymnasium for the development of strength and flexibility in the muscles of the wrist, hands and fingers, and some noted teachers advocate its daily use. Even in the cultivation of rhythm and expression precise directions are frequently given as to the way to strike each note and the amount of force to be used, and the pupil is either shown just how to produce certain effects or an illustration is given by the teacher which he is required to imitate.

So far as I am aware no attempt has ever been made to teach piano technique or the interpretation of piano music by giving to the pupil definite thoughts and feelings from which a correct action of the arms, hands and fingers would find natural birth, thereby producing a tone corresponding to the idea or emotion in the mind. The object of this article is to outline in brief a system of piano forte instruction based upon the fundamental laws of psychology as taught in the Emerson College of Oratory.

It is now generally admitted that the body is the habitation and the servant of the soul, and that the condition of the indwelling soul is manifested through the physical agents. Music is the language of the emotions, and in teaching this language it seems almost a truism to say that the teacher should deal with the emotions from the beginning. If he can induce the right state of mind in the pupil the physical agents will respond. The first great attribute

of the mind is life, consciousness, vital energy. Jesus Christ came "that we might have life and that we might have it more abundantly." There is a joy in physical existence. The consciousness of mere being thrills one with enthusiasm. The spirit seems to rise and the body responds. You find yourself standing upon the balls of the feet, you are walking on air, your chest is elevated, and the top of your head is at its highest point. Spiritual life, or the consciousness of existing as a part of the Divine Whole, arouses a pure, spiritual joy which manifests itself in lifting every organ of the body to its highest altitude, for "God made man upright."

The first thing in teaching the piano is to offer to the mind of the pupil some definite thought which shall arouse pleasurable emotions. The result will be that the fingers will float in the air above the keyboard, supported by a hand and arm that seem to weigh nothing because they are under the influence of an emotion that lifts, supports and sustains every physical agent. For example, here is a little child ready to take her first music lesson. You begin — "Once there was a flower garden, and in it there were **A**sters, **B**uttercups, **C**lovers, **D**andelions, **E**aster-lilies **F**orget-me-nots, and **G**eraniums." (The initial letters of these flowers being the names of the notes on the piano.)" One bright summer day, when the air was warm and all the flowers were in bloom, five butterflies flew into the garden. There was one that was all yellow, and another a little larger that was yellow and brown, and the next one was a great big butterfly with blue and red wings, and the fourth one was a little smaller, and on his wings were lots of bright colors, and last of all came a little red and gray butterfly, and he was the littlest of them all. The sun was shining, and all the flowers were so happy that they lifted up their heads just as high as they could, and the butterflies were happy too. By and by the yellow butterfly lit on the **C**lovers. In a minute the yellow and brown butterfly lit on the **D**andelions, and the first one at once flew away" . . . So you go on, and if any finger hangs down you say, "O! there is a poor little butterfly who can't fly, because he got his wings wet when the gardener came around with his watering pot to water the flowers. But after the sun shines on his wings a little while and they get dry, I think he will be able to fly just as well as the others." That butterfly will begin to fly again on the instant.

As you continue you will find that the little girl holds her head up as high as she can, her eyes are bright, her whole face is animated, and her arms, hands and fingers will hover over the keys as lightly as the butterflies over the flowers. And as each finger in turn drops upon its note, and the preceding one "flies away," the quality of tone will be as delicate and pure as it is possible to produce from that particular piano. The tones will merge one into another without overlapping, and you have laid the foundation of a pure legato touch—elastic, brilliant and musical. And this finger action is not a mere empty, mechanical movement, a last year's chrysalis; for each little finger gesture contains a butterfly, a living principle, a thought.

As all who have studied gesture and sculpture are aware, the arm between the elbow and shoulder represents life or vital energy, the forearm between the elbow and wrist represents affection or attraction, the hand is the agent of intelligence, and the will is manifested in the articulations. In the hand alone that part which lies nearest the wrist represents life, the palm, affection; the fingers, intelligence; and the joints, will. These physical agents used singly and in combination are the channels of expression through which the emotions of the pianist must pass.

The most vital tone obtainable from a piano is that produced by the action of the upper arm combined with that portion of the hand which lies nearest the wrist. And this is exactly what we employ in brilliant military music. A vital tone containing attractive elements may be produced by the action of the upper arm combined with the palm, as though the player were caressing the keys. These are both recognized forms of what is called elbow action. The most musical tone possible to the instrument may be obtained by an action of the forearm combined with the caressing action of the palm. This is suitable for accompaniments, being very sympathetic and unobtrusive. A musical tone combined with the expression of a definite thought is produced by combining the action of the forearm with the fingers. This is appropriate for lyrical melodies, as in nocturnes, etc. The action of the fingers alone, technically called finger action, will produce a tone which is purely intellectual. This is used for scales and running work. Great vigor combined with intellectuality will be introduced if the first joint of the fingers is the most active agent. A more musical tone will be produced by the action of the second joint, which gives the finger a caressing action.

In opposition to much of the teaching of the past, and I have tried both methods, I have no hesitancy in saying that it is not necessary to tell the pupil how to use his arms, hands or fingers. By introducing appropriate concepts into his mind, and thus arousing those emotional and intellectual activities which correspond to the qualities of tone desired, a proper use of all these agents will be secured without calling attention to the agents themselves. In short, the technique of the modern pianist can best be acquired by obedience to the laws of psychology.

In a subsequent article the influence of the will upon technique and the application of these principles to the interpretation of classical music will be considered.

THE NATURE OF POETIC EXPRESSION.

By Prof. Daniel Dorchester, Ph. D.

The question, What is poetry, like the questions, What is life, What is truth, will ever be asked, but will never be answered satisfactorily. As Augustine said of one of these, "If not asked I know; if you ask me, I know not."

The various attempts to define poetry have resulted in its dissection; its *disjecta membra* have been presented, but not its living form. Shelley, for example, styles it "the language of the imagination," but he states simply its chief characteristic and not its distinguishing one; Byron calls it "the feeling of past worlds and future," but he thus indicates that with which poetry is largely but not wholly employed. "It is an imitative art," says Aristotle, "imitative of the passions and manners of men," but such also are painting and sculpture and music. In the language of Wordsworth, "Poetry takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquility," "it is the impassioned expression in the countenance of science;" "it is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge," but this is mystical eulogy. We need all these definitions and more to compass our conception of poetry.

The difference between what is poetry and what is not poetry is fundamental and can be determined. Let us seek to know this difference rather than to criticise those who have misapplied the word poetry and given it imperfect definition; let us clear up our own conceptions, and make more distinct and definite the vague feelings and ideas with which we regard it.

Poetry in its broadest acceptation is something which may exist in that which does not even require the instrument of

words,but can speak through the audible symbols called musical sounds, and even through the visible ones that are the language of sculpture, painting, and architecture. Nature is poetical; Lord Byron called the stars "the poetry of heaven," and tells us that to him "high mountains were a feeling," and that mountain and wood and sky spake

"A mutual language clearer than the tones
Of his land's tongue, which he would oft forsake
For Nature's pages glassed by sunbeams on the lake."

In early times poetry was much less restricted in its meaning than it is today; it was identified with dancing, singing, and pantomime, the symbolic action making more clear the feeling or thought, and the gesture or act being emblematical of what was sung. In this early poetry the magic symbolism of dance and gesture predominated, and poetry as we understand it, existed only in the refrain of a few simple words. Choral song of all kinds, the war song, the marriage hymn, the dirge, the chants to the ancestral gods, the songs of the spring and autumn festivals were accompanied by march and dance and frequently by pantomime.

The proverb, the riddle,the fairy-tale, the charm, and even the forms of primitive law, originated in poetic feeling desiring an artistic form for its expression. For a thousand years at least man knew poetry only as an animated song or a vivacious speech. Even as late as Aristotle the musical and the scenic were regarded as poetic elements.

The consideration of the nature of poetic expression involves a comprehension of the nature of artistic expression in general. Of this I can give only a bare outline. It is a characteristic of man considered as a spiritual being that he is not satisfied with mere sense impressions and sensations; he compares these with others whose images memory recalls; between these objects of his comparison and the train of ideas passing in his consciousness,there is also a reciprocal action, separations and combinations of ideas follow, and thus his sense apprehension of things is re-inforced and transformed by his critical energy of mind. Thus concepts are formed and fixed images of particular objects which arouse certain feelings.

Now, expression is a necessary consequence of excitation. "By a naturally predetermined physiological necessity the soul is compelled to express, in tones at least, the general character of its inner states;" "the organic unity and connection of the thought-forming fantasy and the sound-forming voice," as Lotze puts it, "are manifest." "Language begins with the meaning attached to these sounds and the peculiar form of thought into which that meaning is thrown."

"While many," says John Henry Newman, "use language as they find it, the man of genius uses it indeed, but subjects it withal to his own purposes and moulds it according to his own peculiarities. The throng and succession of ideas, thoughts, feelings, imaginations, and aspirations which pass within him; the abstractions, juxtapositions, the comparisons, the discriminations, the conceptions, which are so original in him; his views of external things — his judgments upon life, manners, and history; the exercises of his wit, of his humor, of his depth, of his sagacity; — he images forth all these innumerable and incessant creations, the very pulsation and throbbing of his intellect; he gives utterance to them all in a corresponding language which is as multiform as this inward action itself, and analogous to it — the faithful expression of his own personality attending on his own inward world of thought as its very shadow."

But sounds, gestures, and language are not the only means of expression. "Art is a language," said Millet; and how eloquently he used it! The artist requires a form, be it a painting, a statue, a symphony, a cathedral, or a poem,

that shall so far correspond to what he desires to express that the beholder or hearer shall partake of the artist's thought and feeling. It may not be possible to trace the precise connection between the artistic form and the idea or feeling behind it.

What is there in Thorwaldsen's group of a mother flying in her sleep, bearing two babes and followed by an owl, that is like night? Nothing in the things themselves; that is, there is no phenomenal likeness. Yet when looking upon that marble group we feel restful, just as Thorwaldsen did when imbued with the stillness of the night. When Alfred Sensier, a French critic and collector, saw Millet's famous picture for the first time it was almost finished. Millet said to him, "What do you think of it?" "It is the Angelus!" Sensier cried. "It is indeed. You can hear the bells," joyfully responded the artist. "I am contented; you understand it. It is all I ask." There is no phenomenal likeness between the sound of bells and that picture. Yet Millet was able to transmit that sound with all its holy associations to the soul of Sensier.

If we are curious to know how an artist does this we may derive some satisfaction from the thought that behind the phenomenal world, behind the shapes and colors and sounds of things, there is an ideal world of which they are but the appearances, the sensible representations; the artist by his imaginative combinations seeks to image forth the ideas that are immanent alike in the soul of man and Nature; he thus expresses that which is universally intelligible and may be recognized in different forms. But this explanation does not fully explain; it is enough, however, for our present purpose that we establish the fact so grandly stated by Wordsworth:

"My voice proclaims
How exquisitely the individual mind,
. . . to the external world
Is fitted; and how exquisitely, too,
The external world is fitted to the mind
And the creation (for by no lower name
Can it be called) which they with blended might
Accomplish."

In poetic expression, as in every kind of artistic expression, content and form are as essential to each other as soul and body are, and by their "blended might" accomplish more than any mere addition of two. A poem in a language that we do not know may please us by its rhythm or melody, but how much greater the effect when we understand the meaning. On the other hand, a trivial thought may be dressed in such fair ornament, may be so rhythmically expressed, that it may pass for something of great excellence, but a careful examination detects "the counterfeit presentment" and reduces it to its true value. There are many gradations in depth and clearness of apprehension among poets as among philosophers.

There is, however, this difference between the thought of the philosopher and that of the poet. In philosophy thought is abstract and expressed in the form of concepts and judgments; in poetry the thought is concrete, even sensuous, and glistening white images. In philosophy the appeal is to the pure intellect, and the sensible is ignored for the sake of the pure idea; in poetry the sensible is courted that the idea may be married to a beautiful form and stir the feelings. The thought of the poet, like that of the philosopher, must be elevated and self-consistent, but does not, like his, become satisfied with the truth alone; it seeks the true, but it covets the beautiful and finds its end in sensuous manifestation.

Browning recognizes the necessity for this sensuous expression of thought in his criticism of a metaphysical poet in "Transcendentalism":

"Stop playing, poet! May a brother speak?
'Tis you speak, that's your error. Song's our art:
Whereas you please to speak these naked thoughts
Instead of draping them in sights and sounds.
True thoughts, good thoughts, thoughts fit to treasure up!
But why such long prolusion and display,
Such turning and adjustment of the harp,
And taking it upon your breast at length

Only to speak dry words across its strings?
Stark-naked thought is in request enough:
Speak prose and hollo it till Europe hears!
The six-foot Swiss tube, braced about with bark,
Which helps the hunter's voice from Alp to Alp—
Exchange our harp for that—who hinders you?
But here's your fault: grown men want thought, you think;
Thought's what they mean by verse and seek in verse;
Boys seek for images and melody,
Men must have reason—so you aim at men.
Quite otherwise! Objects throng our youth, 'tis true;
We see and hear and do not wonder much:
If you could tell us what they mean, indeed!
As German Boehme never cared for plants
Until it happed, a-walking in the fields,
He noticed all at once that plants could speak,
Nay, turned with loosened tongue to talk with him.
That day the daisy had an eye indeed—
Colloquized with the cowslip on such themes!
We find them extant yet in Jacob's prose.
But by the time youth slips a stage or two,
While reading prose in that tough book he wrote
(Collating and emendating the same
And settling on the sense most to our minds),
We shut the clasps and find life's summer past.
Then who helps more, pray, to repair our loss—
Another Boehme with a tougher book
And subtler meanings of what roses say—
Or some stout Mage like him of Halberstadt,
John, who made things Boehme wrote thoughts about?
He with a 'Look you!' vents a brace of rhymes,
And in these breaks the sudden rose herself,
Over us, under, round us every side,
Nay, in and out the tables and the chairs
And musty volumes—Boehme's book and all—
Buries us with a glory, young once more,
Pouring heaven into this shut house of life.
So come, the harp back to your heart again!
You are a poem, though your poem's naught.
The best of all you showed before, believe,
Was your own boy-face o'er the finer chords
Bent, following the cherub at the top
That points to God with his paired half-moon wings."

The question has been asked, "Was this Browning's mockery of his critics or self-criticism?" Neither. This poem is only Mr. Browning's way of saying that the results of philosophic work can never become generally current, or "dear and genuine inmates of the household of man," until they are put into sensuous form and vitalized by emotion, which is the peculiar work of art.

The poet gets his material from two worlds, an outer and an inner. By the outer world is meant the external world with its myriad forms of organic and inorganic life. As the poet contemplates the forces of nature, ever manifesting themselves in beautiful forms, he has inklings of the inward life that molds the outward forms, and his own energies of thought and feeling are stimulated to similar creative action. Burns was very sensitive to such inspiration. "I have," he says, "some favorite flowers in spring, among which are the mountain daisy, the harebell, the fox glove, the wild brier-rose, the budding birch, and the hoary hawthorn, that I view and hang over with particular delight. I never hear the loud solitary whistle of the curlew in a summer noon, or the wild mixing cadence of a troop of gray plover, without feeling an elevation of soul like the enthusiasm of devotion or poetry. "And Byron looking upon "clear, placid Lake Leman" in the hush of night was similarly moved.

More important than the outer world to the poet is the inner, the world that includes the whole life of the human soul—all its slumbering potencies, "whatever is most profound and mysterious in the heart and thought of man, with all contrasts, oppositions, and contradictions of his nature, his grandeurs and his miseries, his pains and his sufferings, all his sentiments and all his passions."

The poet forages in both worlds, and out of his garnered substance creates that which blends nature and the soul in a beautiful form.

An elementary part or unit of a poetic substance may be termed the motive, the idea, the theme. A poem may have only one motive, or it may have a ruling motive with subordinate ones. The latter may be unfoldings, parts of the former, but still different. Certain German poets have understood by the idea a universal statement or tenet, and have made their characters the bearers of this principle. But poets generally, certainly the great world-poets, have comprehended in their motives a certain survey of human thought, feeling, and action.

Mr. Browning has attempted a kind of poetic expression in which he says no one has been successful. He has attempted to reveal truth "with an immediate reference to the common eye and apprehension of his fellowmen." This, of course, requires a mode of expression that is objective and sensuous.

He has also sought to embody the

"thing he perceives not so much with reference to the many below as to the One above him, the Supreme Intelligence which apprehends all things in their absolute truth. Not what man sees, but what God sees — the ideas of Plato, seeds of creation lying burningly on the Divine Hand — it is toward these that he struggles."

Here the treatment must be subjective and sublimely abstract. Mr. Browning says that there "is no reason why these two modes of poetic faculty may not issue hereafter from the same poet in successive perfect works, examples of which according to what are now considered the exigences of art we have hitherto possessed in distinct individuals only. A mere running in of the one faculty upon the other is of course the ordinary circumstance. Far more rarely it happens that either is found so distinctly prominent and superior as to be pronounced comparatively pure; while of the perfect shield, with the gold and silver side set up for all comers to challenge,there has yet been no instance." If Mr. Browning has not always succeeded in becoming sublimely abstract and beautifully sensuous he has significantly pointed out the path for the poetry of the future to follow.

His shortcomings should be regarded as an advance upon the brilliant achievements of those who have followed a lower and a narrow ideal for the very same reason that the art of the old painters of Florence, as he has shown, was greater and grander than Greek Art.

"Tis a lifelong toil till this lump be leaven—
The better. What's come to perfection perishes.
Things learned on earth we shall practise in heaven;
Works done least rapidly Art most cherishes."

I pass to consider briefly certain elements of poetic expression.

The whole process of poetic activity from the first outflashing of the poetic motive to its expression in language is determined by imagination and emotion. By these powers of the soul thought is concentrated, strengthened, and colored in its expression, the poetic substance becomes incarnate, and "bodies forth the forms of things unknown."

There is a close relationship between the imagination and the memory. The Greeks most appropriately called the Muses the daughters of Zeus and Mnemosyne; that is, the freely creating power of the gods and the recollection or remembrance.

Both the imagination and the memory have the capacity to reproduce impression in the form of images. Probably no impression is reproduced by the memory exactly as it first affected the the mind, but is only more or less perfectly recalled. In the activity of memory the mind seeks to recall its impressions as exactly as possible, but in its imaginative activity the mind is free, it seeks to re-fashion the memory-image, to magnify and embellish it after some ideal; thus other images are called up, selection is made, and an imaginative product is formed.

There is also a strong resemblance between imaginative activity and dream activity. The study of the dream, "that stifled poet in us," is a help to the understanding of poetic imagination.

In our waking hours, in reverie certainly, and in those moments when we are more fully conscious, imagination seems to work of its own free will. A series of fancies seems to run out of a single impression; a single form calls up a history; and a story or history brings before us the characters that figure in it.

The poetic imagination is confined to that activity of mind which discovering some definite whole hovering before it consciously seeks to make something in verse after the likeness of this ideal. Such creative activity may be completed so swiftly that the mind may be hardly conscious of any effort, but it knows its end and the readiest course to reach it.

Imagination presents the universal not by means of generalizations as reason does, but by particular characters

and events, or by some accompaniment or manner of appearance. "When the sun went down to unyoke his steeds" is Homer's way of saying "it was the hour of sunset." "When the sickle went to the field" is another poet's manner of telling us that it was harvest time. "Thus does she" Coleridge says:

"When from individual states
She doth abstract the universal kinds.
Which then reclothed in divers names and fates
Steal access thro' our senses to our minds."

No poet has more beautifully than Browning made great truths to flash in apparently trifling incidents and episodes. Indeed, it seems as if the humbler the character, the more trifling the incident, the more "heaven" he has sought to pour into that "shut house of life."

I have separated imagination and emotion as elements of poetic expression for purposes of treatment merely. The soul of the poet is one; no separation is possible except in an accommodated sense. No activity of the mind is possible without feeling, least of all the imaginative; indeed, imagination at its highest has been defined as "the intellect winged by emotion to forth and gather honey from the bloom of creation." In the exercise of imagination the mind experiences its tensest action, and feeling imparts the tension. What heat is to the physical world passion is to the poet; it fuses and crystallizes the common-place, and thus makes the jewels of expression. The philosopher and the scientist must keep their feelings under control lest they intrude upon their researches and color "the dry light" in which alone the objects of thought and investigation should be viewed. But as George Eliot says in "Middlemarch," chap. 22, "To be a poet is to have a soul so quick to discern that no shade of quality escapes it, and so quick to feel that discernment is but a hand playing with finely ordered variety on the chords of emotion; — a soul in which knowledge passes instantly into feeling and feeling flashes back as a new organ of knowledge."

I now come to the last element of poetic expression, that which differentiates poetry from every other form of expression in language, the metrical.

Language attains its highest artistic expressiveness by means of something added to it. Poetry makes such an addition, in early times she added dance and music and pantomime; "the three musical arts — dance, music, and poetry — were one. Thus in the earliest Greek dithyrambs the measured music of the voice was aided not only by the flute or lyre, but by harmonious movements also of the body during recitation. . . . So it was also that the earliest Teutonic poetry, of which First-English is a part, united the three forms of movement. The Anglo-Saxon scop or gleeman added to his rhythmic chant the emphasis of chords struck on a rude harp — the gleebeam; and this had for its successor the rustic fiddle, to which, in the days of Elizabeth, a poor aftercomer of the gleemen might sing Chevy Chace with rough, untutored voice, and stir the heart of Philip Sidney like a trumpet;" in modern times poetry seeks by a series of sounds, by such coördinations as rhythm, tone-color, melody, and harmony, together with the associations that these excite, to give to language its fullest expressiveness, and to the soul the greatest pleasure.

All poets deserving the name have "felt music's pulse in all her arteries," and carried the throbbing life of melody into their verses.

AN INCIDENT.

Beneath a shady tree they sat.
He held her hand, she held his hat;
I held my breath and lay down flat.
They kissed—I saw them do it.
He held that kissing was no crime,
She held her head up every time.
I held my peace and wrote this rhyme,
And they thought no one knew it. —*Anon.*

BREATHING.

Extract from stenographic report of DR. EMERSON'S Saturday lecture.

To-day we come to our third talk on the conductors of health to the human body. We shall speak of the lungs. What is the office of the lungs? To answer in a word, their office is to conduct life into the human organism. They are the conductors from the fountain outside of us to the fountain within our physical being. We think of them primarily as the purifiers of the blood. When the blood reaches the lungs it is loaded with carbon and other elements that should be eliminated. This waste material is almost literally set on fire by the oxygen that is taken into the lungs. That fire can be changed into other forms of force. There is no longer any question, I think, that part of the heat produced by the union of the oxygen from outside and the carbon within us is converted into electric power, and that electric power goes to the brain and to the nerves. Not only does the oxygen produce heat and electricity, but it is taken into the blood, carried along the arteries, and is united in the red corpuscles with other elements. It promotes — perhaps we ought to say actually produces — assimilation. Some physiologists think that the white corpuscles are those of which the structure of the tissues are made, and that the red corpuscles, which are loaded with oxygen, are, figuratively speaking, the carpenters or mechanics who manufacture those corpuscles into the physical structure. However this may be, all agree that no assimilation could go on in the body if there was no oxygen in the blood. If the oxygen should be eliminated from the blood which goes to any part of the body, that part would become atrophied.

What is the object of giving these lectures on the different powers of the human body for promoting life? I have two objects; one is to give your minds a perception of the great possibilities of health; the other is to show you some of the means by which those possibilities may be realized. It used to be said in the old books that if a man knew how little it would take to kill him he would not live five minutes; for the very contemplation of the fact would produce death. Life hangs upon a very slender thread. When I was a little boy I remember laughing at the table, as little boys sometimes will; and I remember my grandfather saying, "Wesley, the throat is a very small place. If it should get stopped up you could never breathe again; and your laughing is liable to stop it." The fear that was excited by our moral teachers and instructors, for the purpose of making us behave, has been largely reinforced by our modern scientific teachers, who hold up the idea that death is on every side of us. They say, "It is in the water you drink." The inference is that you are to drink as little as you can. They say, "It is in the air that you breathe and you are liable to take it in at any moment." Moral: Breathe as little as possible.

Now, while there is great value in these scientific discoveries, they induce many persons to contemplate things they should not contemplate, and prevent them from laying hold of the thoughts that would secure strength and health. That there are bacteria I am not going to deny. Nor do I deny that they exist in various forms. I shall not deny that they are found contingent upon disease, and even seem its occasion or immediate cause. But I do deny that they are the first cause of disease. The first cause lies in the fact that men and women for generations have not lived according to the laws of health. Breathe in a very little oxygen, and you may breathe in something floating in the atmosphere that is not good for you. Breathe in enough

oxygen, and these poisonous germs will not harm you. Oxygen is the great life-giving power of the whole person. The amount of life is in direct ratio to the amount of air consumed. We do not consume the amount of oxygen that we ought. Great pains are actually taken to keep us from breathing. It is said, "It is dangerous to breathe very much. You do not know what you may breathe in, especially in the night, so do not breathe the night air." As if there were any air at night except night air. Again, that you may follow a false fashion and look as bad as you can to the *intuitive* taste, compress the waist — make it so small that you cannot get much air into the lungs. Certainly, if breathing is such a very dangerous thing, that fact known should put a premium on corsets. When nature has made such extensive provisions for breathing is it not an argument sufficiently convincing that we should breathe all we possibly can? The effects of consuming a great amount of air are immediately apparent. You wish to stimulate yourself for a certain occasion. "Well," it is said, "Take such a thing, and it will stimulate you." Let me tell you that the stimulation you get for the occasion comes from something which causes you to breathe more than at other times. I have watched the effects of such stimulants, and I have found that the first symptom is increased respiration — the person breathes more deeply and oftener. That led me to try the experiment of stimulating the body by breathing, and I have found the result the same only better and without the subsequent reaction, for oxygen is man's natural stimulant and his *only* natural stimulant. You can apply this to yourselves in your artistic work, especially in your public work. Suppose you wish to throw out great magnetic force and to have your mind very clear on a certain occasion when you desire to produce an effect in public. Then for at least thirty minutes before engaging in that work — an hour is better — breathe as though you were running. The result will be that you will find your nerves and brain greatly invigorated: and when you come before your audience, you will outdo yourself. That you may be able to do this successfully I want you to work very hard to free all the muscles around the chest. These muscles require to be exercised to the utmost extent, and this is what you are trying to do here every day. The lungs should be lifted up in the body to where they can act freely. Then, too, if from any cause the nervous system is devitalized, the air does not fill the apexes of the lungs and much of their power is unused. When a person is nervously exhausted the upper parts of the lungs do not fill with air, because the superior vocal cords do not close; and this action of the vocal cords is the only means by which the air can be driven into the apexes of the lungs. Just as soon as the nervous system is in the least devitalized the function of those cords is in a great measure suspended.

How shall the nervous tone be restored? In a previous lecture I have referred to the necessity of giving the system that kind of food which will supply the nerves. I now emphasize the value of breathing. Forty years ago, Dr. Fitch, the best writer we had in this country at that time on the physiology of the lungs, said, "I discovered when I was at college that the way a person breathed affected the nerves very much." This is a very valuable discovery — a discovery that should have been followed up, and one that should be brought under the consideration of all students of physical culture, for it is the oxygen that keeps up the tone of the nerves. There is, it is said, a strange affinity in the nerves

and the brain for alcohol. There is a more perfect affinity in the brain and nerves for *oxygen*. The brain seeks oxygen. Take oxygen, then, as God has made it for us — he knows exactly how to mix it — take it as we find it in the air we breathe. It acts mightily on the nerves and sets them tingling with life and power. We insist upon filling the stomach with nourishing food, but remember that it is oxygen which enables us to digest and assimilate it.

Instead of contemplating the ten thousand ways of cutting short a man's life, and of 'thinking that if every man knew how little it would take to kill him he would die,' let us look the other way and think how little effort on our part is necessary to give us health and long life. Why, the very contemplation of it will help to bring it; it will be the first step — the fountain out of which the benefit will ultimately flow. It takes but little effort on our part. Everything was so arranged before we came into the world that slight attention on the part of man toward obeying the laws of health is all that is necessary to secure this inestimable boon. In view of man's physical disobedience is it not the greatest wonder that people are as healthy as they are! If all the forces of nature — the moisture in the atmosphere, the sun that shines from the heavens, the water that runs in the brooks, the air that we breathe, the magnetic forces that thrill the earth from pole to pole, the relations of the planets, and our magnetic relations to the universe — if these were not all set by the Almighty Hand to the tune of health for every human being, we should die, and that very speedily, from our disobedience to the laws of health. Health is a mighty angel sent into this world, and you have only to let him do his work. We are apt to think that death is like some great monster let loose in the world. It is not so; *life* is let loose upon the earth. It is everywhere. By and by, when the Ice King abdicates in favor of the Queen of May, you will see on every side of you a springing forth of this manifestation of life. You cannot look anywhere but there is life, *life*, LIFE. Why, that idea of life is perfectly overwhelming when we look out on a spring day and see the manifestations of it awakening in nature. Oh, what is there but life? You say, "There is the autumn, when the leaves fall, and the grasses die, and the snow comes as a winding-sheet over all." That figure is purely artificial. Do not think of the snow as a winding-sheet; but think of it as a warm white counterpane. "What does it cover?" Look in that little room. See those two little boys. They are sleeping. Their cheeks are rosy, their breathing healthy. See the white counterpane over them, spread by a mother's tender hand — ah, what hand is there like a mother's! "Mother is that counterpane that you spread over those charming, healthy boys something to remind you of a winding sheet, under which they shall finally lie in death?"—"Why, no; it is to keep out the cold; to take care of my boys through the night, that on the morrow they may sing the joys of childhood and the bloom of health." So if I should ask the great presiding Mother Spirit in Nature, "Have you spread out this great snow sheet over the northern clime to remind the dwellers there that they are to be put into a winding-sheet by and by?" How would Nature reply to him who held his ear close to her lips? She would say, "No, no; there is no death here. We have no sheet for death here. There is no death. I have spread this warm cover over the buds and the roots that by and by, when spring shall come, you may hear the flowers laugh as all Nature stirs under the call of spring."

"Oh, such a commotion under the ground
When March called, "Ho! there! ho!"
Such spreading of rootlets far and wide,
Such whispering to and fro.
And "Are you ready?' the Snowdrop asked,
"Tis time to start you know."
"Almost, my dear," the Scilla replied;
"I'll follow as soon as you go."
Then "Ha! ha! ha!" a chorus came
Of laughter soft and low
From the millions of flowers under the ground—
Yes, millions, beginning to grow."

No death here. No, and I believe there is no death in the universe anywhere. Everything is either life or the promise of life.

Let us face about, then. Many of you have come here because you have heard that this college is a kind of hospital. We are always very careful not to advertise it on that side, but it leaks out now and then that such and such a confirmed invalid has been here and regained health. So more want to come. Quite a number of such are here this year, I find. Are you going to get well? "Well," you say, "I am trying to do the best I can. If I could only get well as Miss So-and-So has." Now let me tell you if you are going to take advantage of any of these exercises, physical or vocal, for the purpose of getting well, the first thing for you to do is to take the right *mental* exercises. Assume to yourself that health is free. The great heart of nature is flooding the universe with health. Do not play sick any longer. Is it not better to play being well? Is it not as pretty a play? It is the play of being whole, rounded, complete. I knew a young minister who was constantly breaking down. As the negroes used to say down South, it was quite "onsartin" when he would appear. One day, meeting with a lady who was lecturing through the country he found that, although she was frail, she never disappointed an audience. "I will be there," she said, "when I say I will; and I find I am getting stronger." He said to himself, "Well, if a frail woman can do this, how much more should I do it, being a man." Many years afterwards he told me that he had never disappointed a congregation since that time. He played being well and it worked beautifully.

I wish to establish the habit of breathing more and more. I do not believe in weighing it, or measuring it, or saying that you need just so many ounces of oxygen. I want you to open the whole body, and feel that you open your whole soul to it. But you say that your lungs are small. Then make them larger. My chest used to measure thirty-six inches round, and it now measures forty-six. When I read that the pigeon breathes not only as much as a fashionable woman, but as much as some men do, I suspected I might be one of the pigeon kind. I wanted to breathe more than a pigeon. Nature said, "If you will fill the lungs you have I will give you some larger lungs." I filled them. Nature kept her promise. And this went on until I added ten inches to the size of my chest, without money and without price. When I increased the capacity of my stomach it was somewhat expensive, but when I increased the capacity of my lungs it was not expensive at all. There is a corner on wheat. There are middle-men on meat, and there are several middle men on milk; but, thank God, there are no middle-men on air. Men would keep it if they could, and sell it by the pint; but they cannot do it, for God has enveloped the earth with an ocean of it.

Why do we like to look on a full, rounded chest and why do we shrink a little from a flat one? Rev. Wm. R. Alger has said — and I think it is one of the best definitions of beauty ever given — "Beauty is the sign of fitness for function." That which indicates fitness for function looks beautiful to the *intuitive perception*. Why is the full,rounded chest spoken of in literature as beautiful? You have the answer in your mind by this time. Because it indicates that you can breathe.

I wish to speak a word regarding the chest from the dramatic side. It is this: Nature has put her most subtle expressions into the muscles that surround the lungs. The word "breath" comes from the same root from which the word "spirit" is derived. There is nothing that indicates the state of the spirit of a man so fully as his breath. Every little change in the spirit affects all the muscles of respiration. The front of the chest expresses the inspiring sentiments, the sides the moral. The back expresses the choosing and sustaining power of the mind. A clergyman, whose business it was for several years to attend the courts in England where men were condemned to death for 169 different crimes, observed the expressions of the backs of the condemned. He sat where he could look at the back of a prisoner when he received his sentence. When he saw the man rise to receive his sentence he could tell instantly by the expression of his back whether he would fall when his sentence was read. The will power is indicated by the breadth and symmetry of the back; The sides express harmony. No man is a fountain of strength apart from the universe. No man is strong alone. His strength consists in his power to join with others, and the attitudes of the sides indicate this power. Brutus felt *for* his fellow-beings; but he did not feel *with* them. Antony, on the other hand, did not feel *for* the Romans, but he felt *with* them. Now see the power of the two men when exerted upon the common people. There in the pride of moral nobility stands the great Brutus. They revere him because he is a man of honor and they listen to him respectfully. Antony did not need any introduction. He had a sympathetic way of getting hold of the people. In a little while he had them in his hand as the Furies are said to have had the winds. Your power depends on your ability to join with men — figuratively speaking, to lock arms with men. Your immediate power depends on that. Your sustaining power depends of course on something else. Now the front of the chest is the life-producing part in the physical realm; in the moral realm it is the life impulse of moral conduct. The front of the chest indicates integrity, the love of right, of truth, hope, benevolence — all the noble incentives of the soul are expressed by the front of the chest. When the villain would execute his villany he instinctively sinks the chest. The thief lowers his chest and steals. Tarquin sinks the chest, and stealthily strides in the dark. There is not a criminal who, knowing that he is a criminal, commits crime with his chest habitually elevated to where hope, the sense of the sublime, the sense of the grand, or love of the human race would lift it. The gestures of the chest are most subtle; they go deeper into the souls of those who see you than any gestures you can make with any other part of the body. Your audience does not know what gestures you are making with your chest or with your sides. They are so subtle that you do not know it yourself. The greatest reformer of modern times fulfilled in the attitudes of his chest all those conditions we have considered to the highest degree that I have ever seen. His back indicated unflinching and vigorous will; the sides well expanded; the chest was elevated. Inspired by the love of man and love of duty, and by the hope of the fulfilment of righteousness, Wendell Phillips marched through the mobs of Boston unharmed. They cried and howled and snarled as the lions might be supposed to have howled at Daniel, but they harmed him not; and he finally conquered them. The same mob that one year hooted and threw stones at him were ready ten years later to crown him with laurels of fame

and to lift him into the highest chair of power they had to bestow. He would not accept it because he was already a crowned king, and the finest indicatious of it were not more his keen eye and his lofty brow than the attitude of his chest.

College Societies.

Emerson Alumni Club.

The Club held the second meeting of the season on Tuesday afternoon, Dec. 6. Prof. Southwick occupied the first half of the session in answering questions on Articulation and the Slide, with special reference to the work in the last chapter of the first volume and the first chapter of the second volume of the Evolution of Expression. The latter part of the afternoon was devoted to the subject of Acoustics which was discussed by Miss Lilla Kelley and Mrs. Jessie L. Shepard. The meeting from the first to the last was full of interest and profit to the large audience that was present.

Southwick Literary Society.

At the last meeting of the Southwick Literary Society the following board of officers were elected for the present term: president, Cecil Harper; vice-president, Grace Mae Lamkin; secretary, Alice Moore; treasurer, Frank J. Stowe; executive committee, Grace Lamkin, Isabel H. Harrington, Geo. E. Hasie. The following excellent programme was presented:

COMEDIETTA — "The Nettle" . . . . . *Warren*

Characters

Guy Charlton . . . . MR. E. GARDNER CRANE, '93
Majorie Meredith . . . . . MISS MAUD RUSSELL, '93

SONG — "Love's Sorrow" . . . . . *Shelley*

MISS EDITH E. RAMSDELL, '92

Richard Brinsley Sheridan — a brief sketch of his life . . . . . MISS ALICE J. MOORE, O. B. '92

"THE RIVALS" — Act I. Scene II. . . . . *Sheridan*

A room in Mrs. Malaprop's lodgings

Characters

Sir Anthony Absolute . . . . MR. JOHN B. WEEKS, '93
Mrs. Malaprop . . . . MISS SARA M. WEEKS, O. B., '92
Lydia Languish . . . . . MISS LOLA PURMAN, O. B., '91
Julia Melville . . . . . MISS FANNY F. FALK, '92
Lucy . . . . . MISS LILLA E. KELLEY, O. M., '90

Southwick Debating Club.

The new year promises to be a prosperous one for this flourishing Society. Its membership is constantly increasing, and the young men are making rapid improvement in extempore speaking and parliamentary law. One of the events of interest this term is a public debate with the Boston Y. M. C. A. Debating Club. The club will be represented on this occasion by Messrs. Joseph S. Gaylord, A. M., Alton C. Lindsay, A. B., and E. E. Cox, B. S. The officers for this term are: E. E. Cox, president; J. Ward, vice-president; J. S. Gaylord, secretary; and Frank J. Stowe, treasurer.

Ladies' Debating Club.

At the meeting of the Ladies' Debating Club on Friday evening, Jan. 6, the following officers were elected for the ensuing term: Miss Mary A. Greeley, president; Miss Celia Mackie, vice-president; Miss Emily Lick, secretary; and Miss Alida Brooks, treasurer.

Ladies' Glee Club.

The young ladies of the College have recently organized a Glee Club, and will begin work at once with Prof. Howard. The following are the officers for the term: Miss Ruth B. Holt, president; Miss Elsie Powers, vice-president; Mrs. Sadie Hackett, secretary and treasurer; and Miss Minnie Woodside, assistant musical director.

Emerson College Glee Club.

This Club organized by electing Geo. E. Hasie, president; Joseph S. Gaylord, vice-president; Almond E. Palmer, secretary and treasurer. They are proceeding vigorously with practical work, in which they are making rapid progress. They have arranged to rehearse under the direction of Prof. Geo. H. Howard.

Selections

FOR PUBLIC READING.

THE TRIAL OF JOOST AVELINGH.

(By the kind permission of Messrs. D. Appleton. & Co.)

[NOTE TO THE READER. Joost Avelingh, by Maarten Maartens, author of "God's Fool," is a story of intense interest from first to last. The hero is one of those souls who has grown up amid unpleasant surroundings and never understands people, nor is he understood by his associates. His uncle, a man of unpleasant exterior, thwarts many of his nephew's most cherished plans, and Joost never knows until after his uncle's death that his uncle was always planning to make his nephew's life happy and profitable.

After his uncle's death Joost is not happy, for the secret weighs heavy on his soul that he has married directly against his uncle's will; by degrees the truth comes to him that his uncle was not at heart the crotchety old man he appeared. The scene here presented has the gist of the entire book and to render it perfectly clear to the audience the reader should be familiar with the story and the character of the hero.

This is the central scene in the book but not, perhaps, the climax of the story.

Everything that Joost Avelingh does is done at the dictates of a tender, scrupulous conscience, which none of his own associates ever understands.]

The court was crowded. The trial was on all lips, and the opinion of great and small, rich and poor was unanimously against the accused. The mere fact of his being a gentleman proved his guilt to the crowd.

The case was called; two thousand pairs of eyes were turned to a little door near the dais as several policemen brought in Joost Avelingh. He stopped for one moment in the doorway and cast a swift glance over the sea of faces turned toward him. The hundreds of wrathful faces on every side made him feel that torrents of hatred were pouring down on him from all directions. The feeling left him calm, almost indifferent. He was accustomed to the dislike of his own class, for ten years of practical work among the poor and oppressed had not given him a friend among the wealthy; he had not expected it; and now the yells of hatred outside the prison walls showed him that the poor, too, despised him in this his hour of need. This was, perhaps, the severest blow yet.

The prisoner passed to his bench, bowed to the president, who took no notice of the salutation, and sat down.

All through the proceedings his demeanor was closely watched. If he showed pain, people said he was cowardly; when he looked calm, they complained that he was impudent.

The act of accusation was read and the prisoner stood up to be examined. As he did so even his enemies acknowledged the dignity of his bearing; the lawyers said he was insolent, for he admitted everything but the crime itself; only the evening before they had tried to wring from him a confession of guilt, but had failed, and now the failure must be properly resented.

"Your name?" said the President.

"Joost Avelingh."

"Your profession?"

"I have none."

"You have no title of any kind?"

"None."

"No occupation?"

The President, a red-faced little man, leered at the prisoner over his spectacles. Joost smiled a bitter little smile.

"I am member of the council of management of some ten or twelve charitable societies," he said, "and am on the board of some half-dozen industrial companies; that is all."

"Yes," said the President, "I know, you have found charity a convenient cloak to hide a multitude of sins."

Joost's soul flinched, but his outward frame stood calm, erect, and stately.

"You admit," said the President, "that the Baron van Trotsem was your uncle, took you into his house when you were a destitute orphan of five, and that from that moment until the day of his death he fed, clothed, and educated you and finally appointed you his heir?"

"Yes," said Joost.

"Had you, in spite of all you owed your uncle, any cause — in your own opinion — to dislike the Baron van Trotsem, or to feel a grudge against him?"

"Yes," said Joost in a distinct voice, "We did not get on well together and he made me very unhappy."

"That is vague and unsatisfactory," said the president; "were there any special grievances which you can bring forward?"

"My uncle," replied the accused, "had resisted my wishes whenever he could do so. He had refused to allow me to take up a legal career, and insisted upon my studying medicine without any adequate reason. He had forbidden me to marry the lady who is now my wife, also without explaining his action in that matter."

"Ah!" said the President. People looked at each other; it seemed as if the President's portentous exclamation was echoed from every lip.

"Are these all the offenses you charge your uncle with?" continued Joost's examiner.

"I charge him with nothing," replied the prisoner; "I answer your questions as best I can."

"And you admit that you hated him?"

"Yes," said Joost, softly.

Once more quick glances were interchanged among the crowd.

"On the evening of your uncle's death you had had words with him?"

"I had."

"And you knew when he ordered his carriage that he was about to drive to the Notary's to alter his will?"

"I did."

"You knew that you were bringing him there and that it was his intention to disinherit you in case you married the Fraulein van Hessel?"

"Yes."

"And you killed him before he reached his destination?"

"No," Joost's voice rang out clear and full.

"That will do; prisoner, you may sit down."

After that the witnesses were called — witnesses for the prosecution, there were none for the defense. Jan Lorentz, the dead Baron's groom, who had also been in the chaise at the time of the Baron's death, was called. His account flowed on smoothly enough till it reached the moment when the crime was committed; here he faltered, contradicted himself, and stopped.

"Take care," said the President sternly, "you repeatedly stated at the preliminary inquiry that you saw the accused seize his uncle by the red neckerchief he wore. Do you maintain it now?"

The witness looked around nervously then quickly said, "Yes."

The doctor who had been called at the time of the Baron's death testified that death *might* have been caused by the fit or it *might* have been caused by strangulation; the scarf was drawn very tight; the deceased *might* have drawn it tight when the fit seized him or some one else *might* have drawn it; he could not say.

The court adjourned. Three men in the room, and three only at that moment, did not believe the prisoner guilty; they were Kees Hessel, brother-in-law to the accused, Joost Avelingh, and Jan Lorentz.

They locked the prisoner in his cell and Joost Avelingh was relieved to be alone again. He could not shut his eyes to the fact that matters had gone against him, and as his council had told him, "If you are condemned, Mynheer Avelingh, you will have yourself to blame."

"I told the exact truth," replied Joost. The other shrugged his shoulders "That is often the unwisest thing of all," he said.

And now in his quiet cell the accused told himself again that he had done right.

"The charge against me is utterly false, and I plead, 'Not guilty,' with all my heart and soul."

And then the officials came with their keys and led him forth again to continue the hearing, and again the

court was crowded with hostile faces and the mob outside shouted.

The advocate-general painted in glowing colors the benefaction Joost had received from his uncle; he represented the boy as undutiful; he attributed the crime to youthful passion and avarice; the crime was an exceptional one; the guilty man belonged to a class in which criminals were rare; the victim was an old noble, a person of great rank and wealth; he had been foully and secretly dealt with by the viper he had taken to his bosom. During ten long years the malefactor had enjoyed all the fruits of his horrible deed, and in that period he had sought to procure for himself a reputation for charity, perhaps in order to lull his guilty conscience. But at length the slow step of Justice had tracked him, for her advance is sure if sometimes slow.

A slight burst of applause, suppressed immediately, greeted the conclusion of this eloquent harangue.

What could the counsel for the defense, himself convinced of his client's guilt, bring forward in reply?

"My client has declared his innocence," said the counsel, "and the law has not succeeded in establishing his guilt. If he sinned, he sinned alone and in the darkness, and in the darkness has his sin remained, and sin, ere the law can touch it, must lie red and glaring in the resistless light of day!"

A voice from the balcony called out, "Jan Lorentz." There was another burst of approval. The multitude was against Joost Avelingh, and for the first time he hid his face in his hands.

The verdict would be given, as usual, after an interim of one week. Meantime Joost Avelingh may see his wife in his cell, and meantime Kees van Hessel worked unceasingly to turn the tide of public opinion. Mevrouw Avelingh ceased not her prayers for her innocent husband.

The accused is again brought before the judges; the court is full and the crowd outside anxiously await the verdict.

"Silence," cried the usher. A nervous thrill of expectation ran through the vast concourse. The prisoner knitted his eyebrows slightly. It was noticed that Kees van Hessel was not present, as he had been all through the trial.

The judge began to read the verdict in a shrill voice, it was a long document and the President cleared his voice and coughed solemnly as he turned page after page. He glanced around at the expectant crowd before him, took off his spectacles, wiped them carefully, re-settled them over his nose and read, that taking all things into consideration they found the prisoner "Guilty of murder." He had reached the last words of the verdict; the declaration of the prisoner's guilt had already passed his lips; nothing now remained but the sentence. "Find the accused to be guilty of murder," read the President, "and accordingly—"

"Stop," cried a shrill voice from the back of the hall. "Stop! Stop! Don't sentence an innocent man."

The President involuntarily checked himself and glared over his spectacles. All eyes, even the prisoner's, were turned in the direction of the principal entrance. Men started up from their seats; chairs were upset with a crash; exclamation of sudden irritation or curiosity broke forth on all sides; a hush passed over the assembly. The prisoner sank back and shielded his eyes with his hands.

"Silence!" said the little President in high indignation. But no one heeded him, for all were gazing at the lanky figure of Jan Lorentz struggling with two policeman, just within the entry.

"No! no!" cried Jan Lorentz with the same shrill, excited voice, "Let me speak while I dare! He is innocent! I have lied against him! Let me speak!"

"Let him speak!" cried a chorus of voices from various parts of the building. Even the judges were agitat-

ed by human curiosity. "Let him speak!"

Jan Lorentz standing there with his gaunt frame thrown forward, his lean hands clasped convulsively round the railing began to speak. He poured forth his words in short, rapid sentences, hurrying on as a man who does not trust himself to finish what he has begun.

"It is false" — he panted, — "my evidence — He is innocent — I did not say it — They say I said it — It is all a mistake — They would not let me go back — I hated Myhneer Avelingh — But *he* is innocent."

The President addressed the man standing before him.

"As you have said so much," he squeaked, frowning severely, "you may as well say more. What have you to tell?"

"I never saw Mynheer Avelingh draw the handkerchief around his uncle's throat," replied Lorentz more collectedly. "No, so help me God, I never saw him touch his uncle at all! I am telling the truth! I am at last!" A murmur of sympathetic approval ran through the hall.

"Do you mean to say," asked the President, "that you, fully realizing the consequences of what you are doing, persist in declaring that you have borne false witness against Joost Avelingh?"

Lorentz trembling violently gasped out, "It is true, yes!"

Low as the words were, there was scarcely a man but heard them amid that breathless silence.

"And Avelingh is innocent!" cried a voice from the gallery. A shout rang through the hall, then another and another. The hearts of the spectators boiled over. They cheered, they scarcely knew whom they cheered, Jan Lorentz or Joost Avelingh.

Some confused account of what was going on inside the building spread rapidly to the thousands outside, and the foolish cry, "Long live Joost Aveling! Joost Avelingh is innocent!" was repeated again and again by the populace.

"God alone knows," said Joost Avelingh to himself.

Though innocent of the murder of his uncle Joost Avelingh has never lamented the death of the man whom he hated and who would have made his marriage impossible. When his wife learned that the Baron van Trotsem had expressly forbidden their marriage she insisted that Joost should give the whole property to a distant relative of the late Baron, and Joost Avelingh, the poor man, was much happier than the Joost Avelingh whose money brought painful recollections of the uncle whom he disobeyed.

Jan Lorentz, be it said to his credit, bore his sentence manfully and in prison prays earnestly that he may overcome the love of drink, which brought him to his sin and came so near condemning an innocent man.

SIR MICHAEL AND SIR HANS.

[NOTE TO THE READER.—This selection is a cutting from Dr. O. W. Holmes' latest book, "Over the Teacups," and is here used by the kind permission of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., This book is a series of papers similar in plan to the "Autocrat at the Breakfast Table," and all the details are worked up in Dr. Holmes' inimitable style. The pretty story running through the book as a sort of thread to the discourse has all the beauties of the realistic novel, with nothing of the commonplace. "Over the Teacups" is not only a very readable book, but it is one which arouses us to new thought at every page.]

I was putting up a fence about my yard and employed a worthy man, a native New Englander, to dig some post-holes. My employee bought a new spade and scoop on purpose, and came to my place at the appointed time and began digging. While he was at work two men came over from a drinking saloon, to which my residence is nearer than I could desire. One of them I had known as Mike Fagan and the other as Hans Schleimer. They looked at Hiram, my New Hampshire man, in a contemptuous

and threatening way for a minute or so, when Fagan addressed him:

"And how much does the man pay yez by the hour?"

"The gentleman doesn't pay me by the hour," said Hiram.

"How mosh does he bay you by der veeks?" said Hans.

"I don' know as that's any of your business," answered Hiram.

"Faith, we'll make it our business," said Mike Fagan. "We're Knights of Labor, we'd have yez to know, and ye can't make yer bargains jist as ye loikes. We manes to know how many hours ye worrks, and how much ye gets for it."

"Knights of Labor!" said I. "Why, that is a kind of title of nobility, isn't it? I thought the laws of our country didn't allow titles of that kind. But if you have a title to be called knights I suppose I ought to address you as such. Sir Michael, I congratulate you on the dignity you have attained. I hope Lady Fagan is getting on well with my shirts. Sir Hans, I pay my respects to your title. I trust that Lady Schleimer has got through that little difficulty between her ladyship and yourself in which the police court thought it necessary to intervene."

The two men looked at me. I weigh about a hundred and eighty pounds and am well put together. Hiram was noted in his village as a 'rahstler,' though he looked like a greenhorn. The two men, who had been drinking, hardly knew what ground to take. They rather liked the sound of *Sir* Michael and *Sir* Hans. They did not know very well what to make of their wives as "ladies." Presently one of them saw a label on the shovel which Hiram had been using.

"Arrah, be jabers!" exclaimed Mike Fagan, "but hasn't he been a-tradin' wid Brown, the hardware fellah that we boycotted! Grab it, Hans, and we'll carry it off and show it to the brotherhood."

The men made a move toward the implement.

"You let that shovel alone," said Hiram.

I stepped to his side. The knights were combative and it was necessary to come to blows. My straight blow from the shoulder did for Sir Michael. Hiram treated Sir Hans to what is technically known as a cross-buttock.

"Naow, Dutchman," said Hiram, "if you don't want to be planted in that are post-hole, y'd better take y'rself out o' this here piece of private property, 'Dangerous passin', as the sign-posts say, abaout these times."

They were both out of condition for further hostilities, and I told Sir Michael that if he would go home and help Lady Fagan to saw and split the wood for her fire he would be better employed than in meddling with my domestic arrangements. I advised Sir Hans to ask Lady Schleimer for her bottle of spirits to use as an embrocation for his lame hip. And so my two visitors with the aristocratic titles staggered off, and left us plain, untitled citizens, Hiram and myself, to set our posts in peace.

Contributions

FROM STUDENTS.

ON THE STUDY OF LITERATURE.

FRED W. STICKNEY.

I do not here refer to the multifarious panoply of the modern scholar; to his imposing array of mechanical helps and boasted scientific method. I refer to that appreciation which is within the power of all, even the technically unlearned; and to that literature which alone is or can be living to us the literature of our own time and of our own country.

Many noble structures of prose and

verse have indeed floated down to us on the ocean of time, and afford a wealth of working material for the trained and laborious student. But to those of humbler claims each "outgrown shell" can yield but a distant echo of that breathing, palpitating life which once wrought and inhabited it. For the subtle connection between sound and sense which constitutes consummate literary form is in its freshest bloom an unstable product of the hour. The resulting beauty is like phosphorescence that bathes objects just beyond our reach.

Is not this extreme ductility of mold the very quality which best fits the written or spoken word to become an almost transparent medium of human expression? In such a guise, perchance, the "tricksy spirit" of thought — that "dainty Ariel" — will momentarily submit to our service and command for us the winds and waves of emotion. Too often, however, with the latest embodiment of thought before us, we still have ears that ear not, eyes that see not. At the best, speech is but "broken light upon the depths of the unspoken." How shall we penetrate to the throbbing reality which lies beneath? In reply I shall touch in the briefest way upon what seems to me two primary conditions of literary appreciation.

First of all, one must belong to that "holy church" which, Mr. Ruskin says, "will always exist whenever one hand meets another helpfully." For literature began when some word became a monument of the first gleam of common feeling between men. A common impulse, a tide that moves all with it, is the condition of its growth. At each stage of its growth, the circle of sympathy has widened, until to-day the ultimate demands upon our social conscience are almost limitless. To understand a literature which addresses a common humanity the mind must expand to that all-embracing tolerance which "is as modern among the virtues as music among the arts."

A wide interest in all forms of thought and life is a prevailing note of the time. But the feature of our own social condition which other nations are watching most intently is the experiment we are trying of "unadulterated democracy." With the fetters of outgrown institutions relaxed, in a less untoward environment, will not the soul eventually build for itself statelier mansions than ever before? Such is our hope. Meanwhile our strength seems to spend itself in a struggle for material welfare. The "average man" whose story must be our literature is a worker either with brain or hand. To feel the pathos of his story one must be immersed in the same stream of practical activity. No "stander above men and women" can truly sympathize with this strenuous life. Only the genuine toiler can be one in heart and soul with the toiling millions about him.

Universal brotherhood, the right of each soul to the fullest development, the dignity of labor, are the root ideas of our time and country. Stated in set terms, how lifeless! But they breathed and lived in old Walt Whitman's majestic form, and still shine from the embers of his life record. Hence the attraction of his writings whose inward spirit future American writers may embody in better form but will not essentially alter.

AT REST BUT READY.

By Sara B. Parker.

During a recent visit to Halifax a party of us were specially favored in having as host a city official who was in turn a mess-friend of an officer of the garrison. We were thus allowed *entree* to many places of interest not falling in the way of the less advantageously situated tourist. Among other things was a sight not shown to many — far less Americans — the inside of one of the great forts that lie in that

little Gibraltar, the gun-bound harbor of Halifax.

We told the officer in charge that, influenced by what we had already heard of it, we had about decided when we came over to annex them that we would come by land. He replied that it was a wise decision, as we'd would have a better chance to run along home again. Whereupon we asked him if he could cite any precedent we had ever established about 'running along home'; and amid such pleasantries we reached the great subterranean magazines, traversing frightful, dark passages with dripping walls and chill, damp floors. After showing us the great guns and the empty shells and the stores of ammunition we reached a small magazine, which he opened cautiously and revealed several hundred "live" shells, charged and at hand for instant use. Some one remarked that they looked innocent and peaceful enough, lying there quietly in rows; it seemed we had nothing to fear from them. Sergeant S—— came out, carefully locked the door behind him, turned to us with a dramatic air and a gesture that was almost a salute, and said quietly, "*At rest; but ready!*" Talking it over next day some one said, "Wasn't that remark of Sergeant S—— the very essence of Dr. Emerson's "attitude of expectation?"

Among the juniors of '90 was one who had perhaps been imbibing a little too freely the seductive theory of "relaxation," and to whom "expectancy" for a long time looked like hard work, until one day a chance "way of putting it" removed her misconception. So she sends this out for the good it may do. Among the "many men of many minds" who make up the new class this year there may be one who will be aided by the terse saying of Sergeant S——, which represents so well that fine line between *indolence* and *activity*.

HYMN.

REV. T. ARMSTONG.

Whence have I come, how can I know,
From darkness or from light?
And whither am I bound to go
When life's day reacheth night?

From God I came, to Him return,
Whene'er the heavenly spark
Ignited here shall cease to burn,
And leave the building dark.

While in this castle I abide,
When weak as well as strong,
May heavenly force in me preside
To overcome the wrong.

We shall our palaces forsake
And seek the House of Rest
To which the weary ones betake
Themselves, and they are blest.

No cloud or darkness, doubt or fear,
Shall trouble us when there;
The vision shall be bright and clear,
Seen through celestial air.

"LEAD THOU ME ON!"

WEBSTER COLBATH.

Saviour! thy loving hand I would clasp ever,
Guided by Thee through life's fierce battle roar;
Having no idol in my heart to sever
Its whispered longings for the other shore.

'Tis not thy will that I should live a rover;
Better for me that I should till the sod.
'Tis sweet to know, after this life is over,
That I shall rest in peace with thee, my God.

SONNET.

Charles Wesley Emerson.

BY MARGARET A. KLINE.

From God's deep book of Love and Truth he read,
And pressing close to Nature's side he walked
To learn among her children. So he talked
With things that creep, and moved with those that tread
The earth in stateliness. With them his head
He bowed as past the dread, deep spirit stalked
Of mist and rock. Nor cold nor wrath has balked
His soul; he held the broad firm hand that led,
And smiled as on past hills he saw the light.
No breadth nor depth can compass truth. No art
Can form or voice the dumb, full depths of life;
But mind by will and love upled is part
Of truth and light and lord of law or strife;
So teaching, he, obeying, stands in might.

Baltimore, Md., March 20, 1892.

Held Over.

All personal notices, together with several orignal contributions are necessarily held over till our February number.

William J. Rolfe-Litt.D.
Shakespeare
John W. Dickinson LL.D.
Rhetoric
Sarah E. Sherman
M.D.
Anatomy
Daniel Dorchester, Jr. Ph.D.
Literature
H. E. Holt
Singing
LECTURERS in the EMERSON COLLEGE of ORATORY
BOSTON ILLUSTRATING CO

EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE

VOL. I FEBRUARY, 1893 No. 3

EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE

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An Authorized Exponent of Dr. C. Wesley Emerson's Philosophy of Expression

CECIL HARPER . . . . . MANAGING EDITOR

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No Advertisements Received

Our Lecturers.

With this number of the MAGAZINE we have the pleasure of presenting a frontispiece of rare beauty and interest. Our lecturers are too well known to our students by personal acquaintance, and to the country at large by professional reputation, to permit any word of introduction from us. We feel assured that our readers will be more than delighted to possess this artistic remembrancer of the genial faces that from time to time greet them from the platform.

Echoes from Far and Near.

From the many warm and appreciative letters which have so encouraged us in our work we select the following extracts, which tell their own story:

From Miss Marie Burt, Wellsville, Ohio.

The MAGAZINE is a great help and inspiration. It seems to breathe out the spirit of the College.

From Miss Cora D. Nichols, Whitby, Ontario.

I am delighted with the MAGAZINE. You can hardly realize what it is worth to one who is away from the dear College and its grand president. I have read every word. It supplies a long felt need. I congratulate you on its success.

From Mrs. Martha Woodbury Brodie.

I have just received the EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE and wish to express my delight in it. Truly the Alumni will welcome with joy such a reminder of their pleasant and helpful school home. The excellent portrait and the various articles tell truly the real character of the College. While we exult in the marvelous growth of the Monroe Conservatory of Oratory and see its dignity as the Emerson College of Oratory, yet the echoes therefrom tell us its foundation principles are unchanged, for *genuineness* is ever the same and the spirit of *helpfulness* has no limitation.

From Dr. S. N. Gould, West Randolph, Vt.

The EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE is just received. The portrait of Dr. Emerson is exceedingly fine. The lecture on "The Stomach and the Heart" is superb. The article on "How To Teach Reading" is most excellent and should be read by every teacher in the land. The MAGAZINE goes forth to do a great reformatory work for humanity. Long may its pages be read.

From Rev. I. J. Lansing, D. D., Pastor of Park St. Church, Boston.

I thought No. 1 of the MAGAZINE very readable and suggestive in every respect, and when it came to hand I

at once read it through without stopping, which paid me well. I wish and prophesy for it great usefulness.

Testimonial to Mr. Arthur L. Strout.

Of the many hundreds who have attended the Emerson College of Oratory during the past two years no one has made for himself a warmer place in every heart than Mr. Arthur L. Strout. His giant form and genial spirit have been a benediction and an inspiration to all, and prior to his departure to the Pacific coast for the benefit of his health both faculty and students desired in some way to express to him their affection and admiration. This desire took form in the testimonial tendered him on Thursday afternoon, Feb. 9, in Berkeley Temple, when the spacious building was filled to the doors. A more enthusiastic and appreciative gathering is rarely seen. Artists and audience alike seemed uplifted and inspired by the grandeur of the cause that brought them together. It was as if the spell of some master magician rested upon the vast gathering and wove all the separate cords of love into one magnificent symphony, or as if under the leadership of one of the old Hebrew prophets the breath of Jehovah inspired them anew with life and love and joy.

Owing to the deeply regretted illness of Miss Purman, Miss Priscilla White of the Boston Rivals most generously volunteered her services, and the following program was given:

1. "Chariot Race" . . . . . *Wallace*
   Encore. "Bobolink" . . . . . *The Aldine*
   MRS. SOUTHWICK.
2. "Othello," Act III., scene III. . . . . *Shakespeare*
   Encore. "The Rivals" Act II., scene I (in part); Act III., scene I. . . . . *Sheridan*
   PROFS. SOUTHWICK AND TRIPP.
3. "Regnava" (from Lucia di Lammermoor) . . . *Donizetti*
   Encore. "Serenade" . . . . . *Neidlinger*
   MISS PRISCILLA WHITE.
   (of the Boston Rivals.)
4. Potion Scene from "Romeo and Juliet" . . *Shakespeare*
   Encore. "The Beau Ideal" . . . . . *Bunner*
   MRS. SOUTHWICK.
5. SONG.—"Sing Heigh Ho" . . . . . *Henschel*
   Encore. "The Last Rose of Summer" . . . . . *Flotow*
   MISS PRISCILLA WHITE.
6. "The Minister's Housekeeper" . . . . . *Mrs. Stowe*
   Encore. "The Alphabetical Romance" . . . *Anonymous*
   PROF. H. L. SOUTHWICK.
7. "Phantom Falls" . . . . . *Murray*
   MRS. SOUTHWICK.

The net proceeds of the entertainment amounted to $525. In addition to this contributions were received from various sources amounting to over $175. The committee representing the faculty and students had thus the pleasure of presenting to Mr. Strout the sum of $700, accompanied by their best wishes and a hearty God-speed for a pleasant journey and a rapid restoration to health and strength. All our readers will be pleased to learn that Mr. Strout has promised to communicate with the College through the columns of the MAGAZINE.

Columbia School of Oratory.

In this flourishing institution, which is really an outgrowth of the Emerson College of Oratory, the work is steadily increasing in interest. The associate principals, Miss Mary A. Blood, A. M., and Mrs. Ida Morey Riley, O. M., are both graduates of the Emerson College of Oratory, where Miss Blood was for several years the teacher in charge of Bible reading and the Normal department. All students who were so fortunate as to come under her instruction will gratefully remember the wonderful helpfulness of Miss Blood and her utter consecration to her work. To be baptized with her spirit is the privilege of a lifetime. The class of '89 will joyously recall Mrs. Riley's great popularity and will be delighted though not surprised to learn of her unqualified success in her new and larger sphere. Her work in rhetoric has been especially gratifying and has won for her golden opinions from all. College graduates say that she for the first time has made this study helpful to them.

The same spirit and ability that characterized these ladies in Boston will guarantee success anywhere, and it is only to be expected that they should win it in Chicago. Their school now numbers some sixty pupils. They have a three years' course divided into junior, senior, and postgraduate classes, and are assisted in their regular work by three additional teachers besides a teacher of parliamentary law and another of literature. They have also an able corps of teachers, among whom are Prof. Geo. P. Brown on psychology and Dr. O. P. Gifford on extemporaneous speaking.

Miss Blood has been appointed by the World's Fair Auxiliary for Physical Education as chairman of the Emerson System of Physical Culture, and she has invited Dr. Emerson to act as chairman of the National Committee.

Hamlet and Macbeth.

The committee appointed by the postgraduate and senior classes to cast the characters for the final production of Hamlet and Macbeth have completed their work and report as follows:

MACBETH.

ACT I.

SCENE III. *Scotland. A heath.*

MACBETH . . . . . Isabel H. Farrington
BANQUO . . . . . Martha A. Hatch
ROSS . . . . . Albert D. Upham
ANGUS . . . . . William E. Chase
FIRST WITCH . . . . . Ella F. Bliss
SECOND WITCH . . . . . Elvira L. Cousins
THIRD WITCH . . . . . Edna M. Sprague

SCENE V. *A room in the castle.*

LADY MACBETH . . . . . Lillian A. Clark
MACBETH . . . . . Frances C. Hoadley
MESSENGER . . . . . Elizabeth E. Adams

SCENE VI. *Before the castle.*

KING DUNCAN . . . . . Adelaide M. Crocker
BANQUO . . . . . Emma F. Johnson
LADY MACBETH . . . . . Annie H. MacRobert

SCENE VII. *Macbeth's castle.*

MACBETH . . . . . Lillian Walrath
LADY MACBETH . . . . . Jessie L. Shepard

ACT II.

SCENES I. AND II. *Court of the castle.*

MACBETH . . . . . John B. Weeks
LADY MACBETH . . . . . Grace Safford Jones
BANQUO . . . . . Gertrude Beebe
FLEANCE . . . . . Rosamond A. Brockway
SERVANT . . . . . Ruth C. Tebbetts

SCENE III. *Court of the castle.*

MACBETH . . . . . Maude A. Scott
LADY MACBETH . . . . . Ethelynd Gould
MACDUFF . . . . . Helen M. Choate
BANQUO . . . . . Millie S. Powers
LENNOX . . . . . Nellie Brown
MALCOLM . . . . . Clara D. Newton
DONALBAIN . . . . . May T. Newton
PORTER . . . . . Jesse M. Roberts

SCENE IV. *Without the castle.*

MACDUFF . . . . . Eva A. Acken
ROSS . . . . . Eloise H. Williams
OLD MAN . . . . . Carrie E. Nicholson

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Forres. A room in the palace.*

MACBETH . . . . . Blanche C. Martin
LADY MACBETH . . . . . Mabel L. Green
BANQUO . . . . . Mary E. Noone
FIRST MURDERER . . . . . Addie E. Roes
SECOND MURDERER . . . . . Clara W. Gregory
ATTENDANT . . . . . Mary A. Greely

SCENE II. *A room in the castle.*

MACBETH . . . . . Sadie M. Weeks
LADY MACBETH . . . . . Catherine E. Rogers
SERVANT . . . . . Lillian S. Wilmot

SCENE IV. *Hall in the palace. Banquet.*

MACBETH . . . . . George E. Hasie
LADY MACBETH . . . . . Laura M. Carey
ROSS . . . . . Angie B. Hardy
LENNOX . . . . . Grace M. Hardy
MURDERER . . . . . Jeptha M. Olmstead
CUP-BEARER . . . . . Maud T. Lovejoy

ACT IV.

SCENE III. *England. Before the king's palace.*

MALCOLM . . . . . Almond E. Palmer
MACDUFF . . . . . Edwin E. Cox
ROSS . . . . . William E. Atwater
DOCTOR . . . . . Bertram L. Shapleigh

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Dunsinane. A room in the castle.*

LADY MACBETH . . . . . Daisy C. Hoyt
DOCTOR . . . . . Genevieve Pugh
WAITING GENTLEWOMAN . . . . . Mary I. Temple

SCENE VIII. *A plain before the castle.*

MACBETH . . . . . Albert M. Harris
MACDUFF . . . . . George E. Tracy

HAMLET.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Elsinore. A platform before the castle.*

HORATIO . . . . . Anne Blalock
MARCELLUS . . . . . Jessie B. Crommett
BERNARDO . . . . . Harriet J. Trapp
FRANCISCO . . . . . Florence G. Woodruff

SCENE II. *A room of state in the castle.*

KING CLAUDIUS . . . . . Thomas A. Curry
QUEEN GERTRUDE . . . . . Gerta M. Colby
HAMLET . . . . . Julia T. King
POLONIUS . . . . . Anna D. Mills
LAERTES . . . . . Mittie E. Whitcomb
HORATIO . . . . . Emily Lick
MARCELLUS . . . . . Mary E. Burke
BERNARDO . . . . . Mary T. Canney
VOLTIMAND . . . . . Gertrude S. Jones
CORNELIUS . . . . . Caroline A. Waldron
ATTENDANTS . . . . . Cecil Harper
. . . . . E. Maud Husted
. . . . . Alice L. Moore
. . . . . Albert F. Conant
. . . . . Joseph S. Gaylord
. . . . . Minnie L. Morgan
. . . . . Arthur L. Strout

SCENE III. *A room in Polonius' house.*

POLONIUS . . . . . Cora E. Northrop
OPHELIA . . . . . Ruth B. Holt
LAERTES . . . . . Ethel A. Hornick

SCENES IV. AND V. *The platform.*

GHOST . . . . . E. Gardner Crane
HAMLET . . . . . Fanny Fern Falk
HORATIO . . . . . Edith L. Nichols
MARCELLUS . . . . . Grace A. Lockwood

ACT II.

SCENE II. *A room in the castle.*

HAMLET . . . . . Hattie C. Morse
POLONIUS . . . . . Ellen Hansen

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A room in the castle.*

KING CLAUDIUS . . . . . Elvie E. Burnett
QUEEN GERTRUDE . . . . . Jennie P. Carlton
HAMLET . . . . . Ada M. Coates
POLONIUS . . . . . Edith E. Ramsdell
OPHELIA . . . . . Maud L. Gatchell
ROSENCRANTZ . . . . . Edith E. Freeman
GUILDENSTERN . . . . . Lizzie A Gulick

SCENE II. *A hall in the castle.*

HAMLET . . . . . Estella Hill
FIRST PLAYER . . . . . Emma D. Gibbs

SCENE II.—continued.

KING CLAUDIUS . . . . . Ola Esterly
QUEEN GERTRUDE . . . . . Clare L. Plummer
HAMLET . . . . . Walter B. Tripp
POLONIUS . . . . . Alton C. Lindsey
OPHELIA . . . . . Lotta P. Abbey
HORATIO . . . . . Fredric A. Metcalf
ROSENCRANTZ . . . . . Clover L. Sibley
GUILDENSTERN . . . . . Mabel C. Snow
PLAYER KING . . . . . Eleanor L. Sullivan
PLAYER QUEEN . . . . . Grace M. Lamkin
LUCIANUS . . . . . Maud L. Wetherbee
PROLOGUE . . . . . Lettie M. Kingsley

SCENE IV. *The Queen's closet.*

QUEEN GERTRUDE . . . . . Lilia E. Smith
HAMLET . . . . . Charles W. Kidder

ACT IV.

SCENE V. *A room in the castle.*

KING CLAUDIUS . . . . . Ralph W. Trine
QUEEN GERTRUDE . . . . . Sadie A. Hackett
OPHELIA . . . . . Lola Purman
LAERTES . . . . . Waldo T. Worcester
HORATIO . . . . . Mary G. Sawyer
FIRST GENTLEMAN . . . . . Addie R. Brightman
SECOND GENTLEMAN . . . . . Alida W. Brooks

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A Churchyard.*

HAMLET . . . . . Mary B. Cone
HORATIO . . . . . Ella F. Beatty
FIRST GRAVEDIGGER . . . . . Charles T. Grilley
SECOND GRAVEDIGGER . . . . Thomas L. Armstrong

THE EVOLUTION OF MUSIC.

BY ALBERT F. CONANT.

Art was born of the instinctive desire of the soul to fix in form its conceptions of Deity; and music as an art is co-eval with man's earliest endeavors to express through the human voice his recognition of the existence of God. "There can be no history of music as an art where no musical works exist." Yet we possess evidence that the Egyptians cultivated music as an art and as a science at least eighteen hundred years before Christ.

Representations of bands of musicians playing upon harps and lutes are to be found carved upon their monuments. "On an obelisk at Heliopolis erected by Sesostris (1600 B. C.) is the figure of an instrument of two strings capable of producing seven consecutive intervals." Strabo, an historian, (19 A. D.) says, "The study of music was compulsory; the kind of music to be used was established by the government, and their songs were regulated by law." Large choruses were employed in their religious rites and upon all public and festive occasions. Their songs were always in unison, and pos-

sessed a certain kind of rhythm, but their music was not divided into measures.

In the most remote time of Greece, according to Plutarch Dicæarchus, "all the guests at a feast sang, in unison, the praises of the Divinity." In the last part of the fourth century St. Ambrose arranged four diatonic scales founded upon the Greek tetrachords, and St. Gregory (590 A. D.) added four others. All ecclesiastical music of that age was based upon the Gregorian chants, or "plain songs." A little later Hucbald (840–930) "accompanied his melodies with an added part, consisting of a series of consecutive fourths and fifths." In the time of Franco of Cologne (about 1200) music was written in five parts, the plain song gave way to mensural, or measured music, and triple and common time together with notes of different lengths were employed; but the harmony was still of the most rigid kind, imperfect concords being classed as discords.

In the latter part of the thirteenth century the influence of the troubadours began to be felt. "These troubadours or wandering minstrels, finding new ideas in melody among the Moors in the East, adapted them to their own songs on their return from the Crusades. They gave to melody the stamp of originality, and while some of their songs were cold and solemn, resembling the Gregorian chants, others were full of grace and beauty." (Scott in his "Lay of the Last Minstrel" has taken for his narrator one of these wandering musicians traveling through the country and entertaining the nobility with songs of love and heroism.) These attractive elements at length entered into the composition of religious music, and "secular airs associated in the popular mind with amorous or humorous words" were heard in the churches. In 1562 the Council of Trent expressed its condemnation of this practice, and Palestrina (1514–94) was employed to restore to church music the dignity which it had lost. The three masses which he completed in 1565 were characterized by skilful contrapuntal writing and pure harmonic progressions, and were wholly devotional in style. Palestrina rescued church music from a threatened relapse into the old Gregorian plain song, enriched it by the beauty of his own conceptions, and vindicated its sacredness. In Germany (1524) a similar reform sprang from the great Protestant movement under Luther to whom we are indebted for the chorale, the parent of our modern hymn tune; and Calvin introduced metrical psalmody into the reformed churches of France at about the same time.

Many eminent composers of music, among whom may be noted Orlando Gibbons (1583–1625) and Heinrich Schütz (1585–1672) led up to Handel (1685–1759), the author of the "Messiah," whose tremendous energy and fervor were "best exhibited in passages of such overpowering emotional import as to carry him beyond himself."

Music had now passed through three stages in its development: first, its crude attempt to express the devotional attitude of the soul; second, its search for attractive forms, and, third, its submission to a lofty purpose.

It only remained for Bach (1685–1750), the representative of the intellectual in music and the supreme master of counterpoint and fugue, to idealize these forms. "Deep moral earnestness is the very foundation of his music; æsthetic loveliness adds itself to him of its own accord. Only such strength, eminent in depth of thought and equally skilful in expression, could have produced such colossal structures and giant forms as those which Bach has left us in his great church works, which, in all their greatness, are created out of the deepest and most trustful piety."

There is no distinct line of demarcation between the great periods through which art in its evolution has passed; and investigation shows that previous to the time of Bach there was a tendency to emphasize the parts and to produce effects for their own sake. The earliest music was unisonal, the notes were of equal length, and the compositions were not divided into measures. But after the innovations of Franco of Cologne, Guillame Dufay (1380–1430) permitted himself the license of imitating the melody at regular intervals in another voice, inventing what is known as the canon. In the time of Jusquin de Pres (1440–1521) musicians strove for peculiar effects by writing canons that might be sung with the parts inverted, the soprano part taken by the bass, the tenor by the soprano, etc. Their ingenuity was carried to the point of

writing canons that would sound well when sung from the reflection in a looking glass. Tallis (1524–85) wrote a motet for forty individual voices.

"For ages it had been the custom on important ecclesiastical occasions to give miracle plays, or rude dramas on sacred subjects." About the middle of the sixteenth century St. Phillip de Neri, a priest of Florence, improved these dramas by introducing historical scenes or sacred allegories; and in 1600 *L'Anima e Corpo*, composed by Cavaliere, was produced in a church in Rome. Among the stage directions are the following: "Instead of the overture a madrigal is recommended, with all the voice parts doubled and a great number of instruments. When the curtain rises two youths who recite the prologue appear; and when they have done *Time* comes on and sings. The chorus are to sit or stand upon the stage, and when they sing they are to be in motion with proper gestures. *Pleasure* with two companions are to have instruments in their hands, on which they play while they sing. The *Body* may throw away some of his ornaments, as his gold collar, feather from his hat, etc. The *World* and *Human Life* are to be gaudily dressed, and when they are divested of their trappings to appear very poor and wretched, and at length dead carcases. The performance may be finished with a dance, in which case a verse is to be sung, accompanied sedately and reverentially by the dance. During the interludes there should be a ballet, enlivened by capers, without singing." Here the contrasts were more sharply defined than in earlier productions, and each part attained an importance that hitherto had not been attached to it. Such was the origin of the oratorio.

In the development of the opera the same characteristics were apparent, but a new era was inaugurated by Glück (1714–87) who "released the drama from the old restraints with which it had been burdened, and wrote in a way to heighten the dramatic effect." The Italian operas of Auber, Rossini, Donizetti, Bellini, Flotow, Mozart and others, though simply collections of recitatives, arias, duets, quartets, sextets and choruses, each complete in itself, yet appeal so strongly to the emotions and prove so fascinating that they retained an undiminished popularity until within a very few years. But instrumental music sought higher forms in which the parts might receive a more effective grouping. Haydn (1732–1809) was the founder of the modern symphony and sonata form. Effects were still employed as such — witness the *Surprise* symphony, where one crashing chord by the full orchestra tumbles into a delicate pastoral movement, which, seemingly unconscious of the impertinence, flows on as placidly as a little brook after a burst of thunder. A definite arrangement of the parts was adopted. The orchestral sonata, or symphony, consists of four movements, viz.: a strong movement in rapid tempo, containing two contrasting melodies in related keys, the development of these melodies, which are here subjected to slight changes and are considered from different points of view, and a repetition of the original forms, each now appearing in the key of the other; this is followed by a slow movement, lyrical, reposeful and expressive; the third is a bright little scherzo, or a menuet and trio, that seems to reveal everything and leave nothing to the imagination; and the fourth, though partaking somewhat of the character of the first, is freer in style and contains suggestive and intellectual elements. Haydn's compositions were graceful and unimpassioned. They have no dominating purpose and a lack of earnestness is always observable; but in their outward form the parts were beginning to serve the whole. Mozart (1756–91) possessed a much more imaginative and poetic temperament than Haydn, and as this expressed itself in added richness of tone-coloring, his symphonies became to a limited extent truthful exponents of the emotions. The next half-century was rich in great composers. Among them were Hummel (1778–1837), a pupil of Mozart, who accepted the conventional forms of his predecessors but added vigor and grandeur to them; Weber (1786–1826), who may be called the father of the romantic school; Schubert (1797–1828), the immortal composer of songs, of whom it is said, "Melody flowed from him like perfume from the rose." In the old ballads every verse was sung to the same melody and had the same accompaniment. Schubert composed appropriate music for each verse, and made the melody and accompaniment of equal value; Schumann (1810–56),

who left the stamp of his passionate individuality upon both vocal and instrumental music; Chopin (1810–49), who was led by his poetic instincts into new fields in the domain of piano music. "He was one of those original beings whose graces are only fully displayed when they cut themselves adrift from all bondage, and float on, at their own wild will, swayed only by the undulating impulses of their own noble natures." Mendelssohn (1809–47), who combined in his compositions the simplicity of the child with the enlightened enthusiasm of the man; and Beethoven (1770–1827), who was the composer of sonatas. As Bach took the dignified compositions of Palestrina, and idealized them, so Beethoven took the sonata form of Haydn and lifted it into the the highest realms of the ideal. "Bach wrote more learnedly, Handel quite as heartily, Haydn with no less perspicuity and Mozart as melodiously; but Beethoven availed himself of all these excellences of form and substance for the purpose of expressing feeling through them." His writings are full of candor and directness, the emotions depicted are freely communicated to the sympathetic listener and each part reveals something that has a direct bearing upon the central thought of the composition. "Nothing can be more sublime," he writes, "than to draw near to the Godhead and to diffuse the godlike rays among mortals." In giving expression to the loftiest emotions of the soul the strength of his intellect, the creative power of his imagination, the depth of his reverence and the weight of his moral character, were all made to serve.

Following Beethoven is a writer whose compositions represent a more subtle relationship of the parts from the purely intellectual standpoint. But Brahms' (1833–) symphonies are so intricate, so hard to understand, that it is hardly too much to say that the recognition they receive is due rather to an intuitive preception of their evasive suggestiveness than to a widespread comprehension of their significance. The compositions of Berlioz (1803–69) belong to the second period; his writings often border on the fantastic and grotesque, but his name is mentioned here, inasmuch as he possessed such an intimate acquaintance with the resources of the modern orchestra that his original manner of combining instruments not only produced startling effect in his own works, but had a powerful influence upon the compositions of more earnest writers.

It is interestiug to note that, in his "Treatise on Instrumentation" the orchestra is divided into four great families; viz., strings, wooden wind, brass wind and instruments of percussion; also that the strings are subdivided into violins, violas, violoncellos and double-basses; the wooden wind into fluets, oboes, clarinets and bassoons; the brass wind into trumpets, horns, trombones and ophicleides, and the instruments of percussion into drums, cymbals, triangles and bells. Grieg, Moszkowski, Dvorak and others are disciples of the modern school, but it is in the last five operas of Richard Wagner (1813–83) that the inspiration of the artist became most obedient to the highest attributes of the mind.

The chief characteristic of his operas is the association of a certain motive or melody with each individual, and even with particular shades of emotion. These motives are instinctively felt to embody, in the few notes of which each is composed, an accurate and poetic description of the personalities and incidents to which they refer. The four music-dramas composing the *Nibelungen Ring* contain over ninety of these motives, which, common to all four operas, are so intertwined with the orchestral accompaniment as to enable the music to faithfully portray all the situations and their emotional content together with subtle intimations concerning the future action of the drama. For example: *Brunnhilde*, having disobeyed her father, *Wotan*, is put to sleep upon a fire-encircled mountain. And as *Wotan* kisses her godhood away the *Slumber* motive is dominant in the orchestra. In the next opera appears *Siegfried*, the hero, who has been reared in the forest by *Mime*, the dwarf, and who has never known fear. *Mime*, for purposes of his own, promises to teach him, and proceeds to fulfil his promise by bringing about a meeting between *Siegfried* and *Fafner*, the dragon who guards the *Ring*. But why does the *Slumber* motive appear at this point in the orchestra? It is a prophecy of the time, when, having slain *Fafner*, cut the spear of *Wotan* himself in twain, and fought his way through the flames to the summit of the rock, Siegfried starts back in surprise and alarm

(erschreckt und staunend) on beholding for the first time in his life a woman, the sleeping *Brunnhilde*.

"Burning enchantment charges my heart, fiery awe falls on my sight, my senses stagger and sway. On whom shall I call for help? What is this feeling? Can it be fear? Oh mother! mother! how mighty thy son! A woman folded in sleep at last has enslaved him with fear;" and as these words break from his lips the motives of *Fate*, of *Freia* the goddess of love, of *Slumber*, of the ride of the *Walkures*, of the *Godlike Sword* with which he conquered even the gods, of *Fricka* the goddess of marriage, of *Brunnhilde* and of the *Walsungs*, the ancestors of *Siegfried*, all appearing and re-appearing in the music of this scene, contribute a wealth of suggestiveness found in the music of no other composer.

This is but one incident among hundreds. The drama is full of allegorical significance. "The characters stand in the shadow of irresistible fate. Wotan's crime is visited upon succeeding generations of his descendants and finally upon the gods themselves. The *Ring* (typical of the lust for power), and with it the curse which it brought return to the depths from which they came. The glow of the flames around *Brunnhilde* when she immolates herself is the dawn of a new era. Through the sacrifice of self an era of love begins."

Surely Wagner is the musician in whom the creative power was surrendered most completely and with absolute trust to the truth that came to him. With an almost sublime faith he cast aside all traditional forms and walked alone in the light of his own genius. Out of his obedience to the highest principles of art he spoke with authority.

NOTE.—In the compilation of the above article the writer wishes to acknowledge his indebtedness to the following works: "Music and Morals" by Rev. Mr. Haweis, "Music as a Science and as an Art" by Robert Challoner, "How to Understand Music" by W. S. Mathews, "History of Music" by Bonavia Hunt and "A Treatise on Modern Instrumentation" by Hector Berlioz.

WORDSWORTH.

BY WM. J. ROLFE, LITT. D.

Some years ago there was a discussion in England on the proposition to place the statues of six English poets in some public building—Westminster Abbey, I believe. There was no question about the first four, Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton. The concordant verdict of successive generations had fixed their claims past the possibility of dispute. But who should be the fifth and sixth? Dryden, Pope, Byron, and Wordsworth were the chief candidates. I do not know that the question was ever settled, or that the plan of the six statues was carried out; but of the four poets just named Wordsworth is undoubtedly to be placed first. Certainly he could not be left out if two were taken from the four.

The mere fact that Wordsworth is little read is no evidence that he is not entitled to a lofty niche in our temple of national poets. It is rather to be viewed as evidence that to appreciate and enjoy him requires more than average taste and culture; and this may be said of every great poet. It is peculiarly true of him on account of the purely meditative and reflective character of most of his verse. A child or an uncultivated reader may find a sort of enjoyment in a play of Shakespeare simply as a drama, as an exciting story, just as he enjoys a novel whose literary execution he is incapable of appreciating; but he would find it an intolerable task to read a dozen pages of Wordsworth's "Excursion," which has not a particle of dramatic or narrative interest.

Let us consider briefly some of the marked traits of Wordsworth as a man and as a poet. In his case the two are essentially identical. The poet was the man, his works are his biography—the record of his outward but more of his inward life. His life was one

of contemplation rather than of action, and his poems are the transcript of his contemplations. But we must not confound contemplation with listless dreaming or inaction. As has been well said, "There is a sweat of the brain and a sweat of the heart as much as there is a sweat of the brow"; and contemplation in the sense in which I use the word is "the dedicating of a life to the hard and severe inner work of brain; it is the retiring from the world in order to fit the spirit to do its work."

Perhaps the most striking thing in Wordsworth's character was his strong conviction of his mission as a poet. In his early years he was designed for the church, but to neither that nor any other profession was he willing to devote himself. He felt himself a poet, and to his work as a poet he dedicated his life and his energies. This was no dream of youthful sentimentality or youthful ambition. If it had been it could never have survived the treatment his early efforts at verse received from the critics. It was an inspiration, a "possession," so to speak. Like the prophets of old he felt in his inmost soul the divine call to be a messenger and a teacher to his fellow-men, and that divine call was not to be disregarded. No opposition, no discouragements, for a moment made him doubt or waver. He could not be "disobedient to the heavenly vision," whether men acknowledged his mission or not.

This made him in a sense an egotist, as every earnest man who feels that he has a special work to do in the world must be; but it also made him one of the most original of poets. He copied from none of his predecessors, but simply expressed what was in himself; he looked into his own heart and wrote.

This confidence in himself, this consciousness of his mission and duty as a poet, also led him to disdain all the arts and devices by which inferior writers endeavor to gain and retain public attention and favor. His conception of his office was an elevated and noble one, and he was always faithful to it. His singing robes were never trailed in the dust. He never penned a line which dying he could wish to blot.

And how calmly and complacently he bore the protracted abuse and depreciation and scorn of the literary world! Writing to his friend Lady Beaumont, in 1807, he says of his recently published poems: "Trouble not yourself upon their present reception; of what moment is that compared with what I trust is their destiny? — to console the afflicted, to add sunshine to daylight by making the happy happier; to teach the young and the gracious of every age to see, to think, and to feel, and therefore to become more actively and securely virtuous; this is their office, which I trust they will faithfully perform long after we (that is, all that is mortal of us) are moldered in our graves."

To a superficial observer this may seem the most absurd self-conceit in a writer condemned by the highest literary tribunal of the day and so little in repute that five hundred copies of his poems are not sold in seven years; but a more discriminating judgment sees that it is no shallow egotism, but the profound sense of his poetic mission. He is not expressing his personal estimate of his own powers, but giving utterance to the prophetic message intrusted to him. He speaks not for himself, but is the voice of a Power above himself.

Again he says: "Never forget, what I believe was observed by Coleridge, that every great and original writer, in proportion as he is great or original, must himself create the taste by which he is to be relished; he must teach the art by which he is to be seen—this, in a certain degree, even to all persons, however wise and pure may be their lives and however unvitiated their taste. But for those who dip into

books in order to give an opinion of them, or talk about them to take up an opinion—for this multitude of unhappy and misguided and misguiding beings—an entire regeneration must be produced; and, if this be possible, it must be a work of *time*. To conclude: my ears are stone-dead to this idle buzz and my flesh as insensible as iron to these petty stings, and after what I have said I am sure yours will be the same. I doubt not that you will share with me an invincible confidence that my writings (and among them these little poems) will coöperate with the benign tendencies in human nature and society wherever found; and that they will in their degree be efficacious in making men wiser, better, and happier."

Verily these were prophetic words, though it was many years before the writer could see any evidence of their fulfilment—at least so far as any wide circle of influence was concerned. But his *faith* in their destiny was sublime, and none but a fool could confound it with mere self-complacency or self-conceit. The teacher who says to his pupils, "You do not appreciate the counsel and instruction I give you, but the time will come when you will value it aright," is not conceited. And Wordsworth spoke as a *teacher*. He himself says in another letter: "Let the poet first consult his own heart, as I have done, and leave the rest to posterity — to, I hope, an improving posterity. The fact is, the English public are at this moment in the same state of mind with respect to my poems, if small things may be compared with great, as the French are in respect to Shakespeare. . . . I am condemned for the very things for which I ought to have been praised; namely, that I have not written down to the level of superficial observers and unthinking minds. Every great poet is a teacher; I wish either to be considered as a teacher or as nothing."

Again, he says that "a great poet" ought not merely "to reflect faithfully the feelings of human nature," but, more than this, "to rectify men's feelings, to render their feelings more sane, pure, and permanent; in short, more consonant to nature, that is, to eternal nature and the great moving spirit of things. He ought to travel before men occasionally as well as at their sides."

The poet was not unconscious that to be true to his vocation under the trials he had to bear required a *heroic* spirit. In his lines to the artist Haydon he says:

> 'High is our calling, friend! Creative art
> (Whether the instrument of words she use,
> Or pencil pregnant with ethereal hues)
> Demands the service of a mind and heart,
> Though sensitive, yet in their weakest part
> Heroically fashioned — to infuse
> Faith in the whispers of the lovely Muse,
> While the whole world seems adverse to desert.
> And oh! when nature sinks, as oft she may,
> Through long-lived pressure of obscure distress,
> Still to be strenuous for the bright reward,
> And in the soul admit of no decay,
> Brook no continuance of weak-mindedness—
> Great is the glory, for the strife is hard!"

Wordsworth is preëminently *the poet of nature*, the "poetic interpreter of nature." It would take more than an entire article to illustrate this characteristic with any fullness, and I shall not attempt it here. No poet was ever before such a devotee of nature, or rather her high priest, the mediator between her and man. He has communed with her in all her phases and manifestations, has felt her soothing and strengthening influences. He knows, as he has said, that she "never did betray the heart that loved her," and that

> "'tis her privilege,
> Through all the years of this our life, to lead
> From joy to joy; for she can so inform
> The mind that is within us, so impress
> With quietness and beauty, and so feed
> With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
> Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
> Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
> The dreary intercourse of daily life,
> Shall e'er prevail against us or disturb
> Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
> Is full of blessings."

And this devotion is not a mere materialistic idolatry. Professor Wilson says that Wordsworth "cannot be called a Christian poet," and that in none of his poetry previous to the *Excursion* "is

there any allusion made, except of the most trivial and transient kind, to revealed religion." There is plenty of religion, he admits, in the *Excursion*, but it is not Christianity. But certainly there is, even in his earliest poems, a natural religion, a looking through Nature to its Author and Sustainer. He would have his days "bound each to each by natural piety." Of his boyhood he says:

"I was only then
Contented when with bliss ineffable
I felt the sentiment of being spread
O'er all that moves and all that seemeth still;
. . . . . .
O'er all that leaps, and runs, and shouts, and sings,
Or beats the gladsome air; o'er all that glides
Beneath the wave, yea, in the wave itself
And mighty depth of waters. Wonder not
If high the transport, great the joy, I felt,
Communing in this sort through earth and heaven
With every form of creature, as it looked
Towards the Uncreated with a countenance
Of adoration, with an eye of love."

Here he looks with all nature and through all nature to "the Uncreated." Again he speaks of

"Nature's self which is the breath of God;"

and he tells us that he held the speaking face of earth and heaven to be an organ of intercourse with man,

"Established by the Sovereign Intellect
Who through that bodily image hath diffused,
As might appear to the eye of fleeting time,
A deathless spirit."

And again he says that, even if the earth were to be burned up and to disappear,

"Yet would the Living Presence still subsist victorious."

As Mr. Shairp observes, "to assert this, whatever it may be, is not to preach pantheism." It is only to regard the earth "as in living and intimate relation with Him who made it and upholds it, and speaks to man more or less distinctly through it."

Perhaps the most beautiful expression of this idea in all his works, and as clear as it is beautiful, is the famous passage in which he compares the universe to a hollow shell in which the ear of faith hears mysterious murmurings of eternity:

"I have seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell,
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely, and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy; for murmuring from within
Were heard sonorous cadences, whereby
To his belief the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea.
Even such a shell the universe itself
Is to the ear of Faith."

If Wordsworth was the poet of nature he was no less the poet of man, of human nature. DeQuincey says: "The great distinction of Wordsworth, and the pledge of his increasing popularity, is the extent of his sympathy with what is *really* permanent in human feelings, and also the depth of this sympathy." Channing, after referring to Wordsworth as "the great poet of our times, one of the few who are to live," remarks that it is his prerogative "to discern and reveal everlasting beauty in the ordinary walks of life, in the common human heart. He has revealed the loveliness of the primitive feelings, of the universal affection of the human soul. . . . He is the poet of humanity; he teaches reverence for our universal nature; he breaks down the factitious barriers between human hearts."

And here we recognize him as the poet-teacher in the elevated and eloquent moral lessons he has so often given us—of which the "Ode to Duty" may be mentioned as a familiar but striking example. I need not quote the poem here, but I cannot help referring to one of the finest stanzas in it, in which the obedience of nature to divine law is set forth:

"Stern lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face.
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,
And the most ancient heavens through thee
are fresh and strong!"

There is no nobler expression of the thought in all English literature — and we might add this to the examples already mentioned of the recognition of

a God in nature. It is no materialistic conception of the "law and order" in nature that we have here, but that of an intelligent guiding and controlling Power to whom the great physical forces are but ministering spirits, working out his purposes and obeying his will.

If there was any one marked defect in the poet's organization it was the utter absence of all sense of wit or humor. He was not unaware of this himself, and perhaps it would be difficult to find an apter illustration of it than his own account of the single instance in which he was witty. At a dinner party the conversation turned upon wit and humor. Tom Moore, who was present, gave some illustrations from Sheridan; after which Wordsworth remarked that he did not consider himself a witty poet. "Indeed," he added, "I do not think I was ever witty but once in my life." Being urged to relate this single sally of his, he said after some hesitation, "Well, I will tell you. As I was standing at the entrance of my cottage at Rydal Mount, some time ago, a man accosted me with the question, 'Pray, sir, have you seen my wife pass by?' Whereupon I said, 'Why, my good friend, I didn't know till this moment that you had a wife.'" The company stared, and then, finding that this was the whole story, burst into a roar of laughter, which the poet no doubt took as a compliment to the brilliancy of his wit.

This insensibility to wit and fun was probably due to the very earnestness of the man. He could be cheerful and even joyful, he could laugh with the daffodils, but he could not be untruthful even in sport, nor could he understand such nonsense in others.

In Wordsworth's *style* as a writer the absolute *precision* of his English is as noticeable as its beauty and melody. Coleridge, who was a logician as well as a poet, and a careful student of language, in stating the characteristics of Wordsworth's writings, mentions first of all, "an austere purity of language, both grammatically and logically; in short, a perfect appropriateness of the words to the meaning." Prof. Wilson also said of him: "He was the first man who in poetry knew the real province of language, and suffered it not to veil the meanings of the spirit."

The whole Lake District is a monument to Wordsworth. There is scarcely a feature of the landscape which is not made famous by his verse, and which does not in turn immortalize the poetry. It is a charming region, but how much has the poet added to its attractions! Even its market value has been immensely enhanced by this process. Some one has said that the mere mention of a locality in Scott has increased its value more than the highest farming could do; and the same is true of this district and Wordsworth. It would have been a resort for tourists if he had not lived and sung there, but by no means to the extent that it now is. And some portions of the district would be quite unknown and unvisited were it not that Wordsworth found them out in his lonely "tramps" among the hills, and shed a glory over them such as "never was on sea or land" that had not been touched by the poet's magic wand.

And the humble grave in the little churchyard at Grasmere will never cease to be one of the holy places of the earth to every lover of whatsoever is pure and noble and inspiring in poetry.

> "Such graves as his are pilgrim shrines—
> Shrines to no code or creed confined;
> The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
> The Meccas of the mind."

EARNESTNESS.

Extract from stenographic report of DR. EMERSON'S Saturday lecture.

I opened the lectures last term with "Health, and Its Conditions" for my subject; I open the lectures this term on the moral side, and my subject to-

day is "Earnestness versus Levity." A year ago last summer, at great pains and some expense, I had a pine tree moved from a dry, sterile knoll, and set out in excellent soil in front of my house. It was a large, flourishing tree and seemed to give every promise of living, but that tree is dead. Its dying led me to study carefully the causes of its death, and I think I never knew objectively so much about botany before as I have since the death of that splendid tree. There it was on a dry knoll; the soil about it so poor that nothing would grow in the shape of grass or flowers; yet there it stood flourishing and beautiful. I took it up with care, drawing out more than a ton of dirt with it, so as not to disturb the roots, and I set it out in excellent soil—soil that is full of nourishment, where the grasses grow luxuriantly; yet the tree little by little faded and died. What was the cause of its death? When it was being taken up it was found that it was easy to take up the roots so as not to disturb them. We did not have to cut a single root until we got right under the center of the tree, where there was a root going straight down into the earth, through I know not how many feet of soil. We could not get that up; we could not dig down deep enough to get around that root; so we had to cut it off, that one root only, and that root is called the tap root. The tree has a tap root that goes down to where it finds moisture. No matter how dry the surface of the ground was, or how unpromising the season, that tree could stand there and flourish all the year through, because its tap root went away down beneath the surface and drew moisture up into the tree.

Nature's laws are uniform though diversified in their applications. *Earnestness is the tap root of individuality and personal power.* A person who maintains the health and vigor of the tap root of his character will never fail. You may place him in the most unfavorable conditions — he flourishes. The storms may beat upon him — he flourishes. Hardest persecutions may come against him — he flourishes. Obstacles may seem to surround him and hedge him in on every side — still he flourishes. Because his earnestness reaches through all conditions, pierces all environments, touches the very life of being and brings his personality into union with the divine personality. And his success is God's success. He is drawing the very nourishment that sustains him in all his powers, from an unfailing source.

It is quite important, then, that we should concentrate our thoughts a little while upon earnestness, is it not? For sever that root from your character, no matter how favorable your surroundings, no matter how smooth the path before you, or how brilliant your talents, there is no success for you. The road for the engine may be ever so smooth, it may have been placed ever so well upon the track, and its machinery may be ever so perfect, yet if there is no impelling force within that machinery the engine stands still and only encumbers the ground. So it is with individuals. No matter how favorable things may be made for them, if they do not possess earnestness deep enough to penetrate every wall that seems to shut them in, there is no success for them. While there are others with whom if you pile mountains on them it makes no difference. It only tries their strength; they rise to the occasion, and they move though they move the mountains with them.

Paul says, "Lay aside every weight and the sin that doth so easily beset you, and run with patience the race that is set before you." That is what earnestness always says. Earnestness is the voice of God in the heart inspiring that text. "Lay aside every weight and the sin that doth so easily beset you, and run with patience the race that

is set before you." This is an illustration drawn from the great Olympic Grecian games. In those games there were runners who ran for a prize. Before they entered that race they put themselves in training, and when they entered they had nothing to carry but their own bodies. They had no costly ornaments of weight laid upon them, however splendid. They were under the influence of severe training, which took away every gratification that weakened and dissipated their power. So when a man sets forth in life with an earnestness sufficiently deep and strong, he lays aside everything that stands in his way. If there is anything physical that stands in his way he puts it aside. He does not stop to defend his bad habits. Suppose, for example, he has a habit of using tobacco. Now there is not a man to-day in New England that does not know just as well as I can tell him that that habit injures the brain to a certain extent. It may not kill him; he may live to be as old, perhaps, as if he did not use it, but it is a weight upon him — he cannot do quite as much, cannot run quite as fast — he will not reach what is the highest goal for him, because there is a weight upon him. He may have other indulgences that he wishes to gratify — indulgences that he knows are not consistent with his physical and consequently with his mental power; but he does not stop to defend them at all. When he sees the race before him he flings them aside, no matter what the cost may be. Such a man does not stop to fight his bad habits because his earnestness is so strong that it leads him quite away from them. He flees from them with such swiftness in his race that he does not know he fights them. He feels a habit gnawing at his vitals, but that only reminds him to run faster the race set before him, and so on and on he runs. I am not going to argue against tobacco nor against the use of alcohol nor against anything which you know will harm you. The question for you is whether you would rather indulge some of these propensities than to be the grandest and noblest you can be; whether you are content to fall short in life's career of what you would otherwise be for the sake of enjoying these indulgences as you go slowly on your way. I know that men who are not sufficiently earnest stop and say, "Why, certain great men have done these things, and they were great in spite of it. Cannot I be great in spite of it, too? You may be, but you will not realize your greatest possibilities. They did not, however great they were. I would like to know if any man has ever shown the highest possibilities of human nature. And there may be possibilities for you that have never been realized by any man. If your earnestness is sufficiently great you will not stop to defend yourselves by the example of Gen. Grant or any other man. You will not for one single moment grant yourselves any indulgences; for you know they are weights upon you. I have very little interest in what you do as students while you are here, in comparison with my interest in what you do after you graduate from this college. I am glad to see you doing well while you are pursuing your studies here, more glad than I can find language to express; but I cannot compare my gladness, great as it is, with the joy that fills my heart when I see those who have graduated here doing a great work in public. It is what they are doing in the years after graduation that gives them glory. It is for the purpose of becoming strong men or strong women—to be facts in the world, facts of power — that you are here. Talk about dynamite; talk about any mechanical or natural force outside of man! There is no other force in nature so powerful as man. You cannot limit his force or measure it. Man touches the outermost boundary of physical nature on the one hand, and draws from

infinite sources on the other; and each man and each woman is potentially God.

What does an earnest person want? Ask yourselves the question. What do you want? You are thoroughly in earnest in life, thoroughly determined to do something. You feel the force within you to do. What do you want? Simply what Richelieu wanted — "Room, my lord." You ask nobody to carry you. You don't go round begging somebody to do something for you. That person who always goes round begging for others to do something for him, and always complains that others do not do anything for him, lacks the tap root we have been speaking of, lacks earnestness. There never was a hero that asked anybody to help him. He only said "Room, my lord. I want room — not to have things done for me — I want room to do, room to work." He feels the powers shut up within him and he says, "Give me room to exert them." He wants to build a place for himself. Take a young minister who is in earnest, just graduated from a theological seminary. He will not be willing, notwithstanding the solicitude of his friends, to even candidate in a strong church. He will say, "I want to prove that I can care for a strong church by building one," and he will go where he can build one. Take a weakling that is always hanging on somebody's skirts, asking somebody to do something for him, and thinking humanity is totally depraved because it won't do something for him, and put him just where his mother wants him to be, into a strong church. He does not succeed. But he says it is because these people do not do anything for him. I have in my mind now an object lesson of this kind. Years ago I knew such a young man. His parents did everything for him, and he was his mother's good boy. His father sent him to Harvard, and he went through the Divinity School. He had a pastor who was very influential, and after the lad's graduation he thought the boy might be put into a very strong church. So the reverend doctor exerted his influence; his wealthy and influential friends assisted; and the promising youth was put into such a church and installed its pastor. He went in there and stayed until he found that that great strong church resembled, so far as he was concerned, the great fish that God prepared to swallow Jonah. That fish retained Jonah for three days and three nights. Never was another whale going to swallow him after that. He didn't set well. The whales knew better. They tried him no more. No whale has ever swallowed a man since. The whales understand it now. Man is not digestible in the whale's stomach. No church ever employed that young man again. He was advertised by his influential friends. They went to the heads of the denomination and said he ought to have a remarkably fine parish, and they advertised him in a religious paper for about one year. But nobody would employ Jonah after that. Years have passed since then, and I occasionally see him wandering about, his hairs growing white. Poor Jonah! Now, if he had had the right thing in him — if he had been in earnest, if he had done as Beecher did, if he had gone west or north or south, or somewhere where there was need for an earnest man, he would not have sought the richest and fairest soil, but he would have built up a church somewhere. Then he would have shown himself not only a man, but also the chosen of God.

Now you are going out from here, not all of you ministers, though some of you are. What are you going to do when you get out? Are you going around asking somebody to put you in a good place, and thinking people bad if they do not. What are we trying to do for you here? We are trying to inspire you with earnestness to develop your own God-given powers. The

world wants workers. People are not supposed to care much about the force of woman's might, the force of her character, the energy of her personality, if she has only a fine setting. This is a false estimate. Life is real, life is earnest. A fine setting has its place, but counts for little in comparison with a grand personality. That is what we are working for here? To make you a force, to make you a power. The time has not passed when individuality can be felt in the world. You say that in early times, when people were few, the strong man could be felt. A Calhoun, a Clay, or a Webster could be felt to-day in the United States. They are felt just as much to-day, though they exist under other names. Human nature remains the same from age to age. No man was ever born too early, no man was ever born too late in the age of the world, to be a success; and no man was ever born too early or too late in the age of the world to be a failure. The whole matter depends upon what he is and upon what is in him. If there is one of us — I speak for the faculty — who does not lay his whole soul upon the altar to fill you with the dynamite of the spirit, the power of the intellect, the nobility of the heart, the culture of the feelings, the aspirations of the soul, write over his name, "Anathema Maranatha!" You are to go and conquer the world for yourselves, or let the world conquer you. It never will conquer you if you become what it is your privilege to be. There is not a member of the classes of this institution — I have said it before, and say it again with greater assurance than before — who has not a brilliant career before him or her if that one is sufficiently in earnest. Earnestness is potential success. A thoroughly earnest man never failed. In the nature of things he cannot fail. If a man fails he is not earnest enough. You say, "Count the circumstances." I do take account of the circumstances. That is what makes me say it, because a man or a woman who is sufficiently in earnest is the mightiest of circumstances. I admit circumstances — they are real — but the mightiest circumstance is the rounded man or the rounded woman. No weapon has ever been forged nor ever can be forged that will play successfully against the earnest man or the earnest woman. When you think they have been crushed they have only been helped into God's chariot, and the angels are helping them to higher victory. "Truth crushed to earth shall rise again," and we might add, if truth is crushed to earth it is to plow the soil and sow the seed for a grander fruitage. Would you like to purchase anything with your nobility? Remember that is a false desire. Do not ask to purchase anything. Work for the sake of doing your duty. Let the compensation in some other form take care of itself. A man that has done his duty is paid. He is paid in the doing of it, and if there is anything further that comes to him than the privilege of doing, why, count it as surplus. Men say the world owes them something. Why, you poor fellow, the world does not owe you anything. You owe the world something. Pay it by doing your duty. There is no room for whiners in this world. I say again, Do nothing for the sake of compensation. The compensation is in the doing. Do not work for money. Do not work for fame. Do not work for praise. The sweetest of all the things we work for, outside the fruition of doing, is gratitude. Do not work for gratitude. Do not do anything for anybody for the sake of making that person grateful. If you do you will be disappointed. Gratitude is not purchased. The most ungrateful children I have ever seen have been those most indulged. People sometimes say to us, "Oh, if you will only do such a thing for me I will be grateful forever." Such a person believes he is telling the truth, but

he is not, though he thinks he is. He will not be grateful to-morrow. I have never known such a thing. The cause of gratitude is in the person, and not in the kindness bestowed upon him. The most grateful person that I ever met was a person in the almshouse, supported by the town, sick and afflicted — an old lady of fourscore years. She said to me when I called upon her once, "I have so much done for me, I am so blessed in every way, that I am perfectly overwhelmed when I try to count my blessings. I sometimes wake up in the night, and cannot go to sleep again for the pain in this injured bone, but I am so happy I do not know what to do. I wish I could sing, and I try to sing, but it does not sound well when I hear it. I cannot help making a noise because I am so happy. I begin to think how good the Lord is to me and what blessings he has brought me. I can go back seventy-five years and think of the way I have been blessed." The cause was in her, you see. If a person is grateful it is because he is spontaneously grateful. He is of a grateful nature before anything is done for him; if not he never will be grateful. Think of buying the attachment of people, the friendship of people! "Poor is he who waits on princes' favors."

The person who is in earnest does the right thing persistently and cheerfully whether he is approved of on the one hand or censured on the other, because he sees it to be right. "You mean he is not sensitive to approval or to censure?" No man is more sensitive than he. When you say, "O do this way, or do the other way; O change that course, man"—pleading perhaps with tears, or perhaps letting fly the sharp and severe tongue that pierces his very soul — he pushes right on. You say, "Oh, what a conceited man! He cares not what people think of him or how they feel toward him." He is, on the contrary, the most sensitive of men. The earnest man, I repeat, is the most sensitive of men. You can hurt him more easily than you can the man who is not so earnest. His hurt stings doubly — you put a knife into other men and take it out again; when you censure such a man you put it into him and turn it round. Why does he have this double sensitiveness? I will tell you. He knows when he takes counsel of his own soul that he cannot do differently. "This is the right. My friends do not see it. If I could only turn, if I could only change, if I could only swerve toward the right or the left, then I could gratify them." But he cannot, and so he has to march right on, and feel the sting that comes into his heart from the desire coupled with the impossibility of gratifying others. He finds it impossible, because it is inconsistent with the right. I have seen many a person misjudged in that respect — persons who could not change. I knew such a man some years ago, now gone to his reward, whose best friends broke from him. He looked hard as polished steel. He met his best friends, and they would not touch his hand — they passed by on the other side, while he kept on. He went through his threescore years and ten in that way, a living martyr, joying in his martyrdom, not because it was martyrdom, but because all these things were evidences to him that he was following duty.

People in our profession are too apt to enter it because they think it is something so fascinating, so delightful, so much like irresponsible play. If you would give forth a meteor flash, you may be vain; but if you would be one of the fixed stars around which others revolve, and only reflect by their revolution the light they borrow from you, you must be in earnest, ready to bear whatever circumstances seem to place upon you.

An earnest person possesses a *reverential* attitude of mind. This reverence appears first in the *receptive mind.*

The mind of an earnest person may be denominated an entertainer, not of persons merely, but of ideas. If you want a person to entertain any peculiar ideas he must have an earnest mind. Reverentially, seriously, he will entertain them, and you will think him the most gullible of persons. Not so. He receives them, but sifts what he receives, though not at the time of reception. The man who is in earnest manifests it through his reverence, because reverence is the very center of earnestness. He first entertains what is presented to him as though it were the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Why does he do it? He knows there is truth somewhere. He knows there is more truth than he has found. He does not know what may lie under any external garb — therefore he is ever searching. He is like the gold-hunter. He does not know where he may find it. The gold-seeker takes up yonder contemptible pebble as if it were something holy. He does not know what may be in it. So with every earnest mind. A man gets so much from his mother, from his father, and the schoolmaster, then from his set, or from his peculiar religious or political party. Then he shuts the door of his mind. Such a man is not in earnest. He does not know that there is truth of which he has never caught a glimpse. Such people do not grow. They never become great. They often set up a kind of ridicule to defend themselves against what they do not know, and what they might know if they did not fight so hard against the opportunities for gaining knowledge. Reverence often appears in the way in which an earnest man uses his wit. He knows that wit is quite out of place when exercised upon anything that is even remotely connected with virtue. It is the weak and silly who indulge in such plebeian use of wit. Wit is not for itself. A plebeian intellect uses it as though it were for itself, and not a servant. He goes around seeking for opportunities to laugh or make somebody else laugh. I have seen such persons of levity, who, when listening to another whom they knew had a truth, would watch to see if they could not find something in the presentation of that truth to make sport of. Do such persons grow? They grow toward evil, if that is growing. In my earlier years I knew two young men who have always been object lessons for me. One had splendid eyes, and glossy black hair that clustered beautifully around a lofty brow which was the facade of a brilliant mind. He was the "smartest" young man in town. The other was not as handsome and was one of the dullest in the town. Some of his friends laughed at me because I said there was promise in him; that, dull as he was, he was going to make a great success. Why did I predict that? Because that young man was in earnest. We attended school together. One of the young men sat with open eyes and literally open mouth while the teacher explained principles to the class. The other was looking for an opportunity to make sport of him for his gullibility, as he termed it, and to see if he could not catch the teacher in some faulty expression. Well, he did not catch anything — that was worth catching. That splendid young man is a poor, miserable outcast to-day; not from drink, either, for he indulged in none of these bad habits of personal uncleanliness, but through that very tendency to shut and lock the door against truth for fear he should be fooled. His fear of being deceived, of being misled, or of being fooled, made worse than a fool of him. The other one took in a great deal, sifted it, and, like the wind, blew away the chaff and appropriated the wheat. He is to-day a strong man. His influence is felt throughout, perhaps, all the states of America. Large numbers of the leading men of the country look up to

him for direction and counsel and leadership. He was "a silly boy who entertained every thought that came along." Well, when people entertain in that way, they are like persons whose hospitality "entertains angels unawares," and it is an angel that stayswith them. There is a kind of test in the soul that by and by tries these things, retains the pure gold, and sends away or drops the dross.

What is the legitimate use of wit, then, if it is not to make sport of our friends when they happen to do something that is not quite propriety? If it is not to see what is comical in the good, what is it for? How shall we develop it?

What is the legitimate office of the sarcastic form of wit, the power that ridicules? There is a legitimate use of it, and there is altogether too much opportunity to use it legitimately. What is its proper target? First, *insincerity*. There is insincerity that expresses itself in what we call shams. You cannot meet a sham with a solid argument so well as with wit. Wit is then a Damascus blade, a two-edged sword. It is a great weapon against insincerity. If some one undertakes to tell you that hypocrisy is a very bad thing, you say, "I know that — that is conceded. Hypocrisy is something very demoralizing." Very well, you accept all that. Now you turn to Burns — read one of his poems, where in words of keen wit he describes the hypocrite, and you will never forget what hypocrisy is. There is plenty of opportunity to educate wit.

Wilful blindness is another legitimate target for wit. When you see that a person is wilfully blind, wilfully going the wrong way, so that no amount of persuasion will bring him right, then if you carry the splendid weapon of wit you may use it upon him. It will do him good. The man who is wilfully blind cannot endure it; but the man who is true can endure it, and your weapons fall harmless at his feet. He does not know, in fact, what you have been doing. You little Lilliputians, you think you would tie down a Gulliver! You give him his sentence when he could walk off with a thousand of you in his pocket. But when a man is actually in the wrong, persistently in the wrong — will listen to no argument, no persuasion—he cannot endure ridicule.

Again, *halfness* is a legitimate object for ridicule. When you see a man taking up a grand work and only putting half of himself into it, while he reserves the other half for private use, he is a legitimate object for ridicule. Let us be careful what we exercise our ridicule upon. "We must keep that knife sharp for use." Yes, but there are plenty of legitimate whetstones upon which to sharpen it.

Reverence, again, manifests itself in *social manners*. Reverence begets a sacred, not a haughty reserve. What is a vulgar person? He is, in short, a person without active reverence. We hear about vulgar familiarity. There is a familiarity that is vulgar. Any kind of familiarity that is not controlled by reverence is vulgar. I may shake hands with you in a way to insult you and not mean to insult you, yet I do insult you every time if reverence prompts not the act. Common, stereotyped politeness rests upon eternal laws of right and nobility. They are intended to be signs of it; and if the signs are so beautiful how much more splendid must the real be. The Greeks had perhaps the most perfect ideas of beauty that the mind could separate from absolute good itself. Their gods sat on and around Olympus. There on one mountain peak sat one god, across the valley on another mountain peak sat another. There in their majestic ease, there in their godlike splendor, these sons of the stars, beings of a higher world, recognized the holy separation necessary to divine individuality, and across the valleys they bowed to each

other. What a beautiful presentation. Let us bring it right home to you who are here. I love to see you social with each other. I love to see you friendly to each other. I love to see the cordiality with which you meet each other, and I love to see — what I generally see — that each of you is bowing across the valley to others, that there is a sacredness round about each individual. I put these things radically, but not more radically than truly, when I say that a young gentleman has no right even to lift his hat and bow to a lady acquaintance unless it is reverence for her sacred personality that causes him to do so. On the other hand, I can present a recipe to every young lady for maintaining such dignity as shall cause nothing but reverence on the part of all with whom she meets of either sex, and that is habitual reverence on her part — not impertinence, not a hauteur that seems to say, "I know that I am of consequence"; but something which seems to say, "I know that I am surrounded by the holy; I know that you are surrounded by the holy." If reverence dominates her manners, others partake of its spirit. He that obeys reverence is revered by others.

Reverence is contagious. It is not vice alone that is contagious. If it were we would all turn to and fight vice. But there is a sound that comes down the ages, saying, "Peter, put up thy sword." Raise the standard of purity and men will bow to it. Raise the standard of holiness and men will be conquered by it. You cause others to become what you live; not what you believe in or what your theory is, but what you are. The mightiest weapon of defense for man or woman is the weapon of habitual reverence. The man that walks with uncovered head beneath the stars and in the sunlight, because his soul is stirred with reverence, commands a savage and inspires a Christian. "There is around each individual a sphere" so wrote one who, as Ralph Waldo Emerson said, "lay like a Colossus upon his time"— Swedenborg. He perceived through his spiritual vision that every person is insphered, and I believe he saw the truth. Respect that sphere. I want to see it in your intercourse with each other. It is the one thing we try to build up here. How quietly that person goes about, calling no attention to himself, who is governed by reverence, habitual reverence. If I should ask you from the standpoint of etiquette, "Is it etiquette to move about in a noisy, vulgar manner, calling attention to every movement you make wherever you are?" you would say that it was quite contrary to etiquette. What would cure such a person? I can tell you. There is nothing that will develop that quiet grace which belongs to the born patrician like the reverence that is born of earnestness. I do not mean a reverential performance, but an habitually reverential spirit — a reverence that burns upon the altar of the heart continually, from which rises a sweet incense that seems to fill the air about you and encircle you with a halo. Oh, we have powers about us other than the powers of the hands and feet; we have powers of the spirit; they are mighty and unconquerable; kings cannot overcome them.

Not only are people to be reverenced because they are human beings, but the very world is to the earnest man an inspiration of reverence. Who is the greatest statesman of all the ages? Who was it that sought not another's throne? Who was it that never raised the question of legitimacy in matters of government? Who was it that made a nation, consecrated it to God, and then left it a republic? It is a name you have heard before. It is a name that marks and distinguishes the greatest statesman that ever lived. Yes, and I would add to that that it is a name which marks a man who stood

preëminently for earnestness from childhood to age. You never found him, even in his earlier and wilder days, void of the control of downright and upright earnestness. He may have been mistaken; he may have gone wrong in youth, for he struck down another when he saw him abusing a third, but it was earnestness that made him do it. That was his mistake. His earnestness sent him into the wildernes, and earnestness called him to commune with the spirit of God, and say, "What wilt thou have me do? I could wield the most powerful scepter in the world; I could wear the most brilliant crown; I could rest upon a golden throne where my subjects would be loyal and even slavish in their obedience. But I do not know that I ought. I want truth and I want what pertains to manhood." And as he wandered forth, despising not the day of small things — for if he could find nothing better to do he took care of his father-in-law's sheep — he saw something burning but not consumed. He turned aside to watch it, for he loved all exhibitions of nature. He heard a voice which seemed to come out of the bush. It was in his own soul. The bush was merely the occasion, not the cause. The voice said, "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." Now I know how this man looked. That description is better than any painting of him that could have been given. His manner was dignified because it was reverent. All nature was the temple of God to him. Holiness was in the very bush. He could well say in spirit when he thought of the Egyptian thrones, what a soul-king has since said:

"When I am stretched beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,
At the sophist schools and the learned clan;
For what are they all, in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?"

Selections

FOR PUBLIC READING.

PRECIOSA AND VICTORIAN.

[NOTE TO THE READER.— This selection is a cutting from "The Spanish Student" by H. W. Longfellow, and is here printed by the kind permission of Messrs Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The story of the drama is briefly as follows: Preciosa, a gypsy dancing-girl, meets Victorian, a student, in the cathedral garden at Cordova. An intense love springs up between the two, but Preciosa's father has already betrothed her to Bartolomé, a gypsy, whom she has never loved. Now that she knows what love is Bartolomé becomes doubly odious to her. After many incidents peculiar to gypsy life it is found that Preciosa is not a gypsy, but the daughter of a wealthy man, and was stolen by the gypsies when an infant; she is finally restored to her father and her fortune by Victorian. At the time of the scene here given she has gone from Madrid to dance in the theater and hither has Victorian's love led him that he may be near her.

In this interview he climbs to the balcony of her chamber. Preciosa is anxiously expecting him, and while she is standing in the window musing about the beauties of the night Victorian's song floats up to her from below.

[NOTE.— This song has been set to music, and, if well rendered, will add greatly to the effectiveness of the whole selection.

Act II., Scenes I. and IV., with some cutting and explanation will make very fine recitations.]

PREC. *(standing in open window)*. How slowly
through the lilac-scented air
Descends the tranquil moon!
And sweetly from yon hollow vaults of shade
The nightingales breathe out their souls in song.
And hark! what songs of love, what soul-like sounds,
Answer them from below!

SERENADE *(from below)*.

Stars of the summer night!
Far in yon azure deeps,
Hide, hide your golden light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Dreams of the summer night!
Tell her her lover keeps
Watch! while in slumbers light
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

(As the song dies away VICTORIAN *enters by the balcony.)*

VICT. Poor little dove! Thou tremblest like a leaf!

PREC. I am so frightened! 'Tis for thee I tremble!
I hate to have thee climb that wall by night!
'Tis very dangerous; and when thou art gone
I chide myself for letting thee come here
Thus stealthily by night. Where hast thou been?
Since yesterday I have no news from thee.

VICT. Since yesterday I have been in Alcala.
Ere long the time will come, sweet Preciosa,
When that dull distance shall no more divide us,
And I no more shall scale thy wall by night
To steal a kiss from thee as I do now.

PREC. An honest thief, to steal but what thou givest.

VICT. And we shall sit together unmolested,
And words of true love pass from tongue to tongue.

PREC. That were a life to make time envious!
I knew that thou wouldst come to me to-night.
I saw thee at the play.

VICT. Sweet child of air!
Never did I behold thee so attired
And garmented in beauty as to-night!
What hast thou done to make thee look so fair?

PREC. Am I not always fair?

VICT. Ay, and so fair
That I am jealous of all eyes that see thee,
And wish that they were blind.

PREC. I heed them not;
When thou art present I see none but thee!

VICT. There's nothing fair or beautiful but takes
Something from thee that makes it beautiful.

PREC. And yet thou leavest me for those dusty books.

VICT. Thou comest between me and those books too often!
I fancy thy face in everything I see!
The paintings in the chapel wear thy looks,
The canticles are changed to sarabands,
And with the learned doctors of the schools
I see thee dance cachuchas.

PREC. Dost thou remember
When first we met?

VICT. It was at Cordova,
In the cathedral garden. Thou wast sitting
Under the orange-trees beside a fountain.

PREC. 'Twas Easter Sunday. The full-blossomed trees
Filled all the air with fragrance and with joy.
The priests were singing and the organ sounded,
And then anon the great cathedral bell.
It was the elevation of the Host,
We both of us fell down upon our knees
Under the orange boughs and prayed together.
I never had been happy till that moment,
And when thou wast gone
felt an aching here. I did not speak
To any one that day. But from that day
Bartolomé grew hateful unto me.

VICT. Remember him no more. Let not his shadow
Come between thee and me. Sweet Preciosa!
I loved thee even then, when I was silent!

PREC. I thought I ne'er should see thy face again,
Thy farewell had a sound of sadness in it.

VICT. That was the first sound in the song of love!
Scarce more than silence is, and yet a sound.

PREC. I have felt it so, but found no words to say it!
I cannot reason; I can only feel!
But thou hast language for all thoughts and feelings.
Thou art a scholar; and sometimes I think
We cannot walk together in this world!
The distance that divides us is too great!
Henceforth thy pathway lies among the stars;
I must not hold thee back.

VICT. Thou little skeptic!
Dost thou still doubt?
The world of the affections is thy world,
Not that of man's ambition. In that stillness
Which most becomes a woman, calm and holy,
Thou sittest by the fireside of the heart,
Feeding its flame. The element of fire
Is pure. It cannot hide its nature,
But burns as brightly in a gypsy camp
As in a palace hall. Art thou convinced?

PREC. Yes, that I love thee, as the good love heaven;
But not that I am worthy of that heaven.
How shall I deserve it?

VICT. Loving more.

PREC. I cannot love thee more; my heart is full.
(The voice of a watchman in the street below calls—)
Ave Maria Purissima! 'Tis midnight and serene!

VICT. Hearest thou that cry?

PREC. It is a hateful sound
To scare thee from me! Pray do not go!

VICT. I must away to Alcala to-night.
Think of me while I am away.

PREC. Fear not!
I have no thoughts that do not think of thee.
Good-night! may all holy angels guard thee!

VICT. Good-night! Good-night! Thou art my guardian angel!
I have no other saint than thou to pray to!

PREC. Make not thy voyage long.

VICT. To-morrow night
Shall see me safe returned. Thou art the star
To guide me to an anchorage. Good-night!
My beauteous star! My star of love, good-night!
Good-night.

WATCHMAN *(at a distance)*. Ave Maria Purissima.

BY THE CASCADE.

BERTRAM L. SHAPLEIGH.

Where the cascade's merry stream
Woke a charm that much did seem
Like some fairy woodland dream,
She held her hand, a dainty cup,

To catch the water from the brook,
And as the crystal draught I took
I saw her sweet face looking up;
All lighting o'er with romping glee,
Those soft brown eyes looked up to me
From out the stream below.

And as I watched those eyes below,
I thought, "O that it might be so!"
I look again—ah, can it be?
My shadow now is kissing thee
Down in the stream below!

The scene was gone,
The brook flew on
With many a laughing fit and start;
But well I know,
That down below
That kiss lies on the river's heart.

A SUMMER'S DREAM.

By George Edmund Hasie.

I had settled down in earnest,
With a mountain of work to do;
Leaving the world on the outside,
And hiding myself from its view.

My companions were those of the drama,
Among them alone did I move;
With my heart closed against other feelings,
And especially woman and love.

But something came into my summer—
A spirit, you ask? Not quite.
Small, but not so ethereal,
Though often ethereally bright.

It was nothing at all like a vision,
Although it seems so now;
For I've only mem'ry to tell me
That something has moved me, and how.

You wonder, and smile at my fancies,
And laugh at the romance I write;
Well! a man is a badly mixed mortal,
When a woman's the cause of the fright.

Yes, 'twas a woman that moved me;
Of most women she stood above,
With a mind full of womanly thoughts
And a heart full of womanly love.

But the summer's dream is over,
And a sadness all things show;
The leaves of the trees e'en are changing
And putting on garments of woe.

Though I never again may see her
The world will better seem
For the sweet and fragrant incense
That comes from my summer's dream.

Personals.

Brief items with reference to the work of our students are always interesting to our readers and consequently welcome in our columns. The kindly co-operation of our friends is earnestly requested in filling this department of the Magazine.

Aiken . . .

Miss Eva E. Aiken, '92, has met with great success in introducing the physical work in the public schools at her home, Ellsworth, Me.

Alden . . .

Prof. and Mrs. Alden recited for the Grand Army on Saturday evening, Jan. 21, at Arlington, Mass., and carried the house by storm. The professor gave "Mr. Stiver's Horse," and "Honora Murphy and the Spirits"; Mrs. Alden gave "Mrs. O'Shea Sees Hamlet" and "The White Lily."

Armstrong . . .

Rev. T. L. Armstrong, '93, has received an invitation to take charge of a parish in Randolph, Vt., but has declined that he may continue his studies in the College.

Bennett . . .

Miss Flora May Bennett, '91, is at present teaching physical culture, oratory, and rhetoric in the DeMill Ladies' College, Ontario. Under her able guidance the work is prospering and her classes are large and enthusiastic.

Blood . . .

Miss Hattie Blood is engaged in teaching in the Wesleyan University, Lincoln, Neb. Her work consists principally in preparing students for declamations and exhibitions at the close of the year. She reports the work as enjoyable, and says she is getting to like the West.

Burt . . .

Miss Marie Burt is engaged in teaching in the High School, Wellsville, Ohio, where she has introduced our

physical and vocal exercises with great success.

Campbell . . .

Miss Minnie G. Campbell, who has returned to her home in Oakland, Cal., has been very successful in her public reading.

Capron . . .

Miss Grace Capron is teaching successfully at her home near New Haven, Conn., where she has introduced the Emerson system with deserved success.

Coe — Crawford . . .

Miss Clara Coe and Miss May Crawford have arranged and given with distinguished success on several occasions, a novel and beautiful entertainment entitled "An Evening with the Maids of Greece," consisting of a Grecian Lyre Drill by sixteen young ladies appropriately costumed; a scene from Bulwer-Lytton's "Last Days of Pompeii," in which the rôle of Julia is taken by Miss Coe and that of Nydia by Miss Crawford; an illustrated representation of the Nine Muses and Three Graces — the whole concluding with a tableau, "The Mirror of Venus." The costumes, the calcium lights, the music, and the perfect preparation of the work make the entertainment one of fascinating attractiveness.

Colbath . . .

Mr. Webster Colbath, '92, recited at the Church of the Messiah concert at Chickering Hall on Monday evening, Jan. 9, and was recalled again and again.

Crocker . . .

Miss Adelaide M. Crocker, '93, recently recited at an entertainment in Marlborough, N. H. Several papers made very flattering mention of her ability as an expressive reader.

Crommett . . .

During the latter part of last term Mrs. Jessie B. Crommett, '93, assisted by Misses Taggart, Motsch, and Carey, gave a literary entertainment before the "Beacon Lights," Boston. The selections were humorous, pathetic, and dramatic, and took the house by storm.

Earnest . . .

Miss Caroline Earnest is engaged in teaching in Rollins College, Winter Park, Fla. She lately gave a public reading, assisted by members of the musical department, which is highly spoken of by the local press.

Falk . . .

Miss Fanny Fern Falk gave a recital in Berkeley Hall on Thursday afternoon, Jan. 12, which was well attended and of high merit. She was ably assisted in her work by Miss Lola Purman, Profs. Chas. W. Kidder and Walter B. Tripp, and the Fantasia Orchestra. She was most enthusiastically received and richly merited the warm reception accorded her by an appreciative and fashionable audience. Among so many items of interest it is hard to say which was best. The rendering throughout was artistic in every respect. The following is the program:

1. Overture.— Encouragement . . . . . *Boettinger*
   Fantasia Orchestra.
2. Recital.— Act IV., scene II., "Hunchback" . . . . . *James Sheridan Knowles*
   Miss Falk.
3. Solo.— *a.* "Answer" . . . . . *Robyn*
   b. "Snow Flakes" . . . . . *Cowen*
   Miss Purman.
4. Scene.— "Come Here" . . . . . *Translation*
   Frank Palmer (a manager) . . . Mr. Tripp.
   Mabel Van Zant . . . . . Miss Falk.
5. Waltz . . . . . *Strauss*
   Fantasia Orchestra.
6. "In Honor Bound" . . . . . *Sydney Grundy*
   (A room at Sir George Carlyon's.)

   Characters.

   Sir George Carlyon, I. C., M. P., Mr. Chas. W. Kidder
   Philip Graham . . . . . Mr. Walter B. Tripp
   Lady Carlyon . . . . . Miss Fanny Fern Falk
   Rose Dalrymple . . . . . Miss Lola Purman

Since last season Miss Falk's work has improved in grace, purity, and strength. Her touch is more delicate and her dramatic action more subtle. She was the recipient of numerous beautiful floral offerings. Miss Pur-

man's singing was greatly enjoyed. The volume and range of her voice and the brilliancy and expressiveness of her phrasing were a surprise and delight to her friends, and reflect great credit upon her instructor, Prof. Cheney. The dramatic ability and artistic finish of the work of Profs. Kidder and Tripp is so well known and so thoroughly enjoyed that it is only necessary to say that they were what they always are, most excellent in their respective rôles. Not the least pleasing feature of the entertainment was the enlivening music of the Fantasias.

Gaylord . . .

Mr. Jos. S. Gaylord is conducting his Bible class at Y. M. C. A. with ever increasing success, as is shown by the large attendance from Sabbath to Sabbath.

Gregory . . .

Miss Clara W. Gregory, '93, recited a number of selections at the dedication of the new town hall at Tyngsboro,' Mass., on Wednesday evening, Feb. 1, and made a decided hit. "Her success as a public reader is assured," so says the *Bangor Weekly Commercial.*

Grilley . . .

Mr. Chas. T. Grilley, the popular humorous reader, has filled over fifty engagements during the present season.

Hackett—Lick . . .

Mrs. Sadie Hackett and Miss Emily Lick have generously given their services in connection with charitable work in the city, once for the sailors at St. Mary's House, East Boston, and on Tuesday evening, Feb. 14, at a temperance meeting on Florence St., in connection with St. Stephen's church.

Hansen . . .

Miss Nellie Hansen has just returned from her trip to Europe. While she was abroad she visited England, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. In the latter country she was within a stone's throw of the supposed castle of Hamlet.

Harris . . .

Mr. A. M. Harris reports himself as nearly recovered from his late illness and is leading classes of Freshmen on Thursdays and Saturdays.

Hastings . . .

Mr. Henry Whitney Hastings is at Mt. Hermon School, Mt. Hermon, Mass., where he introduced the Emerson system one year ago. He reports that the work is highly satisfactory to the superintendent and very effective with the pupils.

Hatch . . .

Miss Martha A. Hatch has two classes in voice and elocution at the Woman's Industrial and Educational Union. She has also taken Miss Margaret Shanks's class in physical culture at Newton Highlands.

Hill . . .

Miss Florence Hill has been engaged in reading during the present season in Vermont and Massachusetts. She is also engaged in teaching and has a number of private pupils.

Hoadley . . .

In addition to her private pupils Miss Frances Hoadley has formed a very successful class in physical culture at her home in Dorchester.

Humphrey . . .

Mr. Albert Humphrey, one of our last year's students, who is now engaged in studying at the Columbia School of Oratory, Chicago, assisted Mr. Almond E. Palmer in a public reading at Harvey, Ill., Dec. 20.

Jones . . .

Miss Grace Safford Jones has a private class in physical culture on Commonwealth Avenue. She has also several private pupils who come to her residence. She read at Westerly, R. I., Dec. 29, and received a most enthusiastic welcome from a large and appreciative audience.

Karnan . . .

On the evening of Dec. 28, at Union Hall, Cambridge, Mrs. Ida W. Karnan, assisted by a dozen young ladies from the postgraduate and senior classes, gave an exhibition of the exercises of the Emerson system of physical culture. The audience watched the movements with much interest, and to many of them the exercises seemed to be a revelation.

Klein . . .

Miss Margaret A. Klein, '90, who is now teaching in Baltimore, Md., visited the College during her January vacation. She has in preparation a volume of selections to be used in children's classes in elocution. It will be arranged according to the principles of the Emerson philosophy, and is designed to meet the demand among the teachers of the system for a book adapted to the comprehension of pupils too young to study the "Evolution of Expression." Another commendable feature in her work is the fact that she has prepared a series of readings from Chaucer to Tennyson, in which she introduces some of the most attractive extracts from the great masters of English poetry. Those who have been so fortunate as to procure her chart of the Emerson philosophy will appreciate the original thought Miss Klein has put upon this phase of the subject.

Knestrick . . .

Miss Rose Evelyn Knestrick, '90, is meeting with extraordinary success in Cleveland, Ohio. She has 450 pupils under her instruction, mostly in physical culture; and they are all as enthusiastic as it is possible for a vigorous, energetic teacher to make a body of followers.

Lamkin . . .

Miss Grace Mae Lamkin, '93, is introducing the Emerson system of physical culture to fashionable classes among the ladies of Dorchester with great success.

Lick . . .

Miss Emily Lick, '93, has kindly offered her services to lead a class in physical culture in the building on Saturday afternoons.

Lindsey . . .

Mr. A. C. Lindsey taught several classes in oratory during the recent vacation inOxford, N. Y., where he met with gratifying success. Among his pupils were a number of competitors for oratorical prizes in the Oxford Academy. Mr. Lindsey also gave a recital in Oxford.

Mallory . . .

Miss Rose Mallory, a former pupil of the College, is very successfully teaching oratory and physical culture in Wellington, Ohio.

Nichols . . .

We have upon our table a well prepared and tastefully printed lecture on physical culture by Miss Eda L. Nichols, '92, which we cannot too earnestly commend to all our readers. In this lecture Miss Nichols has applied the sixteen steps in the evolution of expression to the physical exercises of the Emerson system. The lecture at its delivery was most enthusiastically received by the class, who asked to have it printed that they might possess its valuable truth in permanent form. Those who have not traced the correspondence between the physical exercise and the sixteen laws have before them a rich and rare treat. Indeed it is not too much to say that Miss Nichols's presentation of the subject will be a revelation to them.

Nichols . . .

Miss Cora D. Nichols, '91, is teaching in the Ontario Ladies' College,

Whitby, Ontario, and reports her work as pleasant and her surroundings enjoyable.

Ormsby . . .

Mrs. Jennie Rae Ormsby, '92, has met with great success both in her reading and teaching. The principles of the work have interested many of the leading men of Bluffton. *The Evening News* says, "The very character of the work must, if earnestly pursued, tend to elevate the morals of every pupil and instil them with higher and nobler purposes in life." Mrs. Ormsby has classes at Huntington, Fort Wayne, and Bluffton, Ind.

Palmer . . .

We take pleasure in announcing that Mr. Almond E. Palmer, who spent his vacation in Iowa, where he gave several readings, was, on Dec. 28, married to Miss Esther Fagercrans of Galesburg, Ill.

Patterson . . .

Rev. G. M. Patterson, lately of the Congregational church of Hamilton, N. Y., is at present taking a course of instruction at the College, mainly for the benefit of his health. He has, however, become so interested in the work of rendering that he now desires to take a more thorough course of training.

Pugh . . .

Miss Genevieve Pugh is meeting with marked success as a teacher of physical culture in Miss Chamberlayne's private school for young ladies at 64 Commonwealth Avenue. Miss Chamberlayne's is a fashionable finishing school.

Raymond . . .

Miss Glenn Raymond, '92, has lately prepared W. S. Gilbert's delightful comedy, "Pygmalion and Galatea" for public presentation. She gave the play at her home in Oneonta, N. Y., supported by a well drilled company, in which she assumed the title rôle of "Galatea." The play was well rehearsed, artistically presented, and received high praise from the local press.

Reynolds . . .

Miss May E. Reynolds, '92, is now engaged in teaching our system of physical culture in the Queen Elizabeth Gymnasium, Montreal, Can. In addition to this she has also fifty pupils in elocution. In all of her work she is meeting with grand success.

Ripont . . .

Miss Adele Ripont, '91, has several private classes in Buffalo, N. Y. She has taken a thorough course in physiology at the Buffalo Medical College, the better to prepare herself to teach physical culture. Her work has received the hearty indorsement of many physicians in that city.

Robinson . . .

Miss Gertrude A. Robinson has recently formed two classes in oratory; one at her home in Portland and the other in Bath, Me. The local press speak of her in terms of warm praise. She has made a favorable impression upon the public and is creating much enthusiasm among her pupils.

Sanderson . . .

Prof. George W. Sanderson occupies the chair of oratory in the University of Indiana. His wife, born Hattie Colburn, is assisting in the ladies' gymnasium of the same institution.

Shanks . . .

Miss Margaret E. Shanks, '92, has accepted a position as teacher of elocution and physical culture at the Vermont Methodist Seminary, Montpelier, Vt.

Shepard . . .

Miss Mabel Shepard, '92, is engaged in teaching physical culture in Vineland, N. J.

Smith . . .

Rev. W. Franklin Smith, of the freshman class of last year, is preaching at Omaha, Neb. He is contemplating taking an Eastern parish, that Mrs. Smith may attend the Emerson College.

Sprague . . .

Miss Edna May Sprague, assisted by Mr. A. C. Lindsey, gave a public recital in Hamburg, N. Y., on Friday evening, Jan. 6. The attendance was large and the appreciation enthusiastic.

Stanton . . .

Miss Jennie B. Stanton, '92, is teaching physical culture and reading in the public school in Westerly, R. I.

Tooker . . .

Miss Annie C. Tooker, '92, has a class in the Young Men's Hebrew Association in Lincoln, Mass., where she is meeting with encouraging success. She has also a class of twenty young ladies besides a number of private pupils. Miss Tooker has refused two desirable positions for the sake of the days that she can devote to postgraduate work in the College. She says, "Fifty years of Europe is worth a cycle of Cathay."

Tower . . .

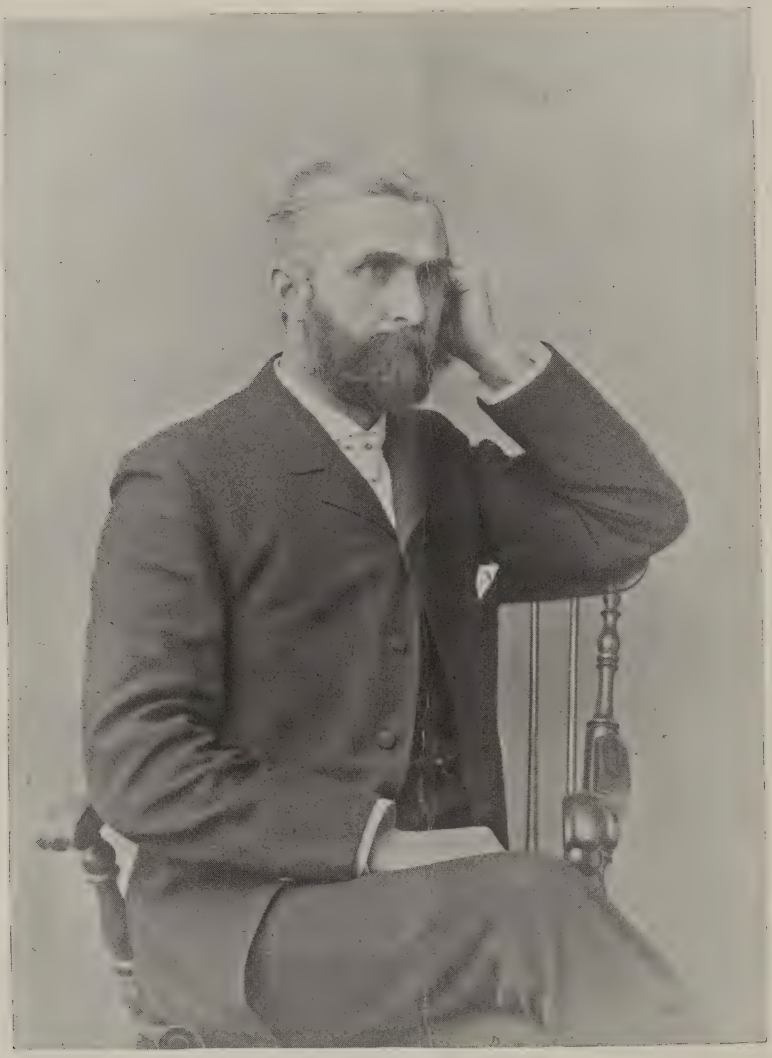
Miss Sadie Tower, '90, has just returned from abroad. During her absence she visited London, Paris, Italy, and Greece.

Washburn . . .

Miss Alice Washburn is meeting with marked success as a humorous reader. She has just returned from a series of engagements in Maine, where her work was highly appreciated. Browning's "Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister," one of her strongest creations, she is to give at the March meeting of the Browning Society at the Brunswick Hotel.

Whitmore . . .

Besides pursuing the regular studies of the senior class Miss Edith M. Whitmore has a large number of pupils in Lynn and Malden.



Yours faithfully
Albert-Baker-Cheney.

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CECIL HARPER . . . . . MANAGING EDITOR

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No Advertisements Received.

Prof. Cheney's Portrait.

We have the pleasure of presenting with this issue of the MAGAZINE an excellent portrait of Prof. Albert Baker Cheney, to whom President Emerson so frequently refers in his second lecture herewith published. Prof. Cheney is a brother of John Vance Cheney, whose poems and essays are reviewed in another column.

The Literary Fund.

At one of the late meetings of the Southwick Literary Society a plan was proposed by Mr. Cecil Harper, the president of the society, for the establishment of a College library. Mr. Harper remarked that inasmuch as it had been the custom in past years for the students to make an annual donation to the College — one year having presented a piano, at another time a beautiful piece of statuary, on a third occasion a sum of money to go toward a building fund, — and that inasmuch as the College is not possessed of a library and is in urgent need of works of reference in various departments of study, but especially in that of literature, it seems right and in every way appropriate that we as a body of students do this year make an earnest effort to establish the nucleus of a suitable library and present it to the institution with the hope that such additions may be made by subsequent contributors as will be commensurate with the growing necessities of the students and the lofty aim of the institution.

The following committee was accordingly appointed to consider the feasibility of the plan and report to the society: Cecil Harper, for the Southwick Literary Society, chairman; Henry L. Southwick, for the Faculty; Fredric Metcalf, for the Alumni Association; George E. Hasie, for the Postgraduate class; E. E. Cox, for the Senior class; M. L. Swigert, for the Freshman class.

At a subsequent meeting of the society the chairman reported that the committee had carefully considered the entire matter in session assembled, that it seemed to them perfectly feasible, and that they had under consideration a plan by which there would be no difficulty in raising about $500 for the library fund without appreciable expense to the students. The plan will, however, require the hearty support of every student in the College, and the details will be made known at the proper time. He also reported that the desire of the students was most gratifying to President Emerson, and that the College would most cheerfully coöperate by providing a suitable room, a librarian, and all necessary carpentry work consisting of shelves and tables, so that no portion of the sum contributed by the students should be diverted from the purchase of books, but that every dollar should further to the utmost their most noble and generous plan.

It was accordingly moved by Prof. Trine

and seconded by Mr. Chase that the committee be continued with full power to carry to completion the plan for presenting a library to the College.

It is scarcely possible to overstate the value of such an accession to the students of the Emerson College of Oratory. The saving in time will be immense. To go to the public library consumes a large part of an afternoon or evening. Here, as the library will be open from two to six o'clock on school days and from nine to six on Monday, and as the first care of the committee will be to procure standard works of reference, a few minutes will accomplish what formerly required several hours.

The enthusiasm of Emerson College students in any enterprise having for its motto "Helpfulness" is so well known that only one prophecy can be uttered with regard to the plan for the library, and that is *Success, triumphant* SUCCESS.

Students' Production of Hamlet and Macbeth.

When the plays of Hamlet and Macbeth were produced by the students last year the verdict pronounced by all was "Well done, good and faithful" students, and the eulogy was richly merited. The testimony this year is that in every respect the work shows a year's luxuriant growth. It is scant praise to say that in many cases the interpretation of character would do credit to a professional artist who had long since completed his apprenticeship. Of course part of this improvement is due to the fact that as far as possible the old cast was retained, but inasmuch as about seventy-five per cent of the cast have now for the first time made their appearance on any stage we must ascribe most of the credit to the faithful work of both students and teachers in the preparatory rehearsals. Professor and Mrs. Southwick have been unremitting in their arduous labors, and the pupils have responded nobly to the numerous calls for practice, much of which has been a labor of love voluntarily performed in addition to the regular work of the College.

The securing of Odd Fellows Hall is a grand step in the right direction, as it not only affords the students an opportunity for practice in a large auditorium, but it enables a thousand of their friends to see their work where heretofore only some six or seven hundred persons had that opportunity. The scenery and stage appointments which have recently been procured by the College added in no slight measure to the attractiveness of the last performance.

The Emerson Chart.

The chart of the Emerson philosophy of expression, arranged by Mr. Jesse M. Roberts, has met a long felt want and has received an enthusiastic welcome from the students and the hearty indorsement of our president and faculty. It presents in tabular form the whole system of the College work. A stranger can gain some idea of the philosophy from a single glance, and a student who has put years of work upon this wonderful system will find much to repay careful investigation. To a teacher the chart is simply invaluable. So highly does President Emerson appreciate it that he has made it the basis of examination for the graduating class. To say the least it will give to every reader a clearer and more comprehensive grasp of the subject. The chart, which reads from the bottom up, shows the four great periods in art, in physical culture, in voice culture, and in gesture, together with the sixteen steps in the evolution of expression. Above this are arranged the sixteen perfective laws together with their corresponding psychological activities. All of the steps are accompanied by explanatory or key-sentences. No description can convey an adequate idea of the beauty or completeness of the chart. It must be seen to be appreciated. It is 20 x 24 inches in size, clearly printed, mounted on rollers, with linen back, and sells for one dollar, or fifty cents without the rollers or mounting. For sale by Jesse M. Roberts, Emerson College of Oratory.

About Examinations.

What a fluttering about the heart, what a rush of blood to the head, what a chorus of half-suppressed gasps and sighs, what a significant exchange of glances, what an array of expressive faces, as the professor announces an approaching examination! Such a group is a fit subject for the brush of a master. But it is not with the artistic aspect of the situation that we are now concerned, but with its educational importance. Few students look upon an examination as other than a thing to be gone through with, a somewhat unpleasant necessity of college life. And yet this very necessity is their opportunity. If the saying attributed to Richter is true, that "everything educates," an examination must be included in his axiom.

But, not to escape responsibility under the shadow of a great name or a glittering generality, let us see what an examination really does for the poor subject who is laid upon the operating table and is for the time at the mercy of the surgeon's knife.

The announcement of an examination usually causes us to review a subject, and as a mental discipline it is more beneficial to refresh one's memory on a subject already familiar than to skim over a new one. Fading lines are deepened and fixed. Disconnected truths arrange themselves in order. Points of crystallization enlarge to surfaces, and superficial truths become solid. But, best of all, a new value is seen in the old truth. Its meaning becomes more profound and its correlations with other truths become more numerous. Newton's discoveries were made by brooding over his problems till the light flashed and the fire burned. And there is no other road to the mastery of any subject than this brooding review.

An examination sometimes arouses our emotional nature as the subject itself never did. For the first time we realize that that particular subject is vital to us. We are to be tested by our knowledge of it or by our ability to handle it. No subject has added very much to our personality unless it has set the heart aglow. Goethe realized this so keenly as a poet that he had the baseness to jilt Frederika in order that the reflex of her wounded feelings might induce a state of feeling in him that was favorable to his artistic work.

An examination also tests our practical acquaintance with a subject. Hazy, cloud-like impressions that cannot be put into clear English are worthless here. People frequently say, "I know it, but I can't express it." We beg their pardon for contradicting them; but if they can't express it they don't know it. Expression is the test of knowledge. There is no other test. There can be no other. Every valuable thought can be expressed, and any thought that cannot be expressed is of no value. This is true everywhere. At examinations the cloud must take on definite form. The genii can and must go into the vase.

Language has been called disintegrated emotion, and the very effort that is required to reduce our feelings to speech and then transfix them on a pen-point is of itself a most valuable discipline. And to find after an examination is over that we have really succeeded in answering the questions asked, and doing it in so creditable a manner as actually to appease the inexorable examiner, is cause for congratulation and increased self-respect. It acts as a powerful stimulant; and we decide that in future we will not be content merely to pass, we will attain to the highest possible degree of excellence. Now we know that the subject can be mastered, and we will master it. At the next examination nothing will satisfy us less than *summa cum lande.*

Prof. Harper's Summer Classes in Oratory.

Last summer Prof. Harper conducted about thirty resident members of the present senior class through the plays of Hamlet and Macbeth. The tragedies were studied from both the dramatic and literary points of view. This year a similar class will be formed and the list of subjects increased by the addition of Literature, Anatomy, and a review of the Sixteen Steps, with possibly the addition of some other subjects should the class generally desire them. This class will be of great value to all who propose returning for graduation next year, as it will enable them to keep up the practice on the work already done and will greatly lighten the task of memorizing, especially during the latter part of the Senior year when the examinations are approaching.

A similar line of work, consisting of the plays of Othello, The Merchant of Venice, and The Rivals, will be offered to those preparing for the Postgraduate year should there be a sufficient number of applicants to justify the enterprise. To these subjects may be added if desired a review of the Perfective Laws, discussions on the Philosophy of Expression, lecturing on the Sixteen Steps, and an advanced course of study in standard English authors.

In no case will the work of either class be made burdensome. The summer is the time for rest, and the general feeling last summer was that the opportunity of meeting twice a week for study and practice was a privilege rather than an obligation.

CULTIVATION OF THE VOICE.

Extracts from Stenographic Report of PRESIDENT EMERSON'S Saturday Lecture.

I wish to-day to take up the theme of the cultivation of the body preparatory to cultivating the voice, or with reference to the cultivation of the voice. Last Saturday I said in substance that we must cultivate the entire body in order for much exercise of the voice to be healthy; that if a person used his voice a great deal, and did not educate all parts of the body, there would be a lack of equilibrium in the circulation; that too much blood would go to the lungs and that some definite injury might be expected. To-day I shall talk more especially concerning the condition of the vital organs and the relation of the vital organs to the voice.

You remember that three weeks ago to-day I said considerable about lifting the organs to the proper altitude in the body. I am going to talk upon that point to-day and enlarge upon it. It bears special reference to the subject of the voice, because in the first place if the organs are not lifted sufficiently high in the body to secure perfect symmetry the voice will not have a firm support; while in the second place the respiration will be imperfect. The respiration should be such that a person need not think about it when speaking or singing; it should take care of itself. The orator should, while speaking, be concerned with the thought of his subject only.

The system of physical culture which we are to discuss aims in the first place at the *highest condition of health and beauty, through such exercises as are authorized and required by the law of the human economy.* We cannot impose an exercise upon the human body. If we give an exercise, that exercise must be required by the laws of the physical economy. It is not a thing of accident. The body is under the dominion of law, and that law requires that there should be exercises of a certain definite kind.

The primary object in all these exercises is *vital supply for the entire organism.* By this I mean we should practise such exercises as will help the body to assimilate nourishment. This end is accomplished, first, by securing the *proper position* of the *vital organs.* Any exercise taken when the vital organs are not in a proper position is, other things being equal, harmful to those organs. The normal position of the vital organs is secured by the proper contraction of the muscles that sustain those organs.

The greater the altitude of the vital organs, other things being equal, the greater is their vigor. The heart beats with a more perfect rhythm when lifted high in the chest than it does when it is low. When the vital organs are high the lungs consume more air and the stomach secretes gastric juice in greater quantity; but the moment these vital organs are lowered from their normal altitude that moment their tone or power is diminished. There is no physical defect more general than this, that the vital organs are from one to four inches too low among adults and among children down to the age of five or six years; before this time the vital organs are high. Securing the normal altitude of the vital organs is the chief corner-stone of our physical work.

We aim for symmetry first, because the dangers that arise from want of symmetry are greater than we can describe and more numerous than we can mention. Let me say to any teacher of physical culture who says he knows nothing about symmetry, Do not teach. You have no business to teach anything that does not tend toward the symmetry of the body. It is claimed that we shall know nothing about symmetry until we have measured a great many hundreds of individuals. Let us examine that point a moment. Whom are you measuring? You are measuring for the most part adults — adults who are out of symmetry. You claim, do you, that when you have measured enough persons who are out of symmetry you will have the ideal symmetry? Let us form an ideal beauty in the same way. I will take a thousand persons just as they happen to come to me and photograph them, and out of that thousand photographs I will make a composite photograph. Would that be ideal beauty? Am I going to get a picture of health by taking a composite picture of ten thousand sick people? Am I going to get an ideal of symmetry by measuring a hundred thousand people who are out of symmetry?

Let me read from a work that is not new — not from any teacher of physical culture, but from a practising physician of great note, who for eight consecutive years examined on an average over 6000 people each year. Certainly he had some chance to know something of disease. Let us see what he says about this matter in hand. The book was written more than thirty years ago. These observations were taken by him previous to that time, running back as early as 1827. I shall read only enough to let you see that I am not the first who has entertained this idea of the falling of the organs. May I stop to ask right here, Who was the first one? I do not know. Because I do not know what anatomist it was who first dissected and described the abdominal muscles. That leads us to ask, What is it that keeps the vital organs in symmetry? The abdominal muscles. As soon as they are weakened their tone is is lowered, the support is lowered, and consequently the vital organs fall down in the trunk of the body. To lift them up we are obliged to cultivate and tone the abdominal muscles. Nature is very careful to make these muscles strong in the beginning. The outlay by nature of muscles over the abdominal region is something interesting and even wonderful to the anatomist. There are no fewer than four distinct muscles, all strong, for the purpose of holding these organs in place. There is a transverse muscle that goes across the abdomen, there is the outer oblique muscle and the inner oblique. Nature is not satisfied with putting three muscles over the abdomen. So important is it that the organs shall be held up in place that in addition to these she has given a fourth, called the rectus muscle. This is a muscle of the very strongest kind. The diaphragm is like a floor to the

lungs, but it is not sufficient to hold the organs above it in place unassisted by the abdominal muscles. We will note what rests upon these abdominal muscles — the bowels, the stomach, the liver, the lungs, the heart. If it is not important that these should be held in place what is nature's object in making those muscles so strong, so many in number, so complicated, so interwoven with each other?

If these muscles become relaxed — stretched abnormally — the organs depending must naturally fall lower than they ought. I claim that this is a common condition. I do not claim that everybody has weakness of the abdominal muscles, but I do claim that the majority of the civilized races are in that condition. Savages are not in that condition — in them the abdominal muscles hold the organs in place. The North American Indian, as found here two hundred years ago, was not found with the organs too low; he had no consumption, and was not troubled with many of the diseases which we see are the offspring of our kind of civilization.

Dr. S. S. Fitch of New York says, "I now come to speak to you of the symmetry of the internal organs of the body. I mentioned to you that symmetry was the very key of health; that the human system is a machine put together and acting upon mechanical principles; that each part has its appropriate bearings, every part being constructed to a symmetrical arrangement. These remarks, applying to the external form of the person, also apply with equally great force to the internal parts of the body. I believe that all disease proceeds from two causes only: one is loss of symmetry, either in size, position, function, or integrity; the other is from poison. The human person may be likened to a box or trunk. Now suppose this trunk, the person, to be laid flat upon the back, we should then find the bottom and sides mostly solid, whilst the top or covering of the trunk would be solid only at one end, across the chest, whilst the lower part of it is covered with elastic belts. Now fill this trunk full, as it is laid flat on the back, and set it up on end, we shall find that everything inclines to settle down to the lower part and press against the elastic belts. Now, unless these belts are extremely firm, they will become relaxed or stretched, and allow the different parts of the inside of the body, more or less, to fall down out of their places. On examining the trunk of the body, we find the lungs, the heart, with the blood vessels, air pipes, etc., besides some small glands, filling up the whole chest. These parts possess considerable weight, The chest is a basket of bones, entirely open at the bottom, or its only floor is a loose, fleshy, movable curtain that floats up and down between the chest and abdomen. At the top of the abdomen, toward the left side, and stowed up against the loose floor of the chest, we find the stomach that, when full with its contents, weighs several pounds. We find also the liver, at the top of the right side of the abdomen, a solid heavy mass of several pounds weight. Beneath these we have the large bowel, which, with its contents, is very heavy, and besides these the caul and the small bowels. All these, in some large persons, weigh fifty or sixty pounds, or even more. Now all this immense weight, checked only by slight fastenings is at last fully supported by the abdominal belts, by the belts that cover the front of the abdomen, which take their origin or insertion from the lower edge of the breast bone, from the lower edge of all the short ribs, from the back bone in the small of the back, and from the upper edge, all around the basket of the hips. Now, from a multiplicity of causes, although there will be found no open space through the abdomen, yet the belts covering it become stretched or relaxed, and do not keep

the internal parts of the body in their places; and in this way the stowage of the internal parts of the body and all the internal organs experience jarring and settling downwards, producing a condition I shall denominate

Falling of the Bowels."

I have two objects in reading this to you — first, that you may be able to defend the position we take in this matter; secondly, that you may be stirred to obey the methods we give you for developing these muscles that should hold the vital organs in place. We do not like to tell you the dangers that come from violation of law, yet it is sometimes necessary to do so. We do not like to tell a pupil his faults in reading, yet it is sometimes necessary to do so. It would not be necessary to tell him his faults if he would only work on the principle we give him, for his faults would soon disappear. So there would be no reason for us to tell you of the importance of supporting the vital organs properly, only there are some who do not work faithfully. Let me read further.

"Now the falling of the bowels occasions a vast amount of sickness, and is itself produced by relaxation, or stretching, or weakness of the abdominal muscles." (Therefore every disease he is going to speak of now is due directly to the falling of the organs from their places in consequence of the abdominal muscles not being sufficiently firm. He says,) "Notice all the different organs of the body. As you see them in their place, you will observe how readily their forms will incline them to fall downward, which if they do, will produce some or all of the following diseases of the system, depending on the extent of the relaxation of the belts and falling of the bowels; at one time producing some one of the symptoms in only a slight degree, and at other times causing the most terrible effects and certain death. I will now mention some of the effects produced.

First the Effect of Falling of the Bowels upon the Lungs.

It is entirely indispensable to perfect health of the lungs that the bowels be will kept up so that there shall be no unnatural falling down of the floor of the lungs. The effect upon the lungs is to cause a sense of extreme weakness and sinking feeling at the top of the chest. The breath enters the lungs, and seems to be lost — the sufferer being unable to fill up the top of the chest; and thus if any part of the lungs is not kept well expanded it lays the foundation for pulmonary consumption, so that falling of the bowels is a very frequent cause of consumption; and the lungs being allowed to fall downward, engorgement of the top of the lungs, or a secretion of tuberculous matter there, will rapidly take place.

Bleeding at the Lungs.

Sense of weakness at the top of the chest causes the person to stoop very much and to bring the shoulders forward. I never attempt to cure pulmonary consumption without using means to have the bowels well brought up to their places, and thus have the floor of the lungs well supported. A great many cases of consumption arise from the falling of the bowels, particulary in delicate persons."

(Now here is something which comes home to us:)

"Weakness and Loss of Voice, and Disease of the Air Pipes Produced by Falling of the Bowels.

"It will be very obvious to you that, if the lungs are not well filled with air, their dragging down will bear heavily and at once upon the small air pipes, the wind pipe, and the organs of the voice, so that one of the earliest effects of falling of the bowels is to produce weakness and even loss of voice; the voice at times becoming hoarse and husky and weak, falling to a whisper. Talking or reading aloud occasions great exhaustion, a soreness in the throat, dryness and heat of the

windpipe. The efforts to speak greatly strain the windpipe. Public speakers are in this way rapidly driven from their desks and their usefulness destroyed. Many of these broken down men I have restored to usefulness by the aid of a few medicines and giving perfect abdominal support, so that the lungs should be well lifted up. Some clergymen, who are sagacious observers of themselves, I have known to cure all weakness of voice in themselves by inventing and supplying support to the the abdomen. To permanently cure weakness of voice and disease about the windpipe, I deem it indispensable to have the abdomen perfectly supported. Short breath and difficult breathing at times may be said to be a universal accompaniment — indeed, they are among the first symptoms or indications — of falling of the bowels. Panting upon any inconsiderable exercise, and for these reasons great difficulty in walking fast, while running and dancing are nearly impossible. In April, 1845, I was consulted at New Bedford, Mass., by a man who was a resident of Westport, Mass. He owned and resided upon a small farm, but was unable to do any labor, whatever. His lungs were very much affected, bleeding at the lungs, etc. He had not been able to do any work for four years, and was not able to stoop down and raise up a four-pound weight. His was an aggravated case of falling of the bowels. I gave him suitable remedies for his lungs and an abdominal supporter. I saw him in July following. He walked four miles on a warm afternoon to see me. He told me he was in perfect health, and could lay stone wall fifteen hours in a day. In October, 1846, he informed me by letter that he continued in fair health. Palpitation of the heart and disturbance of its functions are very often produced by falling of the bowels. I have often witnessed apparent heart-disease cured by abdominal support.

Sinking Feeling, and All Gone at the Pit of the Stomach.

This is one of the most common symptoms of falling of the bowels. It is as if there was a large empty space in the stomach. All the functions of the stomach are more or less impaired; and the person feels at that point as if cut in two, and is greatly disposed to stoop.

Influence of the Falling of the Bowels upon the Liver.

The weight of the liver is so considerable that unless the abdominal belts are very firm it is apt to fall down more or less out of its place, sometimes so as to obstruct the bile ducts, inclining partially to induce jaundice and to stop the regular passage of the bile from the liver. When the falling of the bowels is excessive the effect upon the liver is at times deplorable, as it may become very much dislocated, and even torn, so as to produce fatal effects. I have no doubt but that inflammation of the liver is very often produced by its not being well supported. To prove this I will give one example. A few years ago a gentleman visited Saratoga Springs for his health. He had a diseased liver. He recovered his health very rapidly. At the end of four weeks, proposing to return home, he started on a hard-trotting horse. The gentleman rode eighteen miles the first afternoon, and at the dusk of evening stopped at a tavern, disposed of his horse, and immediately retired to bed. The next morning he was found dead in bed. His body was examined by Dr. Steele of Saratoga, when it was found that his liver had recently healed of ulcers, and that the old and new portions of liver, by the hard trotting of the horse and consequent jarring and falling of the liver, had been torn apart, causing a considerable loss of blood that flowed into the cavity of the abdomen and produced death. Proper abdominal support would have entirely prevented this.

I have repeatedly witnessed cases where the large bowel has been torn out of its place, more or less, from lifting heavy weights, or from excesses in exercise, or accidents, or severe straining of the bowels. In these cases weakness and pain are apt to continue a great many years. I was consulted at Worcester, Mass., by a tall, delicate young man who, by walking many miles on a very hot day, had caused a very severe dragging down of the liver and breaking away of the bowel at its great turn in the right side. He had great heat and smarting, and weakness in the side, inability to walk far, and unable to perform any hard labor. I witnessed another case where this bowel was broken away in front, and another in the left side, causing a great deal of weakness, pain and debility. After continuing a year or two the sensation is that of hopeless debility in the affected part. One case I witnessed where the pain and suffering had continued for thirty years. All these cases were promptly cured by a few suitable medicines and perfect abdominal support. Then there is

Pain and Weakness in the Small of the Back, with Threatened Disease of the Spine,

caused by weakness of the abdominal muscles. You will see that the abdominal belts are tied to the backbone in the small of the back, and that where it is quite weak and unsupported. Now, when the abdominal belts become relaxed and the bowels sway down considerably, they produce severe pressure upon the spine of the back. This very soon renders the back so weak and painful that much difficulty is experienced in walking, and great weakness is felt over all the lower parts of the body."

Comment from me on this matter is unnecessary. The first thing in physical culture should be to take the right exercise for toning these muscles.

In regard to the use of the voice I want to say that not only must the organs be lifted up into place to form a firm support for the voice, but by lifting them into proper place they are all made free. The vocal organs, as the writer whom I have quoted tells us, are made free, lifted into place, and the air passes in and out freely. One point more: unless the body is perfectly erect, or in other words, unless there is perfect symmetry of the vital organs, you are not sure of breathing correctly, no matter how well you may understand the nature or the art of breathing. When the vital organs are in perfect symmetry you cannot breath incorrectly if you try. This is an important item if we are going to sing and speak for a great length of time. You cannot have a perfect voice until you get yourself into symmetry.

I say these things in closing because I want you to see that the whole work pertains to vocal culture — not merely to physical culture, but to the development of the voice. When God made man and put him into this world, he laid the injunction upon him that he should cultivate himself in all directions; and he rendered it impossible, by the very structure of man, to develop one part to any great extent without developing the other parts also. We must be round people, having fine physical powers, as well as mental development. Sometimes people talk to us about specialists in this disease or that. To be a specialist is a very good thing, provided the individual knows all around his specialty. If he does not know something besides his specialty, he does not know his specialty. During the Olympic games, which had a religious character with the Greeks, they marched in long procession, and in their songs to the gods they said virtually this: "O, ye gods, that love beauty, that have given us our bodies, behold if we have kept them in proper symmetry, if we have cultivated them." It is the same principle that Christ illustrated with the parable of the talents.

To one man he gave one talent, to another two, and to another five. The man to whom he gave five came back and said, "Lord, thou deliveredst unto me five talents: behold I have gained beside them five talents more." By and by came that little conservative man with his one talent, who said, "Lord, I knew thee that thou art an hard man, reaping where thou hast not sown, and gathering where thou hast not strawed: And I was afraid, and went and hid thy talent in the earth: lo, there thou hast that is thine." "Cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness," said the Lord. So God is thundering from the heavens to-day through every natural law in the universe — "He that will not improve upon the nature that I gave him is in darkness and must remain in darkness until the light of reformation illumines his soul, and through obedience to that light he works out his own salvation."

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

John Vance Cheney is the author of "Wood Blooms," "Thistle Drift," and "The Golden Guess." Of the above mentioned books the first two are poetry, the last is a collection of essays on poetry. In the creative volumes will be found interesting matter for private and public reading; and in the critical essays evidences of broad scholarship, keen insight, and a rare appreciation for that which is best in the poetry of the world.

Mr. Cheney belongs to a talented and artistic family. He is a brother of Prof. Albert Baker Cheney, whose portrait illumines this number, and a son of the late Simeon Pease Cheney, the author of "Wood Notes Wild," with which many of our readers are already familiar. Mr. Cheney's surroundings — he is the librarian of the public library in San Francisco — afford him a rare opportunity for becoming acquainted with the best thoughts from other minds, and his opportunity has been carefully improved.

As a critic he finds much that is congenial in Matthew Arnold — and who does not, since Arnold is the only great critic England has ever produced — yet in his essay on "The Great Poets," he has had the courage to differ with his master, and on purely esthetic grounds to vindicate the superiority of Hebrew to Greek poetry. His essay on "Browning" is helpful in forming an estimate even to those who may not accept his conclusion. His paper on "Music, or Tone Poetry," betrays his parentage and affords a clue to one of the charms of his own poetry.

As a poet Mr. Cheney is a lyrist and balladist, but is always a teacher and is always pleasing. In his dialect poems, such as "Helen" and "Modern Progress," he faithfully reflects the western spirit, and reminds us of James Whitcomb Riley and Will Carleton; in his poems of imagination, such as "The House of Pleasure," "The White Tower," and "A Day Dream," of Tennyson and Shelley; in his contemplative poems, such as "Calm" and "The Poet," of Wordsworth; while his heroic pieces, such as "Old Braddock," show something of the fire of Joaquin Miller. His books will repay an attentive perusal, and we heartily commend them to lovers of good literature.

THE HIGHER EDUCATION.

The term "higher education," which so frequently appears in the current periodical press, is commonly confined to the work of the college and university. It is properly applicable, however, to all educational work above the common-school grade. In discussing its scope and purpose we shall use the term in its broader sense.

Modern thought is not unanimous concerning the true purpose of education. It is no longer regarded merely as a process of storing the mind with facts; nor is the number of facts in one's possession considered a correct test of mental caliber. Influential thinkers on this subject now take one or the other of the two following positions.

One class affirm that education should "fit its use," in the sense of being a direct preparation for the student's life-work. They gauge the value of mental

training by the measure of its practical utility. They attack collegiate methods on the ground that much of the knowledge a student thereby acquires can never be applied in practice.

On the other hand, there is a large class of conservative thinkers who contend against the advance of such utilitarian ideas. They claim that the principal motive of the student should not be the immediate and special preparation for a selected field of future activity. The true end of education, they maintain, is deeper and more fundamental. Its central and all-pervading purpose should be, — *to train the mind to think*. For the most potent force in the world, they argue, is thought-force; and surely that training is most desirable which puts at our disposal the greatest amount of the one primal force which is behind all other force.

In the light of this grand conception education becomes vital. It means power. It leads to the discovery of new truth. It does not indeed furnish immediate special training, but it so broadens the mental grasp and invigorates the mental energies as to make possible a completer special training than ever before. The foundation is laid for the greatest usefulness in business and professional life. It stirs the activities of thought and skill in the realms of science, literature, and art. The true "higher education," in a word, is not one-sided, but all-sided. Its motto is "Everything of something, and something of everything."

The new education will not be confined to men alone, but will lead to the fullest development of womanhood. Women will eventually have free access to all our colleges and professional schools. They have already entered almost every avenue of activity. Their presence is felt in business, and in the professions, on the platform and in literature.

The new ideal of education is especially applicable to oratory. The theories and principles of this art of arts, unless united with the highest mental activity, will be barren of results. In preparing a selection for rendering it is not sufficient merely to understand the thought of the author. His thought must become as vital to us as if it were originally our own. With the whole personality alive and responsive one cannot fail of adequate expression.

CULTIVATION OF THE VOICE.

Extracts from Stenographic Report of PRESIDENT EMERSON'S Saturday Lecture.

I said I would begin to-day where I left off last Saturday. I was talking to you then about the muscles that sustain the vital organs. I have had the skeleton and the manikin brought in that I may give you an object lesson on what we are talking about.

Last Saturday I asked the question, "What is it that holds the vital organs up in place?" The chief corner-stone of true physical culture is *symmetry of the vital organs* — getting them into place and keeping them there. What is it that holds them up in their place? The abdominal muscles. They fall from their place because the abdominal muscles become weak and lose their tone. Hence we take the greatest possible pains to cultivate the abdominal muscles in a way to hold up these organs; not merely to make them strong in themselves, but to give them the habit of holding the organs in place. A muscle may be strong without having a right habit. The muscles of the arm may be strong and yet have very poor habit. So the muscles of the abdomen may be strong and yet not possessed of good habit. Many have introduced exercises for strengthening the abdominal muscles; we introduce exercises for giving them *strength* and right *habit* — the habit of sustaining the vital organs. Both of these you see in the Greek statuary; nowhere else,

perhaps, have we such an object lesson of the strength and right habit of the abdominal muscles.

In the production of a tone we have two powers working, the diaphragm and the abdominal muscles. During the production of a tone the diaphragm comes down a little by its own contraction, and meets the force of the abdominal muscles that are going up. These together form a firm and elastic support to the tone. I have here a model of a diaphragm. Notice the position of the stomach and liver in relation to the diaphragm. The stomach comes over in part to the right, but the main bulk of it lies up under the left side of the diaphragm. The liver lies more to the right side. These organs are held up there by means of the abdominal muscles. I spoke to you last Saturday of the bowels sometimes falling out of place, and read some extracts from good authorities showing the terrible results of this, as well as the importance of keeping everything up in place. When the diaphragm contracts, as it does during voice production, it is pulled down, moving every organ below it as well as above it, thus with the aid of the abdominal muscles, giving the grandest exercise possible to the vital organs.

Now I will take another cast and show you other organs related to the voice. Here is a cast of the mouth, throat and nares. You see a large chamber extending from the nose up between the eyes and back to the throat. It is broad at the base, narrow at the top. This cavity, the nares, is the grand chamber of resonance. It is like a bell that rings in response to the action of the vocal cords. We never hear the sounds of the vocal cords themselves; we hear only the echo of them from the chambers of resonance.

But knowledge of the vocal organs only is the mechanical side of voice production. I want to talk with you more especially to-day about the psychical side of it, the mind side. We must remember that educating the voice is educating the mind. Do not think that a person becomes a singer because he learns to manipulate the diaphragm, or the abdominal muscles, or the tongue, the throat, the vocal cords, or any of these organs. He may learn to manipulate them with great ingenuity — to be an expert in it — and yet not have a good voice for singing or speaking. The education of the voice depends ultimately upon mental concepts—upon what is in the mind. The diaphragm, the abdominal muscles, the lungs, the vocal cords, the resounding chambers, all wait upon the concepts of the mind. They are the natural servants of the concepts of the mind. I wish you to discriminate here. I do not mean that by calculation you can make them respond to the mind. I mean that they do it by an inherent law of their own. When the brain vibrates to a concept of the mind, that same instant, if the person is speaking or singing, the nerves which control the tongue and throat and diaphragm and abdominal muscles and all the other parts of the apparatus of the voice, vibrate too. While the person is voluntarily speaking or involuntarily giving utterance to some emotion the sound of his voice will correspond to the concept of his mind. Most of the teaching of voice culture to-day is teaching about these organs and how to manipulate them — how far down to hold the tongue, how high up to lift the larynx, what to do with the soft palate, what to do with the diaphragm, what to do with the muscles of respiration, when to take a breath, etc. A knowledge of these subjects is good, as a knowledge of all scientific subjects is good, but that knowledge will not make you an artist.

Let no man claim to be a teacher of the voice who teaches only these things. Really great teaching is teaching the mind to conceive the right tone. In

all teaching there must be a unit of thought presented to the mind. When you attempt to teach any branch (not merely voice, for this is a universal law that we are speaking of) first ask yourself the question, "What shall I present as the unit of thought to the mind of the pupil? Upon what shall I concentrate his mind?"

In voice culture what is the unit of thought? Ask yourselves the question. The mental concept gives shape to the voice, and the form of the tone reveals the mental concept. The unit of thought in the cultivation of the voice is an ideal in the mind — something placed and held before it upon which the mind is concentrated — a reality to the mind. This ideal should be an uninterrupted tone. Analyze that — it will bear it. The unit of thought is an uninterrupted tone of voice. The unit of thought, I repeat, to be placed before the mind of the voice student is an uninterrupted tone of voice. You know what a vowel is. A perfect vowel is an uninterrupted tone of the voice. A consonant, when we speak of it in its actual and not its ideal sense, is an interrupted tone of the voice.

The instant you can place before the mind of a student an uninterrupted tone of voice, so that he hears it in his mind, he can at once produce it. *Every* person can do this unless there is something the matter with the vocal organs — some disease or some malformation. You have learned this with regard to pitch. While you are hearing the pitch in your mind you can give it. It is the same with regard to the quality of tone. It does not help you much to hear it with your ears, but just as soon as you hear it in your mind it becomes a mental concept and you can sing it. Of course a person might conceive a sound that his voice is incapable of making. But any tone his organs of voice are capable of producing he can produce instantly, and can continue to produce as long as it continues to be a mental concept. Therefore the first object of the teacher of voice is to develop the right mental concept in the minds of his pupils, and he must take the proper means to do this. The vowel is imperfect if it is pressed a little on one side — what we term squeezed; it is interrupted by that squeezing. If there is an attempt to expand the vowel farther than is natural it is interrupted by that effort.

We have been speaking of the unit or whole of the voice, now what are the parts of this uninterrupted tone? Can the voice pronounce consonants in an uninterrupted tone? If so the consonant is redeemed, lifted up, and becomes part of a musical tone. Now, this is the next step for the teacher to develop in his pupil. First, making an uninterrupted tone; and secondly, lifting the tone up into the ideal so that even a consonant shall not interrupt the tone, and words shall seem to "glide on the current of the tune." The vowel is the whole, the consonants the parts.

What is the next step? We have the whole; we have the parts. How can these parts be made to serve the whole? Parts of an uninterrupted tone serve the whole by *variety*. How unmusical finally, compared with the grandest effects possible, would be vowels, and vowels only! I have heard a great many teachers regret that we cannot always sing with vowels alone — that we must deal with consonants. This is no legitimate cause of regret. It simply taxes our powers a little higher. When the uninterrupted tone can express itself through variety how much more grandly is it expressed than when kept in its simple form. We must carry this uninterrupted tone, I repeat, right through the words that have consonants in them, right through the combinations of consonants and vowels. If we first get the uninterrupted tone fixed in the mind as an ideal the mind is capable of joining the

consonant to it and at the same time preventing any interruption. That is what I termed a moment ago redeeming the consonant, bringing it under the control of uninterrupted tone. Then we have the whole and the parts of this whole. It is not the parts of a tone, but the parts of an *uninterrupted* tone. Next, the parts serve each other. Then we have the new whole born which is termed by musicians — and it is a good term — *style*. The same thing is true of the rhetorician. When he gets on far enough in his powers of composition to relate the parts to each other, then he has an individualized style. Of course in a musical sense it has a still more idealized character.

"Now," you say, "all that may be very true. Uninterrupted tone — that is good. I like that idea — joining the consonants to the vowels so they shall not interrupt the musical tone. That is good. Then it gives variety of effect to the voice — that is fine. Finally, these parts shall be so related to each other as to give them that indefinable thing which we call style, which is but the development of the individuality of the performer through his art. That is all very well. The next thing is how to get it. What is the first thing to do?" The first thing to do, as I said in the beginning, is to form in the mind of your pupil an ideal of what an uninterrupted tone is. "Try to place his tongue so he will get it?" No! No being this side of the Infinite ever knew enough — ever can know enough — to so place the organs of speech mechanically as to give an uninterrupted tone. In trying to place them, all the while feeling for an uninterrupted tone in his mind, he may through this performance get an ideal in his mind, and from that ideal develop his powers as a singer, and he may afterwards think it was because he practised on his glottis, "exploding" it, lifting up the larynx for the high note and sinking it for the lower notes, etc. If so, he has deceived himself. While he was manipulating these organs he was trying to get vocal effects; by varying these effects in his mind he developed his powers of singing; but he would have developed them a great deal better through a better method. The tongue can be moved, adjusted; it can be adjusted with another agent — with the hard palate, or the back of the throat—so as to make almost any kind of a tone. It properly adjusts itself for the production of an ideal tone when the ideal is in the mind, and not till then. We must begin with some part of the vocal organism that cannot be adjusted — that is fixed. Here is such a part. It is the nares. You see it is of bone, solid on every side; no part can be moved—it is fixed; therefore a tone receiving its mold or form from the front of the nares is an uninterrupted tone. That is why Prof. Cheney has said — and I think he is the first one who has ever said it — that "the tone in the nares is the center of the voice, so far as development of it is concerned. It is the seed out of which the whole is evolved — the acorn out of which grows the oak, so far as the progress of the student is concerned."

When you have heard another produce an uninterrupted tone it may, to some extent, be helpful. When you yourself have produced it, you will recognize it. If I could give you an uninterrupted tone you would not fix your mind on the *uninterruptedness* of the tone; you would be quite likely to fix it upon my *individuality* as represented in the tone, or upon something incidental to myself, and bring that before your mind as an object of thought. In that way you would not represent the uninterruptedness of the tone of my voice, but some individual peculiarity of mine. Hence you would be simply a copy, so far as you were able to be, of my individuality.

"When you have once properly formed a tone in the nares" (to con-

tinue to use the figure which Prof. Cheney has given) you have struck "the center of the tone." When you have once struck the center of your voice you have found a *reality*. Just notice that point a moment — you have found a reality. What next? *Idealize* that reality.

The power of idealizing belongs to every human mind. It is the power of perfecting in the mind what one sees suggested in the outer world. If I should attempt to draw on the blackboard a circle in my unskilled fashion you would laugh at the result. Why? Because I could not draw a perfect circle. But how would you know? With what would you compare it? You would compare it with a circle which is in your mind. You have the criterion in your own mind, and that criterion is perfect. The power to idealize is in every human mind. When you have once fashioned the tone by the mold of the nares you have an uninterrupted tone. The mind will take up this tone and idealize it. Then little by little you will fix the ideal in your mind. You cannot fix it at once perhaps—perhaps you do not perceive the tones you have made clearly enough to form an idea — but the teacher will know by the results just how fast you are developing that ideal; for the results keep exact pace with the development of the ideal in the mind.

Now we have a center, an acorn out of which to grow the oak. We shall need to practise this a great deal for the sake of fixing the point in the mind. After it is once fixed in the mind you can let the tones pass through the mouth. But you ask, "How shall I place my tongue? My tongue is too big." A teacher once questioned me on this point. He said he had been teaching a number of years, and he had found a great many instances where the tongue was too large. He wanted to know what to do in such a case. The tongue is no more likely to be too large than other organs are likely to be deformed. It is a rare deformity if it ever occurs. I never met such an instance. If the tongue is lifted up too much it interrupts the tone. If carried too near the pharynx it interrupts the tone. How shall the interruption be disposed of when it occurs? Hold the right object in the mind, and the tongue will get out of the way itself, for it was made for the purpose of serving the mind.

You are now supposed to have an ideal tone in the mind. The next point will be to begin to judge very carefully of the form of movement of that tone. You never can think of the voice without associating the idea of movement with it. What is the form of its movement? I shall here quote Prof. Cheney in regard to his methods of teaching the singing voice. He places before the mind the forms of movement that correspond with the shape of the chambers of resonance. Prof. Cheney is the first and only one I know of who, in teaching the singing voice, has carried out the idea of putting as objects of thought before the mind of the student all the forms of movement which the voice takes in passing through these chambers. The molding of the voice in its perfection and beauty is determined by holding as objects of thought those forms of movement, together with one other point for which I am indebted to Prof. Cheney, and that is, the relative *energy* of this movement. The energy is to be contemplated as something outside the effort of the person. Prof. Cheney places before the mind a form that seems to be out in the air, separate from the individual and which corresponds with the forms of resonant chambers.

When trying to exert a power over others one must not contemplate any part of his own physical person, or any action of his own mind. If, while talking to you, I should turn in upon myself and begin to watch my own

mental processes I should instantly cease to say anything to you. All objects of thought must be placed outside the person, must be something outside his body or outside of what he considers the locality of his mind. The mind in one sense has no location. Where is your mind? Can you tell me? You say it is in the head. It is no more there than somewhere else. When it leads you, it is not here inside — it is out there.

There are three points which should guide the teacher in the development of the voice of his pupils. First, there is the center from which to develop the perception of an uninterrupted tone; second, the form of its movements; third, the relation of consciousness to energy.

Now I shall take the few minutes that are left to me to apply these principles to the speaking voice. Before I do so, I want to say that the speaking voice and the singing voice are two branches of one tree. They are different applications of the same thing. One has a voice and he applies it to singing. Another has a voice and he applies it to speaking. The more nearly perfect your singing voice, the more nearly perfect will be your speaking voice. If you were teaching a student to sing you would succeed much better with him if he had had good training in the speaking voice. If a pupil has a bad speaking voice, it is more difficult for the teacher to develop the singing voice. On the other hand, if he has a good singing voice, you can develop in him much more easily the speaking voice. I wish to say this because some persons have even gone so far as to promulgate the idea that the development of the speaking voice prevents the development of the singing voice, and *vice versa*. This is a very gross heresy. In developing the speaking voice we also follow the idea of mental concepts all the while. We have a short drill in the morning. That drill is on the singing side — to form ideals. It is no part of the development further than a mere matter of helping a person to form ideals of enunciation. If a person should go through this drill every day for ten years he would speak worse than he did at the beginning *unless he used the mind each time for the purpose of developing an ideal out of his experience.*

Do you ever think in the study of expression of literature what the requirements of the voice are? All the powers of the voice are required in expressing different kinds of literature. If you are accurately expressing any well written literature you are obeying the very first law of the voice, which is beauty. I will present the thought to you more clearly than I could by stating it. A few years ago they had down here at one of the theaters a star actor who was taking the part of an Irishman, and who drew full houses. People were delighted. They said, "Oh, how charming. Only listen to his dialect." An Irishman came, and after listening to the actor, said he didn't see why everybody was coming there to listen to that man imitating an Irishman. Said he, "He doesn't get it half right; and, faith, I can beat him every time, for I am a real Irishman." He presented himself to the manager, but the manager would not accept him. The actor was lifting the real into the ideal, and that was what interested the people. We are not interested in what we call the real, the actual, until it becomes idealized — passed through the mind. It has a flavor now which it did not have before. We do not want the raw material. So the peculiarities of the Irishman had passed through the mind of a cultured man, and in passing through his mind they obtained a delicious flavor for which we are all so eager. So a Dickens treats the common things in life, in which you and I find no interest. We go down the street and see such and such people,

but do not take any interest in them — we want to get out of their way, and don't want to sit down beside them in the street car; yet we sit for hours over a book by Dickens, reading his descriptions of such characters, until we actually get in love with them. It is because the characters have been lifted up into the ideal. So all good literature lifts the common facts of life into the ideal, and the moment you attempt to express them as they are in the ideal your voice rises in quality to correspond with the conception you have formed of the character or the subject which you express. Therefore you fulfil the very condition of beauty. You have lifted your voice into the realm of imagination.

Persons come to us and say, "I would like to take voice culture with you, because I have noticed that the results of your method are very satisfactory. I do not want elocution. What would it cost me to come in and take physical culture and voice culture?" Now, how can we answer them? There is no such thing as complete voice culture until the voice is associated with the mind in expressing a high thought. When you have expressed all the peculiarities of the different minds that Shakespeare describes you have developed your voice on all sides, for he has portrayed all the peculiarities of human experience.

These all passed through the brain of Shakespeare and gained from it the dignity of his mind. Your mind takes them in that mental state and pours them through your voice, and by this experience is your voice more fully developed. People dare not trust thought. Thought is the only thing I dare trust. I dare not trust the ingenuity of any human being to form a voice. The voice is very material — so material that it is like inorganic matter, unformed, until it is gathered up and unified by the mind. In fact, the voice that is not unified by some mental impulse, some mental experience, is lower than rock or mineral, because there are laws of chemistry that govern the parts of rock or mineral, and there is no law that governs the human voice or makes anything of it except the law of the mind. One of the heaviest taxes laid upon the people of the country to-day — upon our ambitious young men and women, is laid upon them by teachers who are trying to teach them to use the voice by simply manipulating the physical organs. By and by they become a disappointment to themselves, and a disappointment to their friends, because little has been done for them. Little can be done for them except through the development of their minds.

Grow a voice without growing a mind? Why, if such a feat were possible, your voice would be a more disastrous thing to you than the colossal statue of which Shelley's wife tells was to the man who made it. By some kind of magical performance the mighty statue was made to live, but its maker did not give it a soul. It was a giant without a soul — the most dangerous thing in the world. It committed depredations everywhere, destroying human lives by wholesale. At last it turned upon its own creator, upon the sculptor that carved it, and destroyed him. So it is with a human voice that has no soul in it. It is destructive to those who hear it — absolutely ruinous to him who owns and uses it.

No, there is no way to develop your voice in singing but to think your singing — no way to fully develop your voice in speech but to think the thoughts of the great masters of literature while giving expression to them. Foremost in literature are the Scriptures, written by men of old who wrote as they were moved upon by the Holy Spirit. You as ministers go into your pulpits to read that Sacred Word, and, having been to some elocutionist, and learned that certain passages must be

read with an orotund and others with the aspirate voice, you combine these things as best you can. O ministers, you will not magnify your office in that way alone. You will magnify your elocution perhaps, but not your clerical office. Who taught Isaiah to write? The Spirit of God. Who can teach you to express through your voice the writings of Isaiah. Nothing this side of the same Spirit. Isaiah was taken up into the spiritual atmosphere where his soul was moved by the Infinite Mind so that his fingers could write out the thoughts coming to him. Before you can express those thoughts you must be caught up where your mind will act in unison with his. When your mind comes into the sphere in which the minds of the great writers acted, then and not till then, will your voice be as sweet as their songs. The cultivated voice is the mind voice. I am using the word mind in a large sense. Perhaps the word soul would impress you better. It is a soul voice, if you will allow the expression; it is matter vibrating to the pulse of the spirit. Cultivating the voice in this way is redeeming the voice, lifting it up, educating it from on high, from the side of the soul. Psychical culture of the voice is the only true voice culture. Everything that is beautiful in the universe was at first only an idea. Yon little flower that you see blossoming in all its sweetness was in the mind of God before it was in that garden. The mountains lifting their mighty heads as if conscious of eternal being were in the mind of God before they reposed on the surface of the earth. The planets revolving in their orbits were in the mind of God before they were sent whirling through space. What is the world? What is the earth? What are the heavens? Why, they are but the expression of the universal mind. Matter, whether it exists as a separate entity or not, certainly has no form only as it receives it from that which is the essence of form, mind. I like to think of the stars, not as they may be described in a book on astronomy, but as the thoughts of God. I like to think of the progress of history, of the evolution of the human race, as a progressive expression of the thoughts of God. If we create, if we express, it is by the same law, viz., thought clothing itself with matter. Our souls are the children of the Oversoul, the Infinite, and what we do to-day should be born of our souls as the great universe is born of the Infinite Soul.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

A Short Sketch.

By Alice L. Moore, '92.

Read before the Southwick Literary Society Jan. 9, '93.

There is a bit of mythology running through my mind of a custom among the Greeks where a light was kept burning all night before the statue of the god or goddess whose glory was to be celebrated in festivals and games the next day. And sometimes, either because the light was placed by unskilled hands, or because through carelessness an adverse wind was allowed to flare the flame, the statue instead of being illuminated would be covered with smoke. It is with fear and trembling that I take my torch and tenderly, reverently approach the statue of one who was himself a dazzling light, for whether the shrine shall be illuminated or only smoked I know not. I can well imagine with what mingled reluctance and joy the friends of this great man took their torches, lighted at the altar of his warm heart and brilliant mind, and held them before the myriad pictures of his most eventful life—reluctance because of the greatness and responsibility of their task; joy because of their love for him and their admiration for his genius. With my torch lighted from theirs I can throw only a little light here and there on a few of

these pictures, hoping to entice you to visit the great gallery and look upon all that his friends have shown.

No one is wholly independent of circumstances. George Eliot, I think it was, who said, "There is no creature whose inward being is so strong that it is not greatly determined by what lies outside it." The really great man, however, proves himself superior to circumstances; he changes his circumstances rather than let them change him. But in childhood all are for a time at the mercy of their surroundings. Happy is the one who enters this life and lives his first years in harmony with God and his world. This is the birthright of every one, but how few have it! Richard Brinsley Sheridan did not. It was almost a Bohemian life that his family lived, and there was thus a vital element lacking in their family relationship.

Sheridan's ancestors, as Mrs. Oliphant so aptly says, were of a tragi-comic character. His grandfather, Dr. Thomas Sheridan, was a clergyman and schoolmaster of Dublin, a scholar, and one of the wittiest, most jovial of men. Even when one misfortune followed another with no gentle footstep his genial heart still carried the fun and frolic of the happiest days. No one could be out of spirits in his company. He was a friend of Dean Swift's; perhaps none knew or appreciated him better than the dean, who seemed never quite happy or his better self unless Dr. Sheridan was with him.

Thomas Sheridan, the father of Richard Brinsley, was of a somewhat different nature, but withal a man inclined to literature. He was interested in the stage and had some success as an actor; he wrote a life of Swift, but it was not particularly readable. His especial delight, however, was in the study of oratory, and he was accounted a successful teacher. He spent much of his life trying to form a school for its study where he might develop his own methods. Johnson says of him, "There is to be seen in Sheridan something to reprehend and everything to laugh at; but, sir, he is not a bad man. No, sir, were mankind to be divided into good and bad he would stand considerably within the ranks of the good."

Richard Brinsley's mother was a woman of superior talent. Moore speaks of her as "a rare woman, having more intellect than her husband," and Dr. Parr says, "she was quite celestial." Boswell says, "she was sensible, ingenious, unassuming, yet communicative, a most agreeable companion to an intellectual man." She wrote several dramas and a novel that attracted no little attention.

In Richard Brinsley we find the wit and unceasing flow of humor, the jolly good-heartedness and lightness of spirit of his father and grandfather, and all the genius and intellectual attainments of father, grandfather and mother. All his scholarly acquirements he must have inherited—as Minerva sprang full grown from the head of Jupiter—for surely he never harvested for himself. Indeed, the term "dunce" was often applied to him in his youth. The schoolroom was no place for the development and growth of his wild spirits.

We often say that to know a person's real nature it is necessary to see his everyday, home life. The testimony of mother and sisters is a pretty sure index to the character. Sheridan's mother died before he was grown, but we have a sister's love expressed in a letter: "He was handsome, not merely in the eyes of a partial sister, but generally allowed to be so. His cheek had the glow of health, his eyes—the finest in the world—the brilliancy of genius, and were soft as a tender and affectionate heart could render them. The same playful fancy, the same sterling and innoxious wit that was shown afterwards in his writings, cheered and delighted the family circle. I admired, I almost adored him!" Throughout

their lives his sisters did not cease to cherish him in their hearts, their love overbalancing the disregard which might have arisen from his most wonderful escapades.

Thus much have I said that we may see Sheridan as he was before the world had played with him until his vivacity and sparkling wit were growing dim, and then left him to die alone, and after he was dead concluded it would be well to attend his funeral. We are fascinated by this handsome, open-hearted, genial, young man. So was every one who saw him. Lord Byron says of him, "The upper part of Sheridan's face was that of a god, a forehead most expansive, an eye of peculiar brilliancy and fire, but below he shows the satyr."

The romance of his courtship and marriage with Miss Lindley is more thrilling than that of many a story book. He has the true spirit of the knight-errant, and lacks little of the dignity that belonged to his fore-runners of the sixteenth century. He scorned to take advantage of the circumstance of their secret marriage, but after the dazzling light of a romantic elopement had faded and grown dim by time and different surroundings he left Miss Lindley free to choose or reject. You have all read of the final marriage, of the little cottage covered with roses, flooded with sunshine without and love within, which was their home for a year.

Then came the return to London, the fine apartments so beautifully furnished, the brilliant dinners given to brilliant men—but where the dinners and the furnishings came from was a mystery. If ever any one solved the problem of how to live in luxury and ease with no visible means of support Sheridan did, but unfortunately (or fortunately) the secret died with him. He bought a large interest in Drury Lane Theater, but how he paid for it we have no means of knowing. When he had money he spent it as though it were as free and as easy to get as the air he breathed, and he did the same when he hadn't it. He took bank notes to keep his windows from rattling through the night, and paid his butcher next day with jokes and wit. He put all his letters, those of congratulation and criticism, duns and money orders, unopened into the same bag, and if they did or did not balance accounts while there it was all the same to him.

Sheridan was an unparalleled wit, discovering the most unexpected relationships in the most incongrous subjects. This was the "open sesame" that caused the doubly barred door of many a stony heart to open and many a creditor's wrath to turn to mirth. A bailiff who once came to arrest him for debt, accepting Sheridan's irresistible invitation to dine, became so intoxicated with the rare wit and unpaid for wine which flowed so freely that at length he rolled from his chair to the floor, and instead of taking a prisoner was himself overcome. He could outdo almost any one who crossed swords with him, yet he enjoyed a joke upon himself as heartily as upon another. He was at one time trying to persuade his son Tom to marry a rich lady not of Tom's choosing. The father entreated eloquently, the son was no less eloquent and declared his intention to marry Miss Caroline Callander, the beautiful and excellent lady whose heart he had won. The father was not unlike his own creation, *Sir Antony Absolute*, on a similar occasion, and at length exclaimed, "Tom, if you marry Caroline Callander I'll cut you off with a shilling!" Tom replied, "Then, sir, you must borrow it." Sheridan appreciated the wit and dropped the subject.

While his Drury Lane Theater was burning he sat at a coffee house near by taking refreshments as he watched the flames. A friend said something to him about his great calmness at such a time of misfortune. "A man may

surely be allowed to take a glass of wine at his own fireside," said Sheridan. That he was rashly careless there is no doubt, but, as one has said of him, "No man was more careful in his carelessness." After the burning of his theater he called the entire company together and began at once planning ways and means to keep them all employed, pleading with the chief actors not to leave the minor ones, knowing full well that the one class could find employment while the other and their families would starve; nor did he forget any who had found enployment in the theater, even to the boy who swept the stage.

Most of us are familiar with Sheridan's plays, whose spontaneity and sparkle are unrivaled. Some of them were literally dashed off, parts of them only a few moments before they were to be presented on the stage; others were most carefully prepared and still others were written as if by main force, when his friends said that a bird that can sing and won't must be made to sing—particularly as the success or fall of a theater depended upon the singing.

After conquering the world of drama his heart sighed for other worlds to conquer, and this time he chose the world of oratory. He entered political life for just what reason we do not know, but doubtless it seemed to him the next thing to do, and at twenty-nine he entered Parliament. After his first speech he is said to have rushed to a friend in the reporter's gallery and asked him what he thought about it. His friend said he did not think that was his line and he had better stick to his former pursuits. Sheridan rested his head on his hands a few moments and then vehemently exclaimed, "It is in me, however, and it shall come out." All England found afterwards that it was in him and the coming out was like the flashing of lightning. His first famous speech lasted five and a half hours and held the undivided interest and admiration of the House. It was a masterpiece in oratory and in thought, and at the conclusion Sir William Dalton immediately moved an adjournment of the House, saying that in the state of mind in which Mr. Sheridan's speech had left him it was impossible for him to give a determinate opinion. At the trial of Warren Hastings in Westminster Hall, where "the whole world flocked" to listen to Sheridan's eloquence, as high as fifty guineas were paid for a single ticket of admission. This speech lasted for four days and Burke called it "such a display of talents as was unparalleled in the annals of oratory." Mr. Fox said, that "all he had ever heard or read when compared with it dwindled into nothing and vanished like vapor in the sun," and Mr. Pitt acknowledged, that "it surpassed all the eloquence of ancient or modern times and possessed everything that genius or art could furnish to agitate and control the human mind."

One wishes to leave the brilliant scene here, for this point seems the wave-crest of his glory. The world waited upon him and danced attendance until he thought that was what the world was for, and he made it wait and attend. But at length the world grew tired and withdrew. Then Sheridan grew pettish, quarrelsome, and nervous, and careless habits became fixed conditions. Light-heartedness was supplanted by anxiety, wit by fits of temper, and where he had once been recognized as a genius he was now called a fool. His wife, who had been the balance-wheel of his life, was dead. Irregular living and dissipation told on mind and body, and a foolish marriage with a young girl made matters worse instead of better. He did little in Parliament and at length failed to be elected. He almost ceased to write but expected much from unseen sources. For a time a few faithful friends kept him from utter want and

despair, but he ultimately died in abject poverty with the constable outside his door as though to personate the grim monster waiting, eager and merciless, for his prey.

Such apparently was the going out of this great light. But as we turn to take a last look let us see again this splendid specimen of manhood as he was in his younger days. Again we admire, again we hear the eloquence of his speeches, again we are moved to laughter and to tears, and as the tears trickle down our faces they fall upon the dark spots of his life and wash them out from our memory, and once more we see Richard Brinsley Sheridan as he really was in the plenitude of his power. If we could use but one word to describe Sheridan it would be the word brilliant. Whatever he did was like the flashing of a diamond. As a writer, as an orator, in the social and literary world, he climbed the ladder until in every case he reached the rung of success. Byron says: "Whatever Sheridan has done or chosen to do, has been the best of its kind. He has written the best comedy, the best opera, the best farce, the best address, and to crown all, delivered the best oration ever conceived or heard in this country." He left a bright track of light which caught the attention of the world and held even such men as Fox and Pitt and Burke spell-bound. If we cannot look upon him as a fixed star in the constellation of letters we all recognize him as one of the greatest if not the greatest meteor that ever illuminated the firmament.

ARMGART.

[NOTE TO THE READER.—Armgart was a beautiful singer who, after a year of wonderful success in singing the part of "Fidelio" in the opera, was stricken with a severe illness. The remedies given her by her physician save her life, but her voice loses part of its richness and to her seems ruined. When she finds that she cannot hold her former high place as a singer she gives her part to Paulina, her professional rival and retires to a small town to do good and live for others. In this drama George Eliot has portrayed with wonderful strength the struggle of a great genius giving up her art and becoming a friend of the poor.]

Armgart, a human-hearted singing-bird, bears Cæsar's ambition in her delicate breast. She often wonders what her life would be without that channel for her soul. "Poor wretch!" she says of any murderess; "the world was cruel and she could not sing; I carry my revenges in my throat; I love in singing and am loved again."

Graf Dornberg, who loved her long and tenderly, waits for her love until she should have triumphed or have failed in her art.

On the night of her first appearance before the public her success is assured. Her old teacher, Leo, is made to live his old successes over again in her success, for she out-sang his hopes; when she leaves the stage amid rapturous applause she bears off the first prize, and henceforth may wear the star of brilliants from the royal box.

To pour her passion on the air, alive with human heart-throbs, is her only rapture.

Armgart rejoices in her success with no mean vanity; she is glad to be a part of the art she worships.

The next morning Graf Dornberg comes to renew his proposal for marriage. Public verdict does not sway his judgment of Armgart; he tells her that had she failed she would have remained the same to him.

"Our high success has terrors when achieved. You said you dared not think what life would be without the stamp of eminence; have you thought how you would bear the poise of eminence with the dread of sliding?"

Armgart in her strength replies: "I accept the peril. I choose to walk high with sublimer dread than crawl in safety. And, besides, I am an artist as you are a noble; I ought to bear the burden of my rank."

To which Graf replies, "A woman's rank lies in the fullness of her woman-

hood; therein alone is she royal. Ambition exquisite as yours is not robust enough for the gross world. Pain had been saved — nay, purer glory reached — had you been throned as woman, only swaying your power in home delights, which penetrate and purify the world."

"What! leave the opera with my part ill sung while I am warbling in a drawing-room? I am an artist by my birth, by the same warrant that I am a woman; nay, in the added rarer gift I see my supreme vocation. Oh, I am happy! I have room to breathe and grow unstunted."

"Armgart, hear me; I meant not that our talk should hurry on to this. True, I came to ask a great renunciation, but not this. Armgart, do you remember, too? The suit was but postponed, not disdained. I come not to seek any renunciation save the wife's. He who sought Armgart obscure and heard her answer 'Wait,' may come without suspicion now to seek Armgart applauded."

"Forgive me, Graf. I am ungrateful to no soul that loves me — to you most grateful. You are a noble and have a high career. You choosing me, either we both renounce a mutual ease or one of us must yield that something else for which each lives beside the other."

"But if I say I have considered this and finally, with impetus of undivided will, returned to say to you, 'You shall be free now; only accept the refuge, shelter, guard, my love will give your freedom — then your words are hard accusal."

"Well, I accuse myself. Your silent tolerance would torture me."

"Then I am the man whom you would love?"

"Whom I refuse to love! No, I will live alone and pour my pain with passion into music."

"Armgart, you are ungenerous. Our difference lies not so deep as love."

"It lies deep enough to chafe the union, Graf; it is your sorrow that you love Armgart. Nay, it is her sorrow that she may not love you. I can live unmated, but I cannot live without the bliss of singing to the world and feeling all the world respond to me. I thank you from all my heart for all. Farewell."

One year later Armgart said, "My doctor has a right to my first song. I go to Leo to rehearsal — none shall sing 'Fidelio' to-night but me!" then rushed down stairs.

Two hours later Armgart returns, and throwing herself upon a chair, seems not to see anything. Walpurga, her friend, casts a glance at the terrified Leo. He sorrowfully shrugs his shoulders, as Armgart buries her face.

The doctor enters — upon seeing him Armgart cries vehemently, "And you have murdered it! murdered my voice, poisoned the soul in me, and kept me living. Oh, your cures are devil's triumphs. Oh, misery, misery! You might have killed me. My voice is ruined, withered, a thing to hide away from scorn and pity. You never gave me a choice to die a singer or live what you have made me with your cures."

Armgart's voice was roughened not lost; but, disdaining mediocrity, she denounces bitterly the world and all its gaze, until by Walpurga's words, she is awakened to a feeling for her fellow-mortals. She sees how from her serene heights she smiled on all the world, yet branded all as abject.

"I was blind with too much happiness; true vision comes only, it seems, with sorrow. Were there one this moment near me, suffering what I feel and needing me for comfort in her pang, then it were worth while to live; not else."

"*One* near you," cried Walpurga. "Why, they throng; you hardly stir but your act touches them."

"Who has need of me?"

"Love finds the need it fills. But

you are hard—"

"Is it not you, Walpurga, who are hard? You humored all my wishes till to-day, when fate blighted me. No; song is gone, but nature's other gift, self-judgment, is not gone. I will not feed on doing great tasks ill, dull the world's sense with mediocrity. I would take some humble work and do it well for others who can use it for delight. I will bury my dead joy as mothers do, bereaved; then learn to love another's living child. Oh, it is hard to take the little corpse and lay it low, and say, None misses it but me."

"She sings—I mean Paulina sings—'Fidelio,' and they will welcome *her* to-night."

WHAT ARE WE COMING TO?

By Lilla E. Kelly.

It is a trite saying—trite enough to be true—that the American business man, in his mad rush for wealth, completely ignores the requirements of the body. He works on his nerve until exhausted nature actually forces him to seek relief.

It is rush from morning till night, with a hasty snatch of pie and coffee at noon and a heavy six o'clock dinner of indigestibles at night. Of course the poor insulted stomach is indignant and telegraphs mutiny to head and heart. Dyspepsia sets in and sympathizing friends prescribe. He diets for a while and tries various kinds of patent foods and extracts. Perhaps he gets interested in gymnasium work and grows enthusiastic over developing certain pet muscles. Some day, very likely, he overstrains himself, and then "the last state of that man is worse than the first."

At length he begins to lose his sleep and then applies to his physician in good earnest. "Insomnia complicated with *hearticus headaca*," says wise Dr. Pillbox. An ocean trip is prescribed and now the weary victim goes in search of the fabled fountain of youth.

He returns temporarily refreshed, but immediately falls into his former habits. The old results again appear, and presently he sets out on a journey from which he never comes back. "Alas! his head was too strong for his body," weeps his widow. Perhaps the body never had a fair chance.

From Mr. Arthur L. Strout.

From a letter recently received from Mr. A. L. Strout the following extract is taken, which will be read with interest by all students of the Emerson College of Oratory.

The Keystone, San Diego, Cal.,
March 21, 1893.

My Dear Mr. Editor:

A letter from Miss Parker, just received, informs me that you desire a few lines from me for the next Magazine. I left Boston with a heart overflowing with love and gratitude for the faculty and students of Emerson College, and while I am sure my heart has grown no smaller it still overflows with the same emotions as I turn my thoughts toward the loved institution. Their kindness to me can never be repaid except by a practice of that higher, nobler, Christian spirit of helpfulness toward others.

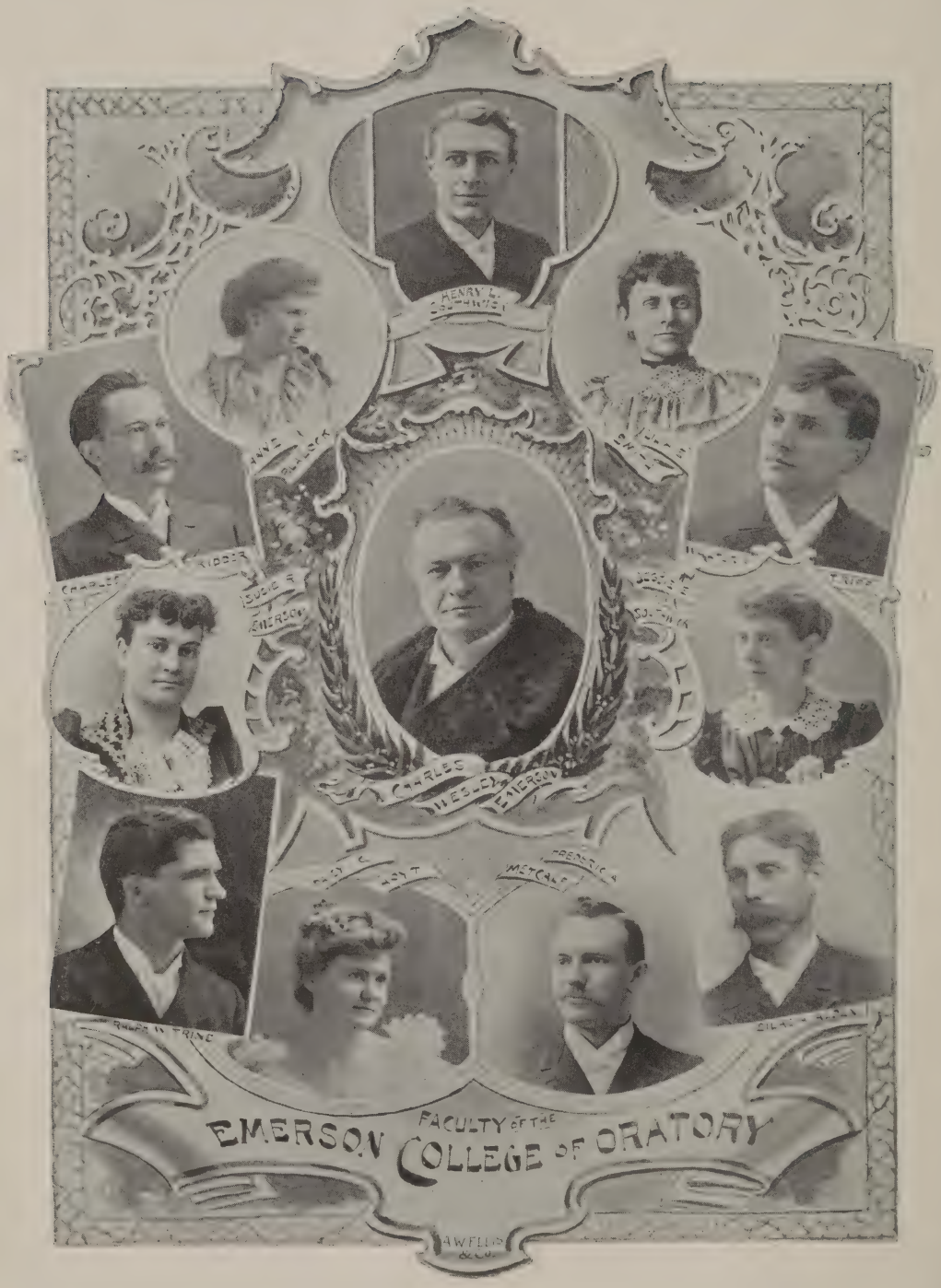
My health has slightly improved already, and this gives me courage to believe that I shall gain more rapidly as soon as the rainy season is over.

I received the last number of the Magazine and read it with great pleasure. I have not seen much of the surrounding country yet, but as soon as I get a little stronger I hope to do some exploring.

Kindly remember me to the faculty and as many of the students as you can conveniently. My promises to write hold good. With best wishes, I am,

Ever your friend,
A. L. Strout.

From Alaska to Turkey.

Who says the Emerson College is not famous? Letters of inquiry have recently been received from Alaska, and from Constantinople, Turkey.

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The following contributions to the Emerson College Library have already been received and are hereby thankfully acknowledged:

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College Latin Course in English	Mr. Fred. W. Devon

Double Number.

To make room for the many features of interest, some of which have been accumulating for weeks, and others of which cluster around the commencement exercises, the management have generously decided to present their subscribers this month with a double number instead of the usual twenty-four pages.

Faculty Picture.

With this the closing number of the year we take pleasure in presenting to our readers a combination picture of our faculty whose excellence speaks for itself.

A Card of Thanks.

In this the last issue of the MAGAZINE for the present year we desire to express our gratitude to all the friends who have so kindly aided us in our work. Special acknowledgment is due to our printer, Mr. A. L. Freeman of the *Morning Star*, and to our engravers, Messrs. A. W. Ellis & Co., for their promptness, fidelity and courtesy in their respective departments. We can most cordially and conscientiously recommend them to any persons who desire good work and moderate prices.

College Pin.

We are glad to announce that at last the students have decided on an appropriate and inexpensive college pin. The design is chaste and beautiful and the price is only two dollars and a half. The pin was submitted to the Alumni Association at its last annual meeting, and was adopted by them with the understanding that its use was confined to graduates of the College. We hope that all persons who are entitled to do so will at once provide themselves. The die is in the hands of Messrs. Shreve, Crump & Low, and a permit can be obtained from Mr. Sherman, the assistant secretary.

Calls and Colors.

We give below the calls and colors of the College and of the various classes so

far as we have been able to ascertain them:

COLLEGE COLOR.—Royal Purple.
COLLEGE CALL.—E. C. O., E. C. O., E. C. O.,
Ma-za-ska-ah.,
Emerson.

'89. COLOR.—Light blue and white.
CALL.—Eighty-nine,
Superfine,
Ma-za-ska-ah
Eighty-nine.

'90. COLOR.—Violet and white.
CALL.—None recorded.

'91. COLOR.—White and gold.
CALL.—'91, rah, rah, '91, rah, rah.
Emerson, rah, rah,
Emerson, Emerson,
'91, '91, rah, rah, rah, Emerson.

'92. COLOR.—Corn and lavender.
CALL.—Ninety-two,
Staunch and true,
Heads up, chests up,
Ninety-two.

'93. COLOR.—Royal purple and lavender.
CALL.—No call.

'94. COLOR.—Royal purple and old gold.
CALL.—None as yet.

A Novel Banquet — the Boys of '93 to the Gentlemen of the Faculty.

A banquet tendered by the gentlemen of a graduating class to the gentlemen of the faculty is certainly a novelty in the banquet line. Such a banquet was held at the Vendome on the evening of May 4, tendered by our boys of '93, who proved themselves worthy hosts in the fullest sense of the word. Promptly at 6.30 o'clock the gentlemen filed into the banquet hall and sat down to a rare repast, which they attacked with the same avidity as they are accustomed to attack the regular morning exercises. With heads up and chests up they made their cheerful way through the sumptuous *menu*, from little-necked clams to harlequin ice-cream and nervine coffee. It was a genuinely jolly crowd, and genuinely jolly it remained during the entire evening. At the close of the feast the following program was carried out:

PROGRAM.

"A college of wit crackers cannot flaunt me of my humor."

ADDRESS OF WELCOME . . . . . *Joseph S. Gaylord*
"Let good digestion wait on appetite,
and health on both."

RESPONSE . . . . . *Prof. Alden*
"Thou canst not speak of what thou
dost not feel."

Toastmaster, Almond E. Palmer.

THE OCCASION . . . . . *Alton C. Lindsey*
"Is't a custom?"

OUR ALMA MATER AND FACULTY . . . *William E. Atwater*
"Good gentlemen, all."

THE BOYS OF '93 . . . . . *Prof. Southwick*
"There's never none of these demure
boys come to any proof."

THE GIRLS OF '93 . . . . . *Albert M. Harris*
"There's no woman shall come within
a mile of my court."

OUR PAST AND PRESENT . . . . . *William E. Chase*
"As ever present time doth boast itself
above a better gone."

OUR FUTURE . . . . . *Pres. Emerson*
"To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow."

The speeches, aglow with the spirit of the occasion, awakened the keenest response. There was no boisterous or unseemly mirth, but manly pleasure and a deep undercurrent of true brotherly feeling. And when Pres. Emerson closed his remarks, which were eloquent in their solicitude for "his boys" and the cause they go forth to advance, every hand-clasp expressed the determination of inspired purpose and unswerving loyalty. A. C. L.

The Excursion to Millis.

"E. C. O., E. C. O., E. C. O., Ma, Za, Ska, Ah, Emerson," rang out upon the air, and echoed and reëchoed along the way, making a cloudy, rainy day full of sunshine as rode the happy three hundred toward Millis on Monday, May 1.

At the station the same cry went up again and again to greet that grand and noble man, our master and teacher, so honored and loved by all. "What a grace was seated on that brow" as he conducted the merry throng to his beautiful home and threw wide open the doors. As we entered those sacred portals what a cheerful greeting was extended to each one by the warm hand of our warm-hearted hostess. Each

one was made at once to feel at home, and as teachers and pupils mingled together with joyful greetings, while we could not say that every care was then forgot, we could say that

"Gentle peace asserts her power
While kind affection rules the hour."

It was a day in the history of the College and the life of each member never to be forgotten on account of the sweet, helpful spirit felt by all as the faculty and students mingled as one.

The bountiful repast, the many opportunities afforded for the enjoyment of each one, and the continual merriment made the day pass all too soon. It was a day most profitably spent, for who came away from the home of our great teacher that did not feel more deeply the spirit of his teachings, which only points to us more clearly the way to the feet of our one perfect teacher, Christ? Who was not brought into closer sympathy with the truth, and made to feel that the only way to be happy is to help make others happy? The only way to be good is to help make others so, for

"Nothing is fair or good alone,
All are needed by each one."

J. M. R.

Positions Already Secured by This Year's Students.

The following students who have been in attendance at the College during the past year have already secured positions as teachers; Alice L. Moore, Jessie L. Shepard, Edna C. S. Little, Lydia E. Phœnix, Sadie A. Hackett, Waldo T. Worcester, William E. Atwater. As the Commencement Day came on Saturday, May 6, this is certainly quick work. Indeed some of them were called to their work before College closed. Doubtless there are others similarly engaged whose names are at present unknown to us.

Professor Trine as an Author.

It has recently come to light that Professor Trine is not only a teacher of rhetoric but also a most able writer himself. An article written by him for the American Humane Education Society has had a circulation of nearly fifty thousand copies, having been sent to every city and town in the United States, a large number to Europe, and quite a number to Asia and Africa. Among others an extended article in connection with the American Economic Association is very valuable. The students should congratulate themselves upon the privilege of listening to one who speaks not from theory, but from his own practical experience.

Professor Drummond's Visit to the Emerson College of Oratory.

On Friday, May 3, after the opening exercises President Emerson said, "You know the central spirit of this institution is the spirit of helpfulness. We believe oratory should be studied for the purpose of helping others, and for no other purpose; not as a mere accomplishment, not for display, but to proclaim the truth that will help mankind. Some years ago a friend wrote me that he had found a man who was in hearty sympathy with the spirit of this College, and that man is the author of a volume entitled "The Greatest Thing in the World." The author of that book is here to-day, and, though he is here as a visitor and not to make an address, I have said to him that you would not be satisfied unless he at least said 'Good morning' to you. I have the honor to introduce Prof. Henry Drummond."

Amid loud applause Professor Drummond rose and said, "This morning I expected to see you, not to address you, for I supposed that I was unknown here, but your welcome has been irresistible. My little books, to which reference has been made and which to my surprise you seem to have read, are in my own country published anonymously, but in some way the secret of their

authorship has leaked out in America. At home I can be as unkind as I please without being accused of eating my own words, but here I find myself in the unenviable position of being obliged to be good and serious upon all occasions. (Laughter.) In my judgment an author should be an abstraction, for where he materializes it takes from the sacredness of the thought which it has been given him to utter, but I hope you will not think less of "The Greatest Thing in the World" because you have seen its author. It gives me great pleasure to be here to-day and to observe the joy and enthusiasm which characterizes your work. I have met some of the alumni of this institution, and in every case the delight seems to be the same. I have traveled over the entire globe, and nowhere do I know anything like this. Certainly there is nothing like it in my own country. When I looked this morning at the sea of faces which greeted my eyes I thought of a Jewish proverb which the gentlemen will excuse me for applying as I do. It is this: 'Because God could not be everywhere, therefore he created woman.' I thank you for your cordial greeting to me to-day." (Prolonged applause.)

President Emerson then added, "Of all the living men whom I had not seen but whom I came to know from their writings, the one man whom I desired to see in the flesh and have visit this institution was Professor Drummond. In this wish I have to-day been gratified, and I know I am voicing the sentiments of the school when I say that we thank Professor Drummond for his visit to us and assure him we shall cherish its memory in our hearts, and that wherever he goes we wish him great success and happiness in the noble Christian work in which he is engaged."

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes Visits the Emerson College of Oratory.

On Friday morning of the last week of school the College enjoyed a most delightful visit from Oliver Wendell Holmes. Said Pres. Emerson the previous morning, "I advise each individual person to be in his place and promptly to-morrow morning, for we are going to have—well, the old saying is, 'A word to the wise is sufficient.'" As a result of this the hall and galleries were filled, a large number of visitors having come.

The students were about one-third through the physical exercises when Dr. Holmes entered and was shown a seat on the platform. The impulse to welcome him then and there was so irresistible that, just as the words "expand, one, two, three," were said, there broke forth a tremendous clapping of hands that lasted for several minutes, the exercises taking a back seat in the meantime.

At the conclusion of the exercise he was introduced by Pres. Emerson, who said that it was not on account of mere curiosity that we were so glad to have Dr. Holmes with us, but because we wanted to look upon his kindly face, to feel the power and uplifting influence of his presence, and that it was truly a benediction to have him with us.

Dr. Holmes spoke at length of the great orators he had seen and heard; Daniel Webster, Edward Everett, Harrison Gray Otis, Wendell Phillips, and George William Curtis, giving their personal characteristics and speaking of their different styles of oratory. It was indeed a rare treat to hear these things, so intensely interesting to the student, from the personal experience of a man like Dr. Holmes. He also spoke of some of his early experiences in public speaking and gave some of his ideas in regard to true oratory. On reaching home he wrote in a beautiful volume of his poems, "To the Emerson College of Oratory Library, from Oliver Wendell Holmes." The students will

long remember with great pleasure this most delightful and valuable visit.

R. W. T.

Emersonians at the World's Fair.

The following letter speaks for itself, and we are sure its hospitable invitation will be appreciated by all Emersonians visiting the World's Fair. While we are not officially authorized to do so we are confident that we voice the feelings of all our students when we say that from our hearts we thank Miss Blood for her generous invitation and will most gladly accept the opportunity it affords for a re-union in Chicago.

COLUMBIA SCHOOL OF ORATORY,
CHICAGO, ILL., 24 East Adams Street.

MR. G. E. HASIE:

We shall be much pleased to have any "Emersonians" who are visiting the Fair register at our school office. The office is open from 9 A. M. till 5 P. M. every day except Sunday. It is also easy of access from each of the three sides of the city, as it is quite centrally located. It will be next best to visiting the "Emerson" to have those who have been blessed by Pres. Emerson's influence calling with the latest news from him and his noble work. Yours very truly,

MARY A. BLOOD.

March 27, 1893.

From Mrs. B. F. Taylor.

Mrs. B. F. Taylor of the class of '93, who was with us a year ago, has very kindly written the following lines to Mrs. Mary. L. Sherman for the benefit of our students:

"The Centennial was very good, grand for the time, but no more compares with the Columbian Exposition than a country school with Harvard University. I thought the Fair in Philadelphia wonderful, but when I saw the buildings in Chicago I realized that to miss such an opportunity was to throw away the chance of a life-time, for the Exposition will be the greatest educator of the century. The Eastern newspapers have persistently misrepresented everything pertaining to Chicago. For instance I have a large front room with alcove, in good location, well furnished, engaged for $30 taking the entire month of June, or $15 for half the month. My meals are as reasonable as in any large city, and can be as expensive as one wishes. As for water there is no better in the world. The noted mineral spring at Waukesha, Wis., is piped to Chicago; and all over the Fair grounds there are stations where it may be had for one cent a glass. The lake water is also pure, clear, cold and healthful."

Class of '92.

Miss Clare Plummer desires us to say that Mrs. George Henry Thomas Scribner, born Josephine Pitman, will be pleased to see her former classmates who may visit the Columbian Exposition this summer. Her address may be found in the Chicago directory.

The Library Fund and "The Rivals."

On Friday afternoon, May 5, the Southwick Literary Society gave an entertainment in Odd Fellows Hall in aid of the Library Fund. This consisted of the production of Sheridan's famous comedy of "The Rivals," in which the principal parts were taken by members of the faculty aided by students from the various classes. The play was fully costumed, and, while scarcely any attempt was made at staging, yet the few accessories at the disposal of the manager added in no small degree to the attractiveness of the production. The work showed careful preparation and was in every way a creditable performance, and as a whole showed a marked gain over last year, though we missed the excellent work of Prof. and Mrs. Southwick. With so much real talent and such thorough preparation it would be invidious to

select individual members of the cast for complimentary comment. We may however say that there was not a single weak member in the company. If the production was a success, and it was universally pronounced so, it was due to the fact that the leading characters were so excellently supported and such ideal harmony prevailed throughout the entire company. The house was well filled and the appreciation of the large and intelligent audience was testified by repeated recalls. The receipts netted $268.50, which the committee will apply to the purchase of books for the new library.

Miss Purman's Singing.

Not the least enjoyable feature on the afternoon of "The Rivals" was the delightful singing of Miss Lola Purman, a pupil of Prof. Cheney and a graduate of the College. Miss Purman has a fascinating personality and a voice of remarkably sweet quality. Quality of voice means the sum total of a singer's personality, and perfection of quality depends on unity of mental and physical action, which gives not only sweetness but also all the power that belongs to the individual. Now quality or unity is precisely what Prof. Cheney aims to develop in his pupils, and this explains the unusual power of Miss Purman's voice, which is scarcely less noticeable than its sweetness. She has developed great mental concentration, and, the voice being entirely free and the muscles perfectly responsive, she is swayed by her song as a willow by the breeze. She lives her song. Every part of her body sings. The "Old Minstrel" is an exceedingly difficult piece, unless handled with great dramatic power it falls flat; yet in saying that Miss Purman interpreted it in a masterly way we are paying but a scanty compliment to the *artiste* and her instructor. In the catchy little songs, "The Vow," and, "The Confession," she was equally at home, thus showing her complete command in ballad as well as in more stately and dramatic compositions. Her bearing on the stage is easy and yet dignified. She is without mannerism or artificiality; a rare combination yet a characteristic one in Prof. Cheney's pupils.

A word as to the accompanist. But who ever thinks of the accompanist? And yet he has it in his power to make or mar the best song and nobody would be a bit the wiser. What a Rembrandt would be without a background, a song is without an accompanist. Well, the Rembrandt had a background, and that was Prof. Cheney himself; and if it were not an affront to so eminent a *maestro* we would say he is the best accompanist we ever heard.

TRUTH AND BEAUTY.

Extract from a Morning Talk by President Emerson.

Reported by Cora E. Northrop.

In a recent lecture I showed how the third period of art illustrates Volume III. of the "Evolution of Expression." Volume III. stands for *service;* in this period the parts serve the whole, and we have four phases of service: (1) logical service; (2) vital service; (3) beautiful service; (4) truthful service. Beauty is the natural vehicle, the natural sign of truth. The human mind perceives truth first through beauty. Beauty appeals directly and powerfully to the feelings, holding and interesting them. Beauty and truth are never separated. In its progress the human mind feels beauty before it recognizes and understands truth. This is the way Shakespeare gets hold of the literary world. Professor Hudson said that as a boy he became interested in Shakespeare's plays because they so fascinated and enchanted him, but thought not then of philosophical re-

search. He was so fascinated that he studied to see what was beneath the fascination. This led to his devoting fifty years of his life to the philosophical study of Shakespeare's writings.

Literature obtains its first hold on the human mind through beauty. In reality beauty and truth cannot be separated. We can only think them separated. They can be forced out of unity to some extent by the ingenuity of man; but in its logical development the mind first feels the beauty side and then grasps the intellectual side of truth.

I could agree with Keats that "the unity of beauty and truth is all we know or need to know," if he had added "good"; and yet that is involved in the other two. If you get down to the last analysis of good, good is all you need to know; so is this true of truth and of beauty — they three are inseparable. From the principles of being we know there may be three in unity — beauty, goodness, truth.

Beauty is the sign that truth and good hang out. Beauty is first in the logical growth of the mind, then truth, then good; but in perception the order will be determined by the nature of the thing presented. In presenting an argument, if you want to clinch it, you must follow the natural order: beauty, truth, good.

There is no power so great as beauty — it is an all-conquering power. It is not fully comprehended yet. Our ideas of beauty are of different degrees. The savage and the child have different ideas of beauty from those of the cultivated or more developed individual, but there is the element of beauty in what they think beautiful. They think a bright color beautiful. When we see that color in a sunset we think it beautiful too. Every soul yields to beauty. No soul ever lived that was not controllable by beauty. But what seems the exception — it only *seems* so — is this: the failure to find just what kind of beauty one looks for. Some look for mere beauty of form or feature; others have higher perceptions of beauty. You and I look for — when brought to its last analysis — the beauty of holiness, the beauty of God.

The beauty of truth controls the philosopher; the beauty of science controls the scientist; the beauty of mathematics controls the mathematician. So fully was beauty centered there for one mathematician that, when asked what he thought God was doing, he replied, "God is geometrizing." So beautiful did geometry seem to him that he felt it must be most beautiful to God.

The beauty of Christ controls the world. The beauty of his life, the beauty of his character, the beauty of his revelation, the beauty of his sacrifice, compels worship. It is the beauty of him in these manifestations that controls. Beauty in and of itself is divine, and you are going to be affected by its various manifestations according to your own development. You think it is truth that affects you, but it is the beauty of truth that affects. Oh, it is such a unity! The beauty of the truth charms and affects you. Truth comes in new garbs and fits into the unity, and you are charmed. Truth, beauty, good, cannot be separated. They are different manifestations of the unit, so many apprehensions on our part of the One. They are not parts. We name our apprehensions of the One by these different terms. I apprehend the One through beauty, and I call that apprehension beauty. I apprehend the One through truth, and I call that truth; through good, and I call that good. When brought to the last analysis they are all the perceptions of the One. "Why callest thou me good. There is none good but One." And he is goodness, beauty, truth. It is the apprehension of *the* One through these phases of goodness, truth, beauty.

THE EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY.

Its History, Methods of Teaching and Courses of Instruction.

By Cecil Harper.

The phenomenal success of the Emerson College of Oratory has created so much interest both at home and abroad that it seems fitting that a brief sketch of its history, methods of teaching and courses of instruction should be given.

HISTORY.

For its history a very few words must suffice. The school was founded by President Emerson in 1880 in Pemberton Square and opened with ten pupils. In 1885 the number of pupils had increased to about seventy, and it became necessary to secure more commodious quarters, which were found in Wesleyan Hall, Bromfield Street. In 1886 it had increased to about eighty pupils, twelve teachers and lecturers, and was organized and chartered. In 1891-2 even Wesleyan Hall was inadequate to its growing needs. Ampler space was accordingly sought and found in Odd Fellows Building, where we are at present comfortably located. This year 1892-3 the faculty numbers sixteen regular teachers, eight regular lecturers and readers, besides several occasional lecturers and readers, and 534 students. From ten to five hundred in twelve years is certainly an unprecedented growth for any college of oratory, and to-day the Emerson College is the largest institution of its kind in the world. Its graduates are occupying the best positions in the leading colleges, seminaries, and schools in this country and in Canada as teachers of oratory, literature, rhetoric and physical culture.

METHOD OF TEACHING.

The method of instruction differs fundamentally from that usually employed in teaching oratory, and it is to this more than to anything else that the great success of the College is due. While other systems work for appearances of power, this system develops sources of real power; while other systems have dealt with effects, this system has also dealt with causes; while others have taught what particular forms of voice or gesture were adapted to the expression of particular sentiments, this has developed those qualities of mind and heart which lie behind all forms of manifestation and which spontaneously create the requisite artistic forms of expression.

All Mechanical Methods Rejected.

It is necessary to say at the outset that all mechanical modes of teaching oratory are utterly rejected. Pupils are never taught to use prescribed qualities of voice or prescribed attitudes of body for the expression of any particular sentiment. The voice and body are regarded as the servants of the soul, and by suitable exercises, which will be explained further on, are trained to give spontaneous expression to the activities of the soul at the instant of utterance. But there is no precalculation of effects. On the contrary, the efforts of the teacher are directed to securing the proper action of the mind at the moment of speech. To make the voice and body the sovereigns of the soul, or even its peers, is a reversal of the order of nature and is destructive of all true power in oratory.

Development of the Entire Man.

The great aim is to develop the entire man, then to teach him to convey his thoughts, feelings, and convictions to others for the purpose of helping them. It must be self-evident that a strong personality, a cultured and noble manhood, either on or off the platform, is infinitely superior to any tricks of voice or gesture. When a man loves the truth and lives it, and can present it effectively to others with a desire to do them good, he has received the best

possible preparation for the work of life as well as for the work of oratory; for, as Mr. Beecher has so well said, "the greatest thing in oratory is the orator." To accomplish this is an herculean task, but, whether a pupil stays here a longer or a shorter time, the aim is always to develop his entire manhood. His individuality is not only never destroyed but is strengthened at every step in the progress of his work.

COURSES OF INSTRUCTION.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

President and Mrs. Emerson, Dr. Sherman and Professor Alden.

Daily throughout the entire course.

Health is fundamentally necessary in an orator. Demosthenes and Cicero gave years of attention to bodily training. But something more than mere health and strength are essential. A gymnast or an athlete may be strong and healthy, but without special training is unqualified to be an orator even from a physical point of view. An orator must be characterized by a dignified bearing and by graceful and appropriate action, and his whole body must be responsive to his soul. This system of physical culture differs from all others in that it develops not only health and strength, but also grace, beauty, and responsiveness of body to the mental attitude. It is furthermore based on principles, physiological and artistic, that have not as yet entered into other systems of physical culture. The system morever provides for an ideal, and a faithful student can gain cumulative advantage through a lifetime of culture. The exercises are taken each morning by the entire school, and the *rationale* of the system is presented in class-room explanations, text-books and in public lectures. Of the good results which have followed from a faithful use of this system I am almost afraid to speak lest I should be thought to exaggerate. As a scientific basis for the work a course of lectures on anatomy is given during the winter and spring terms of the senior year.

EVOLUTION OF EXPRESSION.

President Emerson, Professors Southwick, Tripp, Kidder and Metcalf, Mrs. Emerson, Mrs. Southwick, Misses Smith, Hoyt and Blalock.

Four days a week during the Freshman year.

The mind is the great source of power in oratory, and after seeking a healthy condition of body as a basis for the orator's work the next care is to develop vigorous mental activity at the moment of delivery. Many persons who are good writers are poor speakers, for the simple reason that they cannot think before an audience. But an orator must think before an audience, and he must be vitally affected by the truth while he is speaking. This is the most difficult feature of the work, and the one in which this system differs most radically from others. In perfecting this system no pains have been spared to ascertain the fundamental laws according to which the mind naturally unfolds. These laws have found illustration by the President in his studies of ancient art and are in harmony with the accepted principles of psychology as taught by all educators. They are confirmed by a comprehensive study of all art, of all science, of all human progress, and may easily be traced in the development of any individual mind. Indeed the knowledge of evolution which has thrown so much light upon the creative process of the universe is here employed in the development of the creative powers of the orator. The mind is a unit, but it is successively manifested through its attributes, consciousness, intellect, sensibility, and will, and through these attributes the truth is required to manifest itself in the student of oratory till it is incarnated in his life, loved by his heart, obeyed by his will and used for the good of others. With the class as an audience the pupil is required at every

step to produce positive results and to depend for those results on his mental activity at the moment of speech. He must make his hearers think, feel and act, or his work is a failure. It will thus be seen that this feature of the work is fundamental, because it develops the orator's mind-power; progressive, as it requires him to add something to his mind-power at every step; and practical, inasmuch as his progress is constantly tested by his ability to move an audience. Any student who has mastered these processes has allied himself with the great laws of the universe and has omnipotence on his side in the cause of truth and humanity.

PERFECTIVE LAWS OF ART.

President and Mrs. Emerson, Professor Tripp and Miss Smith.

Three times a week during the Senior and Postgraduate years.

While practice on the steps in the evolution of expression would ultimately enable a student to fulfil all the requirements of oratorical art, yet experience has shown that when a fair degree of excellence has been attained in the evolutionary process a student will advance more rapidly by directing his attention to the ultimate standards of art. Among other good results they at once point out to him those "Laws of Evolution" in which he is most deficient. This inspires him to work anew and with fresh enthusiasm on those laws which he would otherwise neglect. The perfective laws, like the steps in evolution are applicable to all art, for they are universal and progressive. They define what art is, furnish criteria by which to determine the value of any work of art, and provide an ideal which the student should seek to realize in all his work.

GESTURE.

President and Mrs. Emerson directly and all teachers incidentally.

Daily during the entire course. Special drill once a week for Seniors.

The usual method of teaching gesture is to prescribe a particular posture or action for a particular sentiment, which is to be practised till the two become habitually associated, or which is to be applied in delivery by a conscious act of the will. This method is fundamentally different. It excludes the conscious act of the will and educates the nerve centers to respond unconsciously to the action of the mind at the time of delivery. A moment's thought will show that this is nature's method, for in a true orator the gestures make themselves, that is they are the natural outcome of his thought. Gesture is the expression of thought through the muscular sense, and the work of the teacher is to cultivate the muscular sense and the thinking power of the pupil. This requires extended training, but when acquired it adds to the orator's power what no mechanical movements can possibly give, no matter how gracefully they are made. The one is a living tree bearing living fruit; the other is an artificial tree to which fruit is artificially attached. The same speaker will vary on different occasions. A person who always repeats his gestures is mechanical; one who frequently does so is guilty of limitation. Even in statuary, which is cold and dead, there is no absolute and formal rule; how then can there be in oratory, which is instinct with life. Pantomime is merely spectacular; but the orator is a revealer of truth, and his gestures must spring from a vital necessity of his thought and add luminosity to his discourse. The aim of the work is to develop the entire body till it becomes responsive to the mind, to secure dignity of bearing and also spontaneity, grace, precision, and unity of action. The criteria of the great Delsarte are used, together with the discoveries of President Emerson, by which the nerve centers are directly acted on by the mind. The body thus becomes the free and natural servant of the soul, and the soul its natural lord and master.

VOICE CULTURE.

President Emerson, Professor Holt, Mrs. Southwick, and incidentally all teachers.

Daily during the entire course, with an additional hour once a week for Freshmen.

The voice, when free from physical limitation is at the moment of utterance a true reporter of the state of the soul. But from a variety of causes almost every voice has become more or less perverted. The first object therefore is to find the ideal voice of the individual student, then to develop this voice by making it the medium by which his thought is conveyed to the audience. Throughout the entire course, daily exercises are given to secure correct physiological conditions in voice production. In reading and speaking the test of vocal culture is the fidelity with which the voice reveals the state of the mind. A moment's reflection will show that this is nature's method, for, the voice being free to respond to the soul, just in proportion as the soul of the artist grows in truth, beauty and goodness, so will the voice, which is the servant of the soul, grow like its lord and master.

VISIBLE SPEECH.

Professor Kidder.

Once a week during the entire course.

The great requisite in articulation is definite knowledge of form in sound, and to this knowledge the ear is the principal and natural guide. In this department no system is comparable with that of Prof. A. Melville Bell's "Visible Speech." Not only all the sounds of the English language, but the elements of speech found in all languages and dialects have been scientifically classified, clearly symbolized and the position of the vocal organs in their production accurately described. By this system perfect articulation is easily secured. . It furthermore gives a complete symbology, and a full knowledge of the physiology of the vocal organs. A pupil who has mastered the system can reproduce any element in any foreign language the first time he hears it, and preserve its symbol for future use.

NORMAL WORK.

President Emerson.

Once a week during the Senior and Postgraduate years.

The first practical difficulty experienced by a college graduate arises not from his lack of scholarship, but from his lack of experience. After a man or woman has made a reputation his difficulties rapidly disappear, but in the beginning the lawyer waits for his first client, the physician for his first patient and the teacher for his first position. Anything that can be done by an educational institution to bridge over this initial gap is both a duty and a privilege. For this reason a normal department has been established, where the members of the senior class teach, and the members of the postgraduate class lecture, as often as the size of the respective classes permit. Under the inspiration of this experience students frequently secure private pupils, or even organize classes (which enable them to add to their financial resources) while still pursuing their studies. Permanent positions are sometimes offered the pupils before their graduation.

PHILOSOPHY OF EXPRESSION.

President Emerson.

Once a week to Seniors and Postgraduates.

Every art has its corresponding philosophy. The art of oratory is based upon physiology, psychology, esthetics, sociology and history. The course in the philosophy of expression includes an explanation of man as a complex being composed of body and soul, analyzes his physical and psychical powers, shows the soul as the source and the body as the medium of expression, gives the laws of mind, voice and gesture, and shows all art at its highest to be revelatory and divine. It affords a connected view of the entire work of

the College, gives the orator an insight into his own processes and brings his work into vital relationship with all that concerns the welfare and progress of the human race.

THE FINE ARTS.

President Emerson and Professor Dorchester.

About eight lectures, part to the entire school, part to Seniors and Postgraduates only.

All art springs from the imagination of the artist and appeals to the common imagination of man. As its medium of communication it may use form as in architecture and sculpture, color as in painting, sound as in music, language as in poetry, or it may combine the principles of all of these as in oratory, but fundamentally all art is one, and some understanding of its history and philosophy is indispensable to an intelligent study both of literature and oratory. Instruction in this department is given mostly by lectures (some of which are illustrated by the stereopticon) though reference is made to accessible text books and to the collection in the Museum of Fine Arts.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

Professor Dorchester and Professor Rolfe.

Once a week throughout the course. Additional lectures during the winter term.

The object of this course is to give the student a comprehensive knowledge of English literature from the earliest historic times to the present day. The method of instruction is by lectures, syllabi, recitations, original research and themes on subjects assigned. The mode of treatment is historical, critical and literary. The work of the Freshman course is largely historical, and includes a discussion of the following subjects: (1) What is Literature? (2) Early Formative Elements of English Literature, (3) Fusion of Languages and Dialects into Middle English, (4) Chaucer, (5) The Environment and Genius of Edmund Spenser, (6) The Rise of the English Drama, (7) Milton. The senior course is largely philosophical, and deals with (1) The Nature and Genesis of Art, (2) Browning's Philosophy of Art, (3) The Elements of Poetic Expression, (4) Critical Study of Select Poems, (5) The Beginnings of Fiction, (6) The Study of the Novel.

The works of reference are too numerous to mention in detail. Students have access to the Boston Public Library. A small library has lately been established in connection with the College.

Lectures on the English poets are given by Prof. Rolfe during the winter term.

RHETORIC.

Hon. Jno. W. Dickinson and Prof. Ralph W. Trine.

Once a week during the Freshman and Senior years.

A scientific knowledge of the principles of rhetoric and some practice in writing are essential to the intelligent interpretation of literature. A public reader should understand the leading forms of composition and their value in platform work. Such a knowledge aids the reader in the choice and preparation of selections, and serves as a background to give richness to his work. The instruction in this course is both scientific and practical, and is given by lectures, text books and written compositions.

SHAKESPEARE.

Professor Rolfe, Professor and Mrs. Southwick.

About five times a week during the Senior and Postgraduate years.

The object of this course is to give a literary knowledge of a considerable number of Shakespeare's plays, and to make a careful dramatic study of a smaller number for the purpose of studying and portraying character. The method of instruction is by lecture, esthetic criticism and dramatic presentation of scenes. During the past two years the plays of Hamlet and Macbeth

have been presented by members of the two upper classes to the entire school and an invited audience of friends. Sheridan's comedy of "The Rivals" has also been publicly produced.

ANALYSIS.

Professor Tripp.

Once a week during the Postgraduate year.

An intelligent comprehension of the structure of a literary composition is essential to the artistic reader. He must not only think the thought, experience the feeling, see the picture and realize the purpose of the author, but he must reproduce the author's mental process at the moment of delivery. The creation of the reader is a re-creation of the author's creation. The work in analysis is designed to aid the reader in this process, and is based on the principles underlying the evolution of expression.

REHEARSALS.

President Emerson, Professor and Mrs. Southwick.

Once a week throughout the course, with more frequent opportunities during the Senior and Post-graduate years.

The object of this course is to test the progress of the student in the regular class work, and to afford additional opportunities for platform practice. During the Freshman year students recite from their *repertoire* before the president; during the Senior and Post-graduate years selected scenes are given from the plays of Hamlet and Macbeth before Prof. and Mrs. Southwick. The various literary societies in connection with the College, together with the constant demand for readers in the city and vicinity, afford further opportunities for practice to properly qualified students.

PUBLIC READINGS.

Occasional.

To observe the work of a great artist is of itself a liberal education. It provides the student with an ideal, and is thus a source of inspiration. During the past year public readings have been given before the College by the following distinguished artists: Prof. J. W. Churchill, Mr. Leland Powers, Mrs. Jessie Couthoui Shandrew, Mrs. Charles Bond and Mrs. Jessie Eldridge Southwick.

OTHER REGULAR LECTURERS.

Once a week for about two-thirds of the year.

In addition to the lecturers already mentioned, lectures have been delivered during the past year by Rev. W. R. Alger, Rev. Solon Lauer and Prof. H. L. Southwick, on literary, scientific and historical subjects of great value and interest in their respective departments.

ADDRESSES BY DISTINGUISHED VISITORS.

Occasional.

During the past year the College has been visited by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Prof. Henry Drummond, Miss Frances E. Willard, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Rev. I. J. Lansing, Rev. A. E. Winship, and other men and women scarcely less distinguished, whose words of inspiration have been a lifelong benediction to our students.

PRESIDENT EMERSON'S SATURDAY LECTURES.

Once a week throughout the year.

The Saturday lectures of President Emerson cover a very wide range of topics, historical, literary, scientific and artistic, and are all vitally related to the work of the students.

PATRICK HENRY.

A lecture by Prof. HENRY L. SOUTHWICK.

If studying the biographies of the great fills us with humility it also provides us with perpetual inspiration. This morning I shall speak of an orator. I speak of him not simply because he was one of the very greatest—the greatest, some would say—of American orators; not simply because he stood as a representative of a great age, but because his life helped to increase the blessings of mankind, because he is one of the emancipators, because he broadened the hope of man and lifted his ideals. The name of this man was Patrick Henry.

When we walk over a pebbly beach we find among the millions of stones very, very few that are round. The action of the waves has smoothed off some of the roughness, some polish has been gained, but they remain irregular pebbles still. The ocean of human experience may smooth down some of the angularities in character, but, like the pebbles and like these craniums of ours, human character is full of bumps and valleys. Some men are splendid iconoclasts. They are reformers, knights with lance ever at rest for a tilt with inequality and wrong. Some men go through the forest with a broad-ax, and giant trees fall before them. Other men follow and trim the branches from the fallen trunks, saw and plane the logs, and out of them rear enduring structures. Sometimes the man who knocks down can build up—not often.

The man whom we are to consider to-day was not an ideally round man, but he was a great man, a great leader, a consistent man, a star of unusual magnitude in a brilliant constellation, a man baptized with a mighty and unselfish purpose. Eloquent as few men in the history of the world, self-denying and self-consuming in his devotion to purpose, his fame is borne down through history on the projectile force of an idea. That mighty idea, the equality of men, has a peculiar incarnation in the life of Henry. He stands for this idea. When we think of Patrick Henry there comes instantly to our minds an immortal line, "Give me liberty or give me death."

Unfortunately this line and the few which precede it are about the only popular associations connected with Patrick Henry—a man whose thought, startling, treasonable, intoxicating in its daring originality then, is now the common possession of all American children; the influence of whose life has made itself felt where his name is unknown, even as the sun warms the air in caverns where his direct beams never penetrate.

But little is known about Henry by most people who have not made a special and minute study of his time. The last I heard of him in my school days was "Give me liberty or give me death." I used to wonder why there was nothing more in my history about him, and was forced to the conclusion that, like the little boy in the story, he must have died young. For nearly three-quarters of a century there was but one biography of Henry in existence—that of William Wirt, his sincere admirer, but one who had never heard him speak, who wrote too early to get possession of most of the memoranda, letters, and records of Henry and his time, and who therefore was obliged to substitute rhapsody for fact in many instances, and to rely upon the supposed recollections of old men, particularly of Thomas Jefferson, whose information has since been proved to be erroneous in many essential particulars. Notwithstanding these disadvantages Mr. Wirt made a most readable book. Within five years Mr. Tyler has produced the second biography of Henry, written after careful original investiga-

tion, and from this book I largely derive the material for my lecture.

The great orator inherited talent and eloquence from the families of both father and mother. Patrick Henry, born in 1736, was not an Irishman, as many seem to suppose, but was a native Virginian, whose father came from Scotland and became presiding magistrate of the Hanover County Court. A good substantial man of education and some small property was Mr. John Henry, and he took great pride in William and Patrick, his two boys, the latter of whom he undertook to educate himself. He didn't succeed very well. Not that young Patrick couldn't learn, he wouldn't. Had truant officers existed in those days Patrick would have kept them very busy, for when confronted with the ancient query, "Which he would rather do or go fishing," he quickly made his choice, and rod in hand hied him to where lessons cease from troubling, to dream away the hours as he watched the floating cork of his line and waited for the fish that seldom came. The birds above his head sang to him no sweet notes of high ambition, and his life was quiet as the brooks by which he rambled. If the ghosts of misspent hours bent reproachful glances upon him he did not see them; but, careless whither his fleeting fancies led him, he haunted forest glade and shady bank like a youthful Rip Van Winkle — the freest, laziest, most abstracted boy in all the region. And so a little later his father, finding that Patrick was making little progress in his studies, set him and his brother William up in business in a country store. Patrick dared not go fishing now, so he would while away the weary hours with his violin, and when evening would come and loungers congregate and sit on cracker barrels according to the approved and traditional custom in all country stores, Patrick would sit quietly studying the various characters around him; and if conversation flagged he would raise a hypothetical question, and set his customers to arguing among themselves, and learn what each would do in a given situation. He was studying human nature, learning the stops that controlled every note in the scale of human feeling.

You would hardly expect Patrick to make much of a success as a merchant. But he had still another element beside the abhorrence of drudgery to contend against. Customers would want credit. They would get it. Patrick accepted promises and apologies in lieu of cash. Alas for the credit side of that ledger! Do I need to tell you that William and Patrick after using up the capital which their father gave them and plunging deeply into debt, made a disastrous failure? You have guessed it already. Patrick was now eighteen years old, penniless and in debt, hampered by a defective education and indolent habits. At this critical period of his fortunes, probably acting upon the theory that to better his condition he must have a "better half," he married. And so these inexperienced children began life together, to live upon love and faith and hope, and — yes, upon charity; for we read that the respective parents of the couple put their hands into their pockets and bought a small farm and put the young people upon it to *dig* out their own salvation. Here for two years this mighty genius toiled and worried, unskilled in farming, threatened with absolute starvation, borne down by family cares, and almost without hope. And at last, entirely discouraged he sold out his farm—of course at a loss— and going into business once more tried to retrieve his fortunes. Experience and hard lines are good schoolmasters, but Henry never knew his lesson. Again he missed. Again he played the violin, he shut up shop to go fishing,

and of course again he failed. He was now absolutely bankrupt and his friends could help him no more. His family had increased in size and were crying for bread.

All other resources had failed, and it was probably without a dream of future eminence that he announced to his friends that he should turn to the law. After the ridiculously short preparation of six weeks — and indeed poor Henry could afford no longer time — he presented himself for examination for admission to a profession for which liberal culture, wide reading, and methodical habits were considered essential. The awkward boy, now grown into a tall, ungainly man, prejudiced his judges against him at the outset. His knowledge of law was found deficient, but so well grounded was he in natural reason, so subtle and so powerful were found to be the resources of his mind, that in issuing his license one of his examiners said to him — we have Henry's own word for it — "Mr. Henry, I will never trust to appearances again. If your industry be only half equal to your genius I augur that you will do well and become an ornament to your profession." Now at the age of twenty-four Patrick Henry became a lawyer.

Despite the modern impression to the contrary, Mr. Henry made considerable money, although not much reputation, for three years, and, as his private memoranda show, charged fees in eleven hundred suits. The occasion which was to bring out the long dormant and unsuspected powers of the great Virginian was now at hand. It was the famous controversy between the clergy of the established church and the people, concerning the stipend of tobacco with which in 1696 the assembly of Virginia had provided each minister of a parish. In 1748 the law was reënacted. In 1755, on account of a shortness of the tobacco crop, the legislature passed an act "to enable the inhabitants of the colony to discharge their tobacco debts in money for the present year," after the rate of 16s. 8d. per hundred. This act was to continue in force for ten months and no longer, The clergy made no objection to it, but the planters saved so much money by the transaction that three years later, upon a *surmise* that another short crop was likely to occur, the legislature reënacted the act of 1755, and this time without the ten months' limitation. Then there was trouble. The clergy and planters began a vigorous war of pamphlets, the king was appealed to and declared the act of 1758 null and void, and the clergy brought suits to recover in various county courts, selecting Hanover County as the place for the first trial. So hopeless did the case for the planters appear to their attorney that he withdrew, and in their desperation they hired Patrick Henry. The case was tried in December, 1763; The court room was crowded not only with the clergy and people of Hanover County, but with ministers and laity from other counties. In the chair as presiding magistrate sat Patrick Henry's father. When the case had been opened for the clergy Henry rose to reply. He was clad in coarse apparel; he shuffled on to his feet and stumbled through his opening sentences; but as he went on his awkwardness vanished, he seemed to grow in stature, the sleeping powers of his genius awoke and ennobled his features, he began to charm and fascinate jury and spectators. Now came into play the results of years of the closest study of human nature. He knew what stop to touch, what string to sweep, with his master hand. He startled the imagination with language whose power made the blood shiver through the veins. In the midst of a flood of the fiercest invective the clergy vanished from the benches and were seen in court no more. The jury, be-

wildered, entranced, forgetting the act of 1696 and the act of 1748 and the act of 1758, returned a verdict of one penny damages; while the people who had heard Henry with feelings changing from pity to respectful attention, from attention to surprise, from surprise to amazement, and from amazement to the wildest enthusiasm, now seized him at the bar and carried him out into the yard and bore him about in triumph. This speech had set him at a bound at the top of his profession, and had won him a place in the hearts of the people of Virginia from which he could never be shaken. "He was styled," says Wirt, "the orator of nature; for they considered him as bringing his credentials directly from heaven."

Such in brief is the story of the first twenty-seven years of Patrick Henry's life. A boyhood in which no single precocious word or act has been recorded, educational opportunities neglected, an absurdly ill-timed marriage, serio-comic struggles with farming and shopkeeping, a desperate turning to the law when all else had failed—on the principle, I suppose, which old-time New England fathers were said to follow when they picked out the boy who was good for nothing else and made a minister of him — three years of obscure toil, and then one supreme meteoric effort when in a single hour the unknown youth became the first orator of America. These indeed are the undisputed facts of those twenty-seven years, and such is the fascination of a contrast so dramatic that one is tempted to accentuate it, to cry "Behold the miracle! This is manna from heaven, not the bountiful harvest from the seed which has been sown!"

And yet we are compelled to keep steadily in view that these spontaneous, overwhelming outpourings of power are the natural overflow of a full-tided nature. They come not from without, but from within. Outward occasion may smite the rock, but the water that gushes forth comes from the deep well-spring of the soul, and the man gives forth that which he is prepared to give.

It has been widely claimed, and Thomas Jefferson is largely responsible for the prevalence of this impression, that Patrick Henry was illiterate. With most limited schooling, and in early life lacking in industry and persistency, it is maintained that he must necessarily have lacked cultivation. All this has been said about Shakespeare. But the truth is rather that Patrick Henry's education was not of the ordinary kind. The father and uncle who directed his studies were educated men. At fifteen Henry could read Virgil and Livy. Here he formed his style. Here he obtained his mastery of language. True, he may have been provincial in his speech, he may have said "larnin'" for learning, he may have talked about "Cheena" when he meant China, but from his Virgil he had learned the "logic and the potency of fitting words." His very provincialism may have been the dash of rusticity designed to give his speech that good home flavor which his hearers loved so well. His letters show him to have been a cultivated man. We find also that when he was examined for admission to the bar his judges were impressed by the force and logic of his mind and by the breadth of his knowledge of general history. Again we know that he was one of the most modest of men, and we must be careful lest we make over much of his reported self-depreciation regarding his scholarship when in conversation with bookworms like Thomas Jefferson and John Adams. We have noted how from his early youth he was a keen student of human nature. He believed with Pope that the "proper study of mankind is man." "We are too old to read books," he said; "read men." He was the sharp-

est of observers and he reflected upon his observations. He was a "fisher of men," and in the hours of quiet his mind was not unused, as men said, but was unusual. True, he drifted. He inherited great natural endowments from his mother's family, but of them it is said that their talent was in excess of their energy, that they had more in them than came out, for their talents were displayed only in a fitful way and under the impetus of some outward occasion. Henry appears to have inherited this characteristic along with his splendid faculties. He drifted for twenty-seven years. His *will* had not yet taken command of his intellect. Let us see how the change came about. It is said that Mr. Henry was on the wrong side of the famous Parsons' case; and Mr. Wirt, who describes how Henry swept all before him, gives no hint of his line of argument, and leaves us under the fascination of this transcendent, mysterious eloquence, and utterly unable to refute the statement that Henry had taken the wrong side in order "to render himself popular." Nothing is more inconsistent with Henry's character and career. True, he was a born advocate. Sympathy and imagination kindled in the cause of his client, but the secret of that wondrous plea is found in the testimony of Rev. Mr. Maury, the plaintiff in the very suit in which Patrick so utterly overwhelmed him. But Mr. Tyler, who prints the testimony, seems hardly to have grasped the full significance of the testimony. The disgusted clergyman tells us that Henry harangued the jury to the effect that the king had no right to interfere with the law of Virginia, "that a king, by disallowing acts of this salutary nature [referring to the act of 1758], from being the father of his people, degenerates into a tyrant and forfeits all rights to his subjects' obedience." Later on Patrick Henry urged — according to Mr. Maury — that "the only authority which in his conception could give force to laws for the government of this colony was the authority of a legal representative of a council, and of a kind and benevolent and patriot governor." Mr. Maury asserts that the more sober part of the audience were struck with horror, and murmured "Treason." This was a dozen years before the Revolution, but Henry's mind had grasped a mighty idea, an idea that had taken possession of his being. The Spirit of Freedom touched his eyes. The sleeping giant awoke and put forth his might. In that speech Henry had touched a common chord. The response was electric. In the case before him he saw not the question of a few pounds of tobacco, but the rights and liberties of a people — not of pocket-book, but of chains and shackles. Before him was a great, a hitherto inconceivable career. He was to be the champion of freedom with a continent for a court and for his jury a nation. Upon this kingly imagination, upon this great, warm, southern heart, the will set the seal of a mighty purpose—a purpose which was to seize upon his splendid faculties and use them and give to them unity and direction — and from the exaltation of mind, the blaze of imagination, the consecration of the heart, the all-compelling force of character, the will forged a thunderbolt and launched it at the head of George III.

From the day of Henry's great speech he was overwhelmed with law business, and indeed was ever after besought to lend his aid in the most important cases before the courts; but ere long the larger purpose of his life crowded out his general law practice, until, as his memorandum book shows, his legal business dwindled into nothingness. The great orator stands upon the mountain top and looks afar. He was of the first to see the gathering of the storm cloud. A year and a half

after the trial of the Parsons' case Henry was sent to the legislature, an ill-dressed young man, moving awkwardly about; "but during the first few months this raw youth spoke a few times, always as the champion of justice, and with such overwhelming eloquence as to convince the people of Virginia that a great leader had arisen among them; and finally gave impulse to a measure which, as Mr. Tyler has phrased it, "set his own name a-ringing through the world, not without imputations of treason and comforting assurances that he was destined to be hanged."

In March of '64, not long after the trial of the famous Parsons' case, Parliament passed the resolutions which were the forerunners of the stamp act passed on the following January. It was then that Mr. Henry, according to no less an authority than Thomas Jefferson, "gave the first impulse to the ball of the Revolution." The colonists were filled with sorrow and apprehension and the spirit of remonstrance, but no Virginian was hardy enough to give vent to expressions of resentment, and armed resistance was not dreamed of. Henry's second opportunity was coming. Williamsburg, the seat of government, was the center of taste, elegance, and all the glitter and rich coloring of fashionable life in the most aristocratic of the colonies. In that house of burgesses were the revered and courtly leaders of the aristocracy, splendid products of opulent leisure. There were Robinson and Edmund Pendleton, Richard Bland, Peyton Randolph, and George Wythe, and Richard Henry Lee, whose mellifluous, imaginative eloquence had won for him the title of "the Cicero of the house." It was among men like these that Henry won his parliamentary spurs. They represented the great landholders, and between them and the yeomanry from which he sprang was a wide gulf. He was a true democrat and looked upon the body of the people as the source of all power, for whose service government existed. Henry was a modest man. He did not put himself forward. But when the stamp act, soon to come before the British Parliament, was considered in the Assembly of Virginia, when the old leaders hung back, talked remonstrance, conciliation, concession, with prophetic vision he saw the futility of such measures. He heard the clanking of chains behind the rustle of parchment. On the blank leaf of an old law book he wrote, and then he introduced, those famous resolutions on the stamp act, in which he declared that "the general assembly of this colony have the sole right and power to lay taxes and impositions upon the inhabitants of this colony; and that every attempt to vest such power in any person or persons whatsoever, other than the general assembly aforesaid, has a manifest tendency to destroy British as well as American freedom." All the old leaders of the house Randolph, Bland, Pendleton, Wythe—opposed the resolutions, which, after tremendous debate, were carried by but a single vote. It was during this debate that Henry exclaimed, "Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles I. his Cromwell, and George III."—"Treason! Treason!" was echoed from every part of the house; but Henry, seeming to grow in height as he proceeded, slowly added "may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it." "By these resolutions," wrote Thomas Jefferson some time later, "and his manner of supporting them, Mr. Henry took the lead out of the hands of those who had hitherto guided the proceedings of the house. It was the measure which raised him to the zenith of his glory." He was the idol of Virginia.

It is not to be inferred that the older leaders of the House were lukewarm in their patriotism, but that Henry was a

greater statesman. The old leaders, while the stamp act was a measure still in consideration by the British ministry, had drawn up an earnest protest, but when the proposed measure had become an accomplished fact the whole situation was radically changed. Remonstrance and criticism entirely seemly a year before, as tending to dissuade the government from the act, were treasonable now that the act was passed. In the presence of this new problem, reasoned the old leaders, Virginia should move with caution, or, better still, wait until some of her sister colonies had declared themselves. Against the daring youth who attempted to assume the leadership of the house the veterans put forth their united strength. They derided, denounced, argued, sought to intimidate, but Henry swept over them with a torrent of eloquence which has been called "sublime"; and then, when all was over and those resolutions had gone forth to kindle the whole land into flame, this modest and unconscious young man was seen sauntering along the dusty highway, "wearing buckskin breeches, his saddle-bags on his arm, leading a lean horse and chatting with Paul Carrington, who walked by his side."

The unpretentious Patrick, who made no provisions for posthumous fame and was content with doing his whole duty as the hour should reveal it — let the results be what they would — in after years perceived the tremendous consequences of that intrepid policy of the uttering with trumpet voice in the crisis of a nation's life "the very word that was fitted to the hour and that gave to men's minds clearness of vision and to their hearts a settled purpose." In a paper placed beside Mr. Henry's will his executors found a copy of his resolutions, a most modest account of the circumstances and compelling purpose which caused him to introduce them, and the words, "The great point of resistance to British taxation was universally established in the colonies. This brought on the war which finally separated the two countries and gave independence to ours."

Fleet riders bore the news of this first declaration of resistance to every colony, and the spirit of the Virginia resolutions permeated America. You know what was done by the patriots of the other colonies, what was going on here in Massachusetts about this time, and how at midnight passers-by down in Purchase street would look up to a familiar window with its solitary light and know "that Sam Adams was hard at work writing against tories." Meantime Henry practised law or served in that House of Burgesses, serving on the committee of correspondence or going as a delegate to the Continental Congress, where for the first time he met Samuel Adams, and where he electrified Congress, as he had already the Virginia Assembly with eloquence that filled his hearers with amazement and awe, everywhere sounding his war cry of human rights and denouncing the usurpations of pride and tyranny, an extremist of extremists, until his peach-blossom coat became to the patriot band as the white plume of Navarre, and until his startling utterance of 1765 became, nine years later, the settled conviction of all but the most conservative.

"Patrick Henry," wrote Roger Atkinson to a friend about the time that Henry was starting for Philadelphia to attend the Continental Congress of 1774, "is a real half-Quaker — your brother's man — moderate and mild, and in religious matters a saint; but the very devil in politics, a son of thunder. He will shake the senate." He bore away with him the respect and confidence of the chosen men of all the colonies who had enjoyed seven weeks of the closest intellectual intimacy with him, and this fact in itself effectually disposes of the belittling statements of Jefferson to the effect that Henry was a mere declaimer, utterly inadequate to the consideration of matters of practical business. After the State papers, resolves, and declarations and the address to the king had been written, and Congress had adjourned, and John Adams and Patrick Henry were having their parting talk, Henry said to Adams, "After all, we must fight." He had foreseen the end and knew that there was no alternative but abject submission or heroic resistance. On the 23d of March, 1775—he was now 38 years old—he rose in a convention of delegates from the several counties and offered resolutions that the colony be immediately put into a state of defense. A general panic ensued. Some of the warmest patriots of the convention opposed the resolutions, urging that measures of conciliation were ripening, that the colonies were in no condition to resist.

Mr. Henry would not budge. He believed the question to be one of freedom or slavery; and then came that tremendous speech with which every school boy is familiar, "Gentlemen may cry peace, peace, but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms!" The cry "To arms!" trembled on every lip, and the Old Dominion was on fire. Henry spoke prophetically. Within a few days was fired at Concord the shot that "severed the chains of a continent."

It would be interesting, could we but give the time to follow Henry through the stirring events of the next few years, to show how having declared war in his liberty speech of March 23, 1775, he proceeded to make war by starting for Williamsburg at the head of 5,000 men to recover some gunpowder belonging to the colony which the royal governer had seized upon, and how the governer paid for the same, apologized in act before Henry's face, and thundered out a mighty proclamation behind his back. It would be entertaining, could we dwell upon it, to give the story of the orator's military ambition, of his appointment as commander-in-chief of the forces of Virginia, and of how distrust of his military capacity, or more probably the jealousy of the Committee of Safety, drove him by a series of slights into resignation, and of how the officers and soldiers who idolized him went into mourning and presented him with a most loving address, and of how popular indignation was aroused over the summary ending of the military career of a man of undoubted courage, enterprise, and determination before his capacity as a soldier had been tested. I would gladly speak of his service in the second Continental Congress, where he did the hardest and most practical and most delicate kind of committee work, and of how he demonstrated his abilities as a thorough man of business and affairs in his service in the Virginia convention of the year of independence 1776, of Henry's work in framing the State constitution, of his introduction into the "declaration of rights" of the first official assertion of religious toleration at a time when all forms of dissent from the established church, which was of course the church of England, were punishable by law. It would be pleasant to tell of Henry's election as governor of Virginia, and of his two subsequent re-elections and of his efficient high-souled statesmanship; of his brilliant expeditions against the Indian allies of the English; of his loyalty to Washington in the hour when that great Virginian with his little army of tattered heroes was meeting with disasters in the field and beset with traitorous plottings in the camp, of the tender affection of the two men and of their mutual trust. I would speak of Mr. Henry's subsequent service in the legislature, of whose proceedings he was now virtually the director; and of how when the war was ended this inflexible foe to British oppression, in the face of intense prejudice, proved that his magnanimity was equal to his patriotism by advocating a repeal of legislation against the tories. "Let these deluded people return, nor fear that they will injure us," he said. "Shall we who have laid the proud British lion at our feet now be afraid of his whelps?" We find Henry sacrificing popularity whenever his convictions come in clash with public opinion, and advocating his views with uncompromising firmness.

Henry was also a very consistent man, most consistent in that for which he is charged with inconsistency — I mean his attitude respecting the Federal Constitution. Henry was not at the outset an extreme State-rights man, as is commonly supposed. He was a lover of liberty, and with single purpose fought that which seemed hostile to the goddess at whose shrine he worshiped. Far from being a State-rights man in the beginning he favored strengthening the central authority. "I am not a Virginian," he cried in 1774, "but an American." As late as 1784, when the peace had been established, he occupied the same position, but was thrown into opposition to the proposed Constitution by a train of circumstances, prominent among which was a proposition of John Jay to Congress for the surrender to Spain of the navigation of the Mississippi for twenty-five or thirty years in consideration of certain advantages to our foreign commerce. Six Southern States saw at once a cool proposition to give up the most important of their interests in favor of a benefit to seven Northern States, which, having a preponderance in number in the Union, might vastly endanger the rights and

interests of the South. About this time came to Henry's ears rumors of a conspiracy of Northern men, which probably never existed, for cutting loose from the Southern States when it should seem advantageous to do so. Fear of Northern supremacy and of unfair use of the weight of numbers became general, and was made manifest by resolutions passed by the Virginia house of delegates very late in 1786. Henry now foresaw danger both to the people and to the State of Virginia, and refused to go as a delegate to the Philadelphia constitutional convention. When the Constitution was sent forth in 1787, and it became known that it could be adopted upon the ratification of nine States, Washington, who saw in it the only means of saving the nation from anarchy, wrote earnestly to Henry on the subject; but Henry returned answer, "I cannot bring my mind to accord with the proposed Constitution." In the months preceding the Virginia convention of June, 1788 to consider ratification Henry conducted a hot campaign to influence the election of delegates and to arouse the people to what he believed to be an impending danger. When the convention finally assembled, eight States out of the thirteen had ratified the Constitution and but one more was needed for its establishment. In the convention itself, consisting of 170 members, the friends of the Constitution possessed a plurality of about fifty. Except Washington, Jefferson, and Lee every eminent Virginian was there. The biggest building in Richmond had been chosen, the galleries and every inch of standing-room were filled with eager listeners. Mason and Monroe and Grayson supported Henry, but arrayed against him were such men as Marshall and Corbin and Wythe, Governor Randolph, the eloquent Col. Innis, and a stanch little man whose color came and went when he rose to speak—James Madison, the leader of the federal forces, and who together with Alexander Hamilton did more than any other man to bring about the federal convention and secure the adoption of its work by the country.

The friends of the Constitution showed how the confederation was fast falling to pieces; the government respected neither at home nor abroad; Spain and England encroaching upon the outposts; States commercially jealous of each other; States encouraging each other in delinquency; Congress powerless to regulate commerce and make duties uniform; Congress impotent to enforce its requisitions upon the States for money short of a civil war; with its seat of government on wheels, moving from city to city, scared by a crowd of drunken soldiers demanding their pay into changing the seat of their government to the other side of the river. Could there be any question that a stronger government was needed?

When Mr. Henry arose every eye was directed towards the tall, spare figure, clad in the well known red coat and black suit, with dark wig tied after the fashion of the time. His high, straight forehead was deeply furrowed and divided by heavy eyebrows from a pair of small gray eyes, capable of the most varied expression. The bloodless cheeks and wrinkled brow would glow with passion, and his whole face become transfigured. He began to speak slowly, with great emphasis and a look of deep portent. "If a wrong step is now made," said he, "the republic may be lost forever. I conceive the republic to be in strong danger. It arises from a proposal to change our government — a proposal that goes to the utter annihilation of the most solemn engagements of the state — a proposal of establishing nine States into a confederacy, to the eventual exclusion of four States." Turning to the preamble of the Constitution and to the men who drew it up, he said, "I have the highest veneration for those gentlemen; but, sir, give me leave to demand what right had they to say, '*We the people?*' *States* are the characteristics and the soul of a *confederation*. If the *States* be not the agents of this compact it must be one *great consolidated national government of the people of all the States*. That they exceeded their power is perfectly clear. The question turns on that poor little thing, the expression 'we the people,' instead of 'we the States.'" John C. Calhoun made an argument upon a very similar line several years later, and that question of whether we are a nation or merely a league, of whether we should begin with the whole or with the parts, was never finally settled until Gen. Grant gave the closing argument at Appomattox and ended once for all the issue whether it should be "we the States," or, "we the people." But Henry, who loved

the Union, feared a menace to liberty in the nature of the proposed new consolidation. "The first thing I have at heart," he said at one time, "is American liberty; the second thing is American union." He was better satisfied with the old confederation than with the Constitution, for the confederation had been strong enough to carry the colonies through a long and most bloody war against the most powerful nation that had ever existed. He attacked the Constitution at all points with the power of a Titan, declared that the new departure would be as radical a revolution as that which separated the colonies from Britain. The great powers of Congress filled him with alarm. "When and where," he demanded, "did freedom exist when the sword and purse were given up from the people?" He predicted the probable renunciation of the right to navigate the Mississippi, attacked the unlimited power given to Congress in taxation of all kinds, and drew a pathetic picture of a whole swarm of federal taxgathers descending like an Egyptian plague upon Virginia for the enrichment of themselves and their masters, and pictured the poor peasant with the hand of the federal tax gatherer in one pocket and that of the State tax gatherer in the other. He declared that the patronage given to the President was so immense that he might corrupt Congress—army, navy, judiciary and all—and so distribute his retainers as to control the country. As commander-in-chief of the army and navy he might make himself king. "We shall have a king," cried Henry. "The army will salute him monarch." The Constitution "squints towards monarchy." "Our State legislatures," urged Henry, "will be a ludicrous spectacle, 170 men marching in solemn, farcical procession, exhibiting the mourning proof of the lost liberty of their country without the power of restoring it." "Guard with jealous vigilance the public liberty. Suspect every one who approaches that jewel."

For three weeks the battle lasted. Henry bore the brunt of the fight. He spoke almost every day of the session. One day he spoke eight times, and one day he made a speech of seven hours' duration. Never were Henry's powers so severely taxed, and never did his genius blaze with more transcendent brightness. Like all great orators he rose with the occasion, and never did he reach a higher altitude than near the close of the great debate. The crisis was close at hand. He was making his last speech, and in words which those who had heard him could never forget, he was describing the tremendous issues which depended upon that impending vote; and, while his hearers sat awestruck under the shivering, supernatural tones of that voice, a crash of thunder shook the building and a storm burst in all its fury. With consummate art Henry seized upon this phenomenon as a voice from heaven. The blinding flashes filled the room. The thunder crashed and rolled. The orator's face seemed transfigured with sublimity; he moved with the majesty of a God; his voice became awful; the powers of the universe seemed to speak through him as he directed the thunders of heaven upon his opponents. Then, cold and awestruck, the members broke the spell without a formal adjournment, and rushed from the house.

But Henry contended in vain. The sun of American nationality, as Franklin had said, was a rising, not a setting sun. Although unable to grasp the larger truths of national union Henry was true to what he saw, and fought with the honesty of a Hampden, with the earnestness of a Cromwell.

Foreseeing the result, he said just before the vote was taken, "If I shall be in the minority I will be a peaceable citizen! My head, my hand, and my heart shall be free to retrieve the loss of liberty, and remove the defects of that system, in a *constitutional way*." Then Virginia, by a vote of eighty-nine to seventy-nine, on the 25th of June, declared for immediate ratification, accompanied by a long list of suggested amendments. Thus Henry had reduced the opposing plurality from fifty to ten. He was able, moreover, to name the two Virginia senators, and after a vigorous campaign of over three years, in which he plead unceasingly for a bill of rights in the Constitution, Henry and those who fought with him secured the ratification of the first ten amendments to the Constitution of the United States. He had created a public demand for them.

Henry's noble devotion to the affairs of his country during the revolutionary days had left him so little time to attend to his

own affairs that he became seriously in debt, and from 1786 until failing health compelled his retirement he devoted himself to the practice of law. After the campaign for the amendment to the Constitution Henry appeared no more in public life except to make one speech, and that at the very close, when urged to come forth from his retirement by Washington himself. Twice had Washington called him to service — once to the cabinet, once to the post of chief justice of the United States — but Henry had declined. Although over fifty years of age when he again began the struggle of rebuilding his decayed fortune the alchemy of his eloquence turned words to gold, and in eight years he retired in comfort and competence to his estate at Red Hill. His progress from court to court was triumphal, and great crowds followed him. Lawyers applauded the matter of his speeches, and their manner bore off the jurors in hopeless captivity.

It is well-nigh impossible to give an analysis of Henry's oratory. It is in truth analyzing "the rose's sweetness, the bird's ecstasy." Moreover, the reports of Henry's words are most meagre and necessarily inaccurate. Neither of his biographers ever heard him, and can present but recollections of old men. But much of his wondrous success may be attributed to his perfect understanding of the human character, its strength and its weaknesses. He knew the common chords. Another power was the greatness of his feeling. It was vivid, electric, overpowering, contagious, resistless. One of the most versatile of speakers, his genius was intuitive, his grasp of the situation instant, his command of his powers — memory, imagination, emotion — absolute. Unassuming as to himself, courteous to opponents, respectful, he aroused no animosity. He was magnetic. Men loved him and felt to help him. His sway over the feelings of his hearers was well-nigh absolute. Once, when denouncing with scathing invective certain speculations in soldiers' certificates, one of the very speculators concerned was so carried away that he involuntarily exclaimed, "That bill ought to pass."

Mr. Henry was a deeply religious man, and but for his inherent modesty would have left us a most interesting theological work. He viewed with alarm the influences of that imported French skepticism which marked the era of the great revolution, and determined to offset it. He had caused editions of certain famous theological works to be printed and distributed at his own expense, and after the appearance of Thomas Paine's "Age of Reason" he wrote a defense of Christianity. The friends to whom Mr. Henry read his manuscript were deeply impressed by the logic and eloquence of his book; but being "diffident about his own work" he directed his wife to burn it, and she complied. A devout Christian, Henry was yet an early and earnest advocate of toleration. An apostle of liberty, he has been charged with inconsistency in that he held slaves. Listen to his own words regarding slavery: "Is it not strange," he wrote, "that, at a time when the rights of humanity are defined and understood with precision, in a country above all others fond of liberty, in such an age, we find men, possessing a religion the most humane, mild, meek, gentle, and generous, adopting a principle as repugnant to humanity as it is inconsistent with the Bible and destructive to liberty? . . . I am drawn along by the general inconvenience of living without them. I will not, I can not, justify it. . . . I believe a time will come when an opportunity will be offered to abolish this lamentable evil. Everything we can do is to improve it if it happens in our day; if not, let us transmit to our descendants, together with our slaves, a pity for their unhappy lot and an abhorrence of slavery."

Patrick Henry was throughout his life, and despite his hold upon the hearts of those who knew him best, the subject of bitter personal attacks. If these things hurt him — and no sensitive, delicate soul could fail to feel the wound — he made no outward sign. Unable to meet him in debate, to break down his work, his enemies began scurrilous personal abuse. Henry never condescended to notice it. Then they adopted that last resort of malignity, employed the newspapers to slander his character. Henry made no attempt to offset their effect upon the public mind. Conscious of his own integrity he went on with the work. He neither contradicted, explained, nor conformed. He felt, as Emerson has phrased it, that "it is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after

your own; the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude."

Patrick Henry Fontaine, a grandson of the great statesman, tells us that Mr. Henry had a most remarkable nose. He could seem to scent tobacco, for which he had an abhorrence, at a great distance. Before coming near him the house servants would hide their pipes and then try every means to free themselves from the odor of tobacco. "You have been smoking!"—"No, Marse Henry; I ain't seen no pipe." Then Patrick would sniff the air, seem to locate the trail, lead the culprit to the very spot where the corn-pipe had been slipped into some secret cranny, and make him throw it into the kitchen fire.

Mr. Roane, who knew him well — and evidence of this sort is abundant — testifies to the magnanimity and the sweetness of Henry's character, that he was the most devoted of fathers, the kindest of husbands, the truest of friends. "With many sublime virtues he had no vice that I knew or ever heard of, and scarcely a foible."

The sunset days at Red Hill are pleasant to dwell upon. The great statesman is at rest. From the verandas of his mansion the eye looked over the broad acres of his estate, down the valleys, abundant and reposeful, along the receding windings of the river, until it rested upon those fair Virginian hills he loved so well. Here he would sit and play his violin, receive with southern warmth the strangers who came to pay him homage, and talk of everything save his own achievements. He loved to sit under his trees like a patriarch of old, with children, grandchildren, and guests gathered affectionately about him. The little ones would climb over his knees and cling about his neck, or run to fetch him water from the spring that bubbled up cool and clear; and so, loving and beloved, amid his groves, with the singing of the birds and the laughter of children, in the communion with friends and in the resource of his own mind, he waited the end. The principle for which he lived had triumphed. The activities of a great republic he had done much to call to life were about him. The sentiment of the nation was the spirit that in him was acting upon the souls of other men and warming them into its likeness. His work was finished. The day was drawing to a close, the gold of evening was fading to the dusk of night. One June day in 1799 he was very ill, and his physician gave him a dose of liquid mercury — a desperate remedy for a desperate crisis. The immortal orator took up the vial: "I suppose, doctor, this is your last resort?" "Yes, it will give immediate relief, or —" and the doctor stopped, overcome with emotion. Patrick Henry looked at him and understood. "Excuse me, doctor, for a few minutes," he said; and he drew his silken cap over his eyes and prayed a simple, childlike prayer. Calmly he swallowed the medicine. The doctor went out, threw himself on the ground, and wept bitterly. The old man still sat in his chair. He was calmly watching the blood as it congealed under his finger nails, and he knew that the end was come. He spoke again, and the words were of love and comfort to those who were weeping around him, and he spoke of that higher peace — the peace which passeth all understanding — then he breathed softly and slept. And the spirit returned to Him who gave it.

Thus lived and thus died Patrick Henry, a splendid rebel, an emancipator, an immortal orator, a man who wrought a perilous and redemptive work, and not alone for his generation but for ages to come; who has left us the legacy of his influence, the priceless possession of his character, and through the open windows of his great soul we see the highest, truest conception of political manhood, heroic in America's heroic age.

COMMENCEMENT DAY

Saturday, May 6, was Commencement Day, and promptly at half past two the president, faculty and graduating class filed into Berkeley Hall, where space had been reserved for their accommodation in the otherwise crowded room. After all were seated President Emerson rose and said:

The one who is to address you is so well known to you that it is unnecessary for me to say anything except that we have here with us the Rev. Mr. Lansing, pastor of the Park Street church, and that he will now address you. [Applause.]

Rev. Mr. Lansing.—In the midst of much toil and weariness I consented to come here to-day to speak, as I was told I might, in a wholly informal way. And now, lo and behold! you all have on your best clothes [laughter] and expect me to make the best possible speech. But if I talk with you as I have always done I am sure you will be satisfied, considering how difficult it is for me to be here at all.

With your knowledge of life and history, and from the teaching you have had and the ideals which have been placed before you here, you have formed a very lofty ideal of what people can do. There is before your mind a picture of the great achievements of all time, and before many of you, I trust, an ambition to rival those who have done the best in their spheres. You anticipate making a name and a fame equal to that of many who have been deservedly honored of mankind. But has it occurred to you that there is one certain thing which marks the climax of all human power and action, that when it is done we all know it to be the best that can be done, and that there is nothing beyond it in the power or the possibility of the human faculties? Can you get it very clearly in your mind that in the supremest realm of effort you too can make a grand success, and that there is one thing so much above all other things that when you do it every one will know it was the best thing that was ever done — an accomplishment which, when you have reached it, you will be satisfied with the certainty that it was the noblest exercise of human power. And when I say to you that I believe I can express in a single descriptive word this highest and best thing that any one can do, and that it lies within the realm of your own powers without regard to your other talents, perhaps you will listen incredulously. Yet I declare there is something within the possibility of every life here, which, when done, is as good as anything anybody can do, is as good as the best, because it is the best. What is that one highest action which we can every one of us perform, which is the very climax of human activity and life? What is the supreme thing that we can do, which, being done, we are satisfied that nothing can ever be done by a human being which is beyond it? I answer that the one supreme action possible to any life, the supremest thing any one can do, is to love; the highest activity, the grandest and noblest achievement of human power, is to love; and that whatever the tribe of men and whatever the gifts or talents of individuals, no matter where found, under what skies or in what efforts, we all recognize that love is the most perfect, the most exalted, and the most ennobling accomplishment of which human nature is capable. Saying this, let me add to it a few words in explanation which will make it very clear.

Love is the only possession with which we can do good only and never harm. Love is the only faculty, the only power, the only accomplishment which has no alternative use for evil purposes. The one who has and exercises it can do only one thing with it, and that is to do good. The man who understands the compounding of drugs may combine medicines which will restore you to health when you are very ill, or may mix a poison that will kill you when you are in perfect health. The man who understands machinery may make a machine which will work and do the service of a hundred men, but also he may make an infernal machine that will blow the hundred men into a thousand atoms. You can find a man who understands social laws so well that he can build up society by the careful use of his knowledge, or he can overthrow society by using that knowledge in the wrong way. But it is true of love that we can never do harm with it. One may have so much faith as to become credulous, but one cannot have love enough to go to excess or to do any possible injury whatsoever to himself or another. The admiration of high talents in men may lead us into selfishness and may inspire ambitions which are injurious. I suppose nearly every boy has been enthusiastic at some time over the great powers of Napoleon Bonaparte, who was not only most brilliant as a military leader, but who was also one of the greatest among statesmen. He represents to the admiring mind a man of colossal power. But admiration of Napoleon Bonaparte may lead men astray, for he was mendacious to the last degree and extremely selfish. Our admiration for great talent does not always produce in us happy conditions. But admiration of great love and appreciation of that love never does any harm. The more you have the better.

You never can have it in excess. The more you are borne away by it the more exalted will be your life, the more glorious your character, and the more extensive your influence.

I have spoken thus of love, which is a spiritual faculty, to introduce you to the general idea to which I wish to call your attention to-day. I wish to speak of the truth that the climax of all culture is the culture of the spirit—not of the body, or of the mind, but of the spirit. The spirit, which is another thing from the body and the mind, is the supreme part of us, and as students we should train this highest of our powers, this noblest of our faculties. I say this, using love as an illustration of spiritual activity, because you know right away that love is not an attribute of the mind. When we talk of our intellect and classify intellectual capabilities we think and speak of such powers as perception, attention, reason, judgment, comparison, memory, imagination, and so on. But these are not the powers of the spirit. Let me make another classification of activities which you will at once see are far superior to mental powers. Let me speak of love, truth, courage, patience, meekness and gentleness, and I might add a large number to the list. These are descriptive terms for the exercise of a faculty which is not a thought faculty. Certainly it is far from being a physical faculty. It is in the realm of the spiritual life. And yet I wonder how many of the very bright young people whom I see before me here have been taught that they have bodies and minds, the mind being indifferently called sometimes mind and sometimes soul, but have forgotten to think that after you have classified body and mind and all that relates to them your highest faculties are not described, and that in this supreme and splendid realm of spirit are really the most glorious characteristics of the humanity which God has made, and of God himself. This is what I want you to think most about. My wonder is that, when we have so many schools for the training of the physical life, and for the cultivation of the intellectual life, that in these departments there is so little observation of the fact that if we were body and mind only we should be totally different from what we are now. Where are the schools of the spiritual life, I may ask. Where are the professorships for spiritual culture, for the culture of the powers whose flower and fruit are love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, meekness, faith, and temperance. I think I know what answer some of you would give to this question as to where such schools may be found [great applause], though I seriously question whether you could use the plural number in describing our institutions of learning where the culture of the spiritual life is made the chief thing. Certainly you might use the singular number, singular in a very eminent sense, and you might apply it to this institution.

I wish to indicate to your rising faculties, which are coming to another stage in their progress to-day, this great principle, that the first thing in the cultivation of our spiritual powers is to become thoroughly convinced that we have them. In other words, before you can cultivate your spiritual nature you want to agree that you have one, that there is such a thing as spirit. We come very slowly to the knowledge of refined things as you know. We have a great amount of knowledge of coarser and ruder things, but we only slowly get our knowledge of the finest things. Take, for instance human knowledge concerning what are known as the mechanical powers. How slowly we have come to the realization of the fact that the mightiest mechanical powers are ethereal to the very highest degree, fine in proportion to their might. Originally, when anything was to be done, it had to be wrought by human muscle. Later the strength of animals was employed in the operations of building and meeting other necessities of men. After that water was utilized, and a current of water flowing over a wheel gave us a mechanical power, or perhaps a rope passing over a pulley was used to assist human strength. Then as the winds blew over the plains there were simple arrangements made by which they could turn wheels and accomplish a portion of the work of men. Centuries passed and we got the water and the fire together, producing steam, and then we had a great marvel in the development of forces and of mechanical inventions, and on this we are depending a great deal now. But in this age we have taken a step a long way beyond that. We have found another force which is imponderable, almost immeas-

urable and invisible, except in some startling manifestations of it, which is just as much finer than steam as steam is finer than muscle. That force we call electricity. Now beyond that, in a realm so sublimated that it is almost beyond the verge of matter, they tell us that the ether particles which are bombarding us from every direction, if they could only be steered on a straight line so as not to neutralize one another, would yield powers so vast compared with electricity that it would be a mere child's toy in their grasp. And to-morrow I think we may awaken to the fact that the ether has been harnessed and is going to enter into the great realm of the world's work. But we are coming to the use of these refined forces very slowly, and it is in a similar way that we are coming to a realization of spiritual existence and spiritual powers. In the ages gone by there was a great deal of glorification of physical powers. Men were great if they were big and strong. Richard the Lion-Hearted was great because he had a great bulk of body, and his arm and battle-axe were as large in proportion. But there was then little of magnanimity of spirit and mind, which you most admire. Great men in former ages of the world were men of massive physical power. After that we get the idea further on in the realm of the finer forces that men were great in proportion to their intellectual power, and in that realm of estimate and measurement we are living now. Our common thought to-day is that men of immense intellectual power, of wide information, large thought, of great mental capacity, are the great and the greatest of men. But we think so only because we are children going slowly along the road towards better things. We are coming to a time—we have glimpses of it all along in the world's history—when men will be reckoned to have the greatest of greatness not by the largeness of their mental intelligence, but by the scope of their spiritual powers. It was not the literature which he produced which made Abraham the father of the faithful, or the fact of his massive legal attainments which made Moses the lawgiver and leader of Israel. Small are the literary fragments left by him, and it was not his knowledge of science, law, history, or metaphysics that made him great. I might go on and speak of other lofty names, up to the Highest Name, to show you that we have already had glimpses all along the line of the world's history showing us the great colossi, the men of magnitude, God-like, to be those who have developed spiritual power.

In that glad to-morrow which you are going to help to make we are to see that spirit and its cultivation are not only necessary for the perfection of human life, but are necessary for the preservation of human society. Take your brainy anarchist, like some of those executed years ago in Chicago—men whose intellects would rival the sharpest in their acuteness, men who had no developed moral faculties and no spiritual perception—make up society of that kind of men, and what have you got? You have got the most accomplished wild beasts in creation, the most remarkable murderers and robbers you ever saw, men who can make the dynamite which they throw and who can blight society in all its developments. We are compelled to look around and recognize that in something else than our intellectual faculties lies the hope of the future, that this hope lies in the cultivation of the spiritual faculties, in the development of what I have alluded to—love supreme.

We cannot live in a world which is simply intellectual. The absurdity of it appears when you try the experiment. There must be not merely mental perception, but there must be conscience, fraternity, sense of duty, obligation, sympathy, love, tenderness, and care. Men of mere intellect are monsters, as much more dangerous than tigers as they are more potent, as everybody may know who has studied the history of the world. So I say as slowly as we came to the knowledge of the etherealized mechanical forces, so slowly we are coming to the sublime and superior idea that the finest forces are in the realm of spirit, and that these, after all, are the incomparable powers of man and the world.

But now it is most singular and interesting in history to know how extremely slow this progress is, and I have no doubt I am talking to many a fair skeptic here to-day, who, having a great idea of what intellectual ingatherings can do, will say, "I never heard or thought before that the spiritual life was great or the greatest." You will come to it, though, if you are true to the teachings you have in this college. To show you how

slowly we come to this knowledge, two hundred and fifty years ago Dr. Gilbert, a very famous man in his time, began experiments in the realm of electricity (I am fond of electricity in itself and as an illustrator, because I like to know about what you cannot fully define, cannot catch and harness, which is so much stronger than we are, and which runs away with us). So studying electricity I see that Dr. Gilbert found that there was a possibility of carrying a little of it along a string, and by this very limited knowledge made a reputation among the scientific men of his day. Then there was Benjamin Franklin, the most renowned among scientific men and philosophers of a hundred and fifty years ago. He found out that the lightning cloud was laden with electricity, which is what our children all know now for the last hundred years, yet the fact came very slowly to that age. Suppose fifty years ago it had been said that a house on wheels would rush through the streets of Boston at so many miles an hour, propelled by a wire overhead. I suppose we should have scoffed at the idea. Suppose it had been said that you could stand and talk to a man in Chicago, and that he could recognize your voice and you could recognize his. Suppose it had been then said that a man in New York could sign a check, and that the signature precisely as he makes it would appear in Chicago at the same moment, so that they would know it to be his signature and that of no other person; no one would have believed it possible. But these are every-day facts now. So we are moving on continually but very slowly to a comprehension of these refined forces, which, when we get them, show that we are only children in knowledge and have never known what is all about us before.

You or others may be ready to ask, "Where are the spiritual forces, this wonderful force of which you talk?" I suppose if you should drop down in a thousand places of our country to-day where they never heard of a telephone and electric light, and say to men there, "All around us in the air is a marvelous force which if you can catch and harness it is a wonderful energy which will run your cars, cure your diseases, light your streets, heat your houses, and do almost anything that you wish," they would reply, "Where is it? I feel nothing." Let them put on their spectacles. They would say, "I see nothing. I sense nothing. There is no such thing." This is the conclusion they would arrive at, and yet you and I know that that great power lies in its boundless reservoir all about us [applause], and if you gather it up in quantity it either makes or mars human life. My hand cannot feel it, yet but for it I could not reach out my hand. What matter whether my eye sees it or not? I know it is here and all it needs is to be gathered up and sped along its way, and things you and I find wholly impossible to the power of my hand it does without an effort, and does almost in contradiction of reason. It is characteristic of the finer forces I may say that they do not always harmonize with reason, and that reason does not find them out. There may be those here who will marvel that I should say so, but I shall prove it as I do everything that I say [laughter]. There is a great deal which is true in this world which is not reasonable; that is to say, reason has never climbed up to find it out, and perhaps never can. Men talk about the supreme power of reason, and surely I hold it in the highest respect, but I never call it supreme. Reason is great, but spirit is greater. The highest powers of the intellect are lofty; the powers of the spirit are supreme over all. Let me give you an illustration from the realm of physics, to show you that even in that physical realm of which I have already spoken there are things true that are not reasonable. I went to see an electrical engineer not long ago. I like to see all sorts of men to see what they are good for, if they are good for anything. And I might say to the young ladies that this is a good rule. If a man is not good for anything find it out in time. [Laughter.] I found this electrical engineer in his large room where the dynamos were in operation, and had a talk with him for an hour while the machinery was starting up at the eventide and the lights were flashing out along the streets. I said, "Tell me about it." He began to tell me. I said, "How do you capture it?" "Well," said he, "you see that armature revolving in front of the magnet. The magnet is of soft iron with wire coiled about it. Well, that is where we get it." And I said, "It is not reasonable to suppose that the rapid revolutions of the

armature in front of the magnet — a mass of metal whirling before another wound with wire and immovable — should give rise to so much force. For this armature wastes force and you talk about gathering up force." "Well," he said, "it is unreasonable. We seem to be spending force instead of getting it. It is unreasonable, but it is true." Then he said, "I want you to notice this wire as large as my little finger. On that goes out all the electricity we gather. It lights fifty arc-lights down the street a mile away; but just as much electricity comes back on this return-wire as goes out on that." "But," I said, "that is unreasonable. You start the electricity out and a good deal is spent in creating these magnificent lights. That which is spent you cannot get back. As it runs along these wires some of it goes into the atmosphere. It is unreasonable to say that as much comes in as goes out." "Yes," he said, "I know it is unreasonable, but it is true." And so we have it that here in the realm of physics, where men have so determined everything by reason and inference, there are certain facts which are positively unreasonable so far as our reason can tell. Do you know that 2,500 volts of electricity will kill a man? Then you rationally say if 3,000 volts were shot into him he would be so much the more dead, and that if the current is sure death at 3,000 volts, any number of volts above that would make death more sure. We know by our reason that this is true, you say. But a year ago last summer Nicholas Tesla, a famous Hungarian electrician, before the British Scientific Association in England, took 50,000 volts and did not wince, simply stood up and took it without fear. He told the astonished company that any one of them could take it too. Some of them tried it successfully. In the face of such facts what are you going to do with your all-over-confident reason? Two thousand volts is sure death, all above that number surer death; but 50,000 volts are easily taken without injury! Thus we are simply proving that in addition to reason the full-grown man or the half-grown man must have a revelation of facts whether reasonable or not. What we want is the truth. It does not matter whether it harmonizes with the little lines I have laid down in my own mind. Suppose I did draw them. It was a pleasant pastime for me. But God, who made this world and made me, planned lines that I have not seen yet and do not understand [Applause]; and in that realm of life where, somewhat as Columbus sailed over the Western sea, we sail as adventurers and explorers, there is a supreme life, not here around my feet, not here in the confines of my decaying flesh, not here in the realm of my narrow intelligence, but yonder where I can sail by the compass of an assured faith into the great oceans of unknown spiritual truth which my Almighty Father and Creator has made for me.

I believe therefore in idealism. I believe in seeing things that are not visible to mortal sight. I believe in spirit more than I believe in flesh, though I believe in flesh also. I believe in love more than I believe in reason. I believe in the higher intelligence which Isaiah had more than I believe in the lower intelligence which Herbert Spencer has. I believe in the power of cutting and anatomizing with the knife of our intelligence, but I do not believe that God made us primarily to cut and anatomize. I think he made us for something better. You know we have remarkable ideas here in New England of the value of intellect. Thank God you did not all come from New England, because New England has too much coldness of heart and mere intellection to suit the best temper of the world. [Applause.] We sift all things through the mind. We question and criticise. We say, "Let me find out whether that is true or not by the keen edge of my intelligence," and we go to work to anatomize it and cut it up and find out whether it is truth or not. We not only prove all things to see what is good and hold fast to it, but we undertake to prove how sharp we are, how close we can cut, and how fine our critical powers are. Do not you know that we so do? I had a friend, a student, a most brilliant and accomplished man, a charming fellow. You could not help liking him. He was very social, very refined. He resolved to be a physician. He told me that after studying in a medical college he got so in love with anatomy and so infatuated with it, that he delighted to cut into the nerve and the vein and the artery and the muscle. And he enjoyed it so much that he could not see a person on the street, no matter how beautiful,

or a friend however dear, but he was thinking how they would cut up. [Laughter.] And even in spite of his best efforts to think other thoughts he had it so much on his mind that he would trace out the nerves and muscles with his mental vision in their bodies. Now there is a good deal of that spirit in our schools. But don't you know that, when you put in your knife and run it along the nerve, the nerve stops quivering and is dead? that when you run the scalpel along a vein, an artery, the blood-vessel stops pulsating and bounding and is dead? and don't you know that the life in it is worth all the rest, and that you cannot define life with a dissecting knife or a scalpel? So I say you cannot define all truth with the intellect. There is a larger realm. That realm I indicated when I spoke of its chief accomplishment, love, and I began with that because that is a superior activity of those powers which are really the supreme powers of our life.

When I was here last some of you will remember (you are so kind and good at remembering when I am here) I talked about the intellectual life as related to the system of training in this college. The time before I talked about the physical life. It came to me that some time I would talk about the spiritual life as related to your training and of this system which you have in the Emerson College. I have not time to do this at length, but I will just hint at what I intended to do. Some other time when you will not be all here, though I shall be sorry to miss any of you, I will talk with you more about it.

One of the first and most interesting facts I noticed in your system of training (and I am glad you love it, because it shows a responsiveness of natures that have not forgotten that there is something above mind) was the tendency of all your training and exercises towards a love of truth. It is not easy to define just what we mean by truth, as it is hard to tell just what we mean by life; and I suppose that if I were talking to Hindu young men and women, and I spoke of truth, they would have no such idea as I have in my mind. But, thanks to the good God, there is in your minds, not latent but active, a sense of what I mean by truth—the correspondence of expression with reality. Whatever that reality is in the natural expression and as a finality, the supreme truth must be the great fact that lies behind all expression and is expressed in all expression—that is to say, God, of whom Christ said of himself as the expression, "I am the truth." I notice that your training tends in the direction of the search for truth even in your first classes, which I will not call primary in deference to your feelings. [Laughter.] In your beginning classes when you first stand on this platform, I hear your instructors say, "Now get precisely the meaning that is in that sentence or paragraph or verse or stanza. Get exactly what is in it. Look at it sharply. Get what is in it, the truth." That is their sole purpose and if you in your effort give some form of expression which indicates that you have not grasped the reality, then straightway your teacher stops you and says, "Now I wish you would think again, observe again, and try again; for there is a truth in there that I want you to get." So you search for truth only. You see everything on the background of realities.

Then you are to be in sympathy with that truth—to take its interests on your heart and to express it to others. How many times I have heard that said here. Then when you come to say it in language or gesture or in any form of outwardness that the human life can give to it, they say to you, "Make what you show outwardly a precise picture of what you have inwardly. Make it very distinctly the same. Ah, my friends, there are volumes on metaphysics and morals too which have not as much of truth as there is in that suggestion, "Make your expression the exact outward show of your precise inward state. Truth, only truth [Applause]; nothing else."

I do not imagine that you are all angels [laughter], even those not of my sex, although it is very easy for me to believe that wings would quickly grow on most of you. [Laughter.] But I do say that I can scarcely understand how any insincere student could ever go out of this college. [Loud applause.] You are practically told every day of your life here that you shall express nothing unreal, that you shall put on nothing of a hypocritical semblance, that you shall never say a word which has not an inward meaning, or look a look which is not the look of your soul, which is not the flash

of yourself. I consider that such training as that is spiritual training, and spiritual training of the highest order. [Applause.] Ah, young ladies and gentlemen, and those who are not so young, I say to you here that if you go into life and express what you are you will want to be what you ought to be. [Applause.] And through the windows of your souls the world will see the spiritual life which cannot be found in the schools of mere mental culture, and which is not down in any book that I know of, excepting that book of life which is the Word of God.

I spoke of love as I began; I will speak of it as I close. I have noticed that in your training you are taught to love one another and to love in general the humanity that you are expected to influence. How often has it come to my attention as I have surveyed the groups which small or large have gathered here for instruction in one or other forms of expression, that it was the design of your instructors to teach you to benefit those who hear you by giving them all you have, so that as they look they shall learn, and your best service shall be done for them. You know a little word sometimes has in it a fullness of meaning which volumes could not amplify. I remember one day when I was here there came in a gentleman of very remarkable presence. I was interested to note him as towering among those who were here. He came to make inquiry about the system of training and to add somewhat to his accomplishments, if that were possible, in the line of oratory; and after he had had an interview, which I think resulted in his not coming here, your president said to me (and I violate no confidence in repeating it), "The man is not thinking of what he can do for others, but what others can do for him. His thought of this profession as he has taken it up is what the public can do for him in the way of service. He has no idea of doing anything for them." The president said this—and I am one who holds his word in very high esteem, the more so the more I know of him. [Prolonged applause.] "There is a fatal defect in that man's idea of oratory, and unless he is willing to lay it aside he can never learn here. That fatal defect is that he is essentially selfish." The opposite of that fatal defect is to be essentially magnanimous, large-hearted, loving, benevolent, and gracious. The kind of training you have had tends to these nobler qualities. I do not know how it is, but always there is an atmosphere in this place that is more to me than any specific person in it, or than even your charming and beautiful presence is to it. It is the atmosphere not merely of symmetry and harmony, which is always associated with excellence; it is the atmosphere not merely of high ideals which lure us on; but it is the atmosphere of the supremest thing of which I spoke at the outset—of beneficence, of kindness, and of love.

I do not wonder that those who are going away from here as graduates feel a pang at heart. I shall not trench upon the province of your honored president, who, when he delivers the diplomas will say far more appropriately than I can words suited to this occasion. But I feel the old pain in my heart to-day as I think of the boys and girls whom I loved years ago at the academy, with whom I had walked and talked and lived and loved and enjoyed the years of my study. Some of them are dead; many of them are gray-headed now; and I know what it means—and I know more to-day than I did then what it means—to leave those who are joined together as you are here. But it is better even from the glories of a Transfiugration Scene to leave Moses and Elijah to go with Jesus to where the epileptic boy struggles on the ground and to lift him up and heal him. This college may be to you a Mount of Transfiguration. I am glad you will leave it to scatter its influence far and wide.

A final word. This week I have buried so much of him as could be buried of one of the dearest friends I ever knew. I am glad to know that not much of him could be buried; a man with whom for twenty years or more I have had the sweetest and most pleasant intercourse under all circumstances, a man with whom I have tramped and fished in the forests, with whom I have been alone on great wanderings and marches through the stately solitude of the primeval woods, a man with whom I have sat on public platforms and with whom I have spoken in great assemblies, a man whom I have known in the sweetest of home relationship the father of my wife, the grandfather of my children, a man forever young. And as I have surveyed the character which has

blessed the world in him, which through all the trials of a long and singularly painful life was never embittered or soured by them, as I looked upon him breasting all adversity, tacking his little bark in the teeth of many an adverse gale, but always making for the heavenly port, as I looked upon his commanding influence over all classes of men, I can see that his power was directly in the line that I have spoken of this afternoon—the power of the spirit exhibiting itself in Christian love. What will you say, brave man here to-day, when I tell you that this life (it was so near to me) which spoke itself so freely to me, was so fine and so clean and so white that never under any circumstances, by word or gesture, by look or thought, did I know him to say what he could not have said in the presence of all the purity that is gathered here to-day. Is not the possession of such a manhood higher than the diplomas of the school? Is it not more subtile than all the achievements of intellect? Is it not more worthy of worship than all the titles of the world? And as I said the good-by word to him and saw him go immortal into the gates of everlasting day I made another vow, the like of which I have often made, that the ambition of my life should be to be a specialist, and an explorer, a discoverer, and a geographer in the infinite realm of spirit where love is supreme and God is our glory. [Great and prolonged applause.]

After the conclusion of Mr. Lansing's speech there were loud cries for Professor Southwick, who came forward and addressed the gathering as follows: Well, I thank you all, but what would ye with me? I am not down on the programme for any talking this afternoon, and you certainly take me at a disadvantage. Not on personal grounds do I object to thus being taken at a disadvantage, but simply because I have no special line of thought to present to you. I do not want to take your time, but now that I am here I wish to express satisfaction and gratification with the work that you have done this year. It has been for you a year of harvesting as well as of planting. And we as teachers will unite with one voice in saying to you, "Well done, ye good and faithful students." To those who are to return I wish a very pleasant summer, a vacation of rest but not of rust [Laughter.] We part with you reluctantly, I assure you, for in spite of cares and in spite of weariness of the flesh—and there are such things even in the Emerson College—we are never happier than when we are working here in your midst; and there is nothing that so freshens us and carries us onward as that sound, pure, wholesome life in this body of earnest and aspiring students. To those who are going out I bid you godspeed, and I feel—and I say it reverently—that you are going out to do God's work. You carry with you great power, greater than you know; and it is all the better that you are unconscious of it, for depth and purpose are the characteristics of this kind of unconsciousness.

My mind goes back to my own graduation and I feel the old sensations. It is partly a matter of memory, and partly dramatic sense, that power we develop here of putting ourselves into the places of others. The old feeling comes back to me. I remember that in the midst of the sorrow of parting — and it was a very real sorrow to me — in the midst of that anxiety which always comes to one to whom education means the preparation for service, and who looks out from the closing door of his *Alma Mater* into the crowded and busy world and wonders where there is to be found a place for him in it—in the midst of all that I felt the sense of security and trust. When a certain great scholar was dying his old mother came to him and smoothed the pillow and whispered to him words of cheer and comfort, and tried to make him feel that after all the way was not so dark, that death was merely a portal; and he opened his eyes and smiled upon her and said, "I have no fear, mother, for in thy face I have seen the Eternal." And so in the face of this *Alma Mater* I felt that I had seen truth. That truth I could rest upon. In obedience to truth—and I determined to obey it so far as in my power lay—I would develop power. It is wonderful to note how obedience to truth develops power. And I think that even in him who has brought us into receptive relations with so much of truth, who has given us a vital realization that art cannot be greater than the man who makes the art — that living is the beginning and the end of all education — I feel that even in him this service to the truth which he has seen has in these past few years widened his spiritual horizon, enabled him

to exercise a beneficent influence still broader and more potent.

Now I find myself, though I did not know where I was coming out, approaching something I want to speak of. [Laughter and applause.] Let us see what this idea of obedience to truth means. How are we obeying? What is it to surrender one's self to truth? Surrendering one's self to truth does not mean lying down on truth and expecting truth like a stream to carry us along. Surrendering to truth means to be an active servant of truth. Two thousand years ago a dozen men in Judea saw the truth, but they did not go back to their fishing nets and dream about it. The stream will grind the corn in yonder mill, but there must be a wheel there before it can do it. The truth needs advocates, and by advocates I do not mean petty partisans; I do not mean lobbyists; but I mean beneficent and earnest souls who will supply the necessary wheel, who will bring the minds of others into receptive conditions that they may get the truth. Advocates for the truth are needed. Now there is an essential step in truly effective advocacy. You cannot move others greatly unless you are greatly moved. Loyalty of heart is essential to the highest advocacy. Loyalty is the magnetic needle of character. It always points north. Loyalty is unselfish. Do not mistake for it that spurious, clinging tendency which is simply a response to pleased sensations, selfish interests, or tickled vanity. True loyalty is unselfish and comes of a noble parentage. It has Love for its mother, and for its father Prescience. Loyalty perceives what is right intuitively, loves it, and holds to it because it cannot help it. Now, conscience tells us what to do. Conscience directs us to do what we think is right when we are tempted to do wrong. Loyalty feels out what is right instinctively, and points north because it cannot help pointing north. Blessed is the loyal man. Men trust him, and I believe God and his angels trust him too. In the hands of the loyal man earnest advocacies become as potent as the thunder-bolts of Jove. And the truth then needs advocates. Now how to advocate. This analytic, narrow intellectualism of which Mr. Lansing has spoken of course has its value; but its chief value in my mind is that it enables men to see, to meet, and to repel attacks upon any principle for which they stand. The world is not looking around for more analysts or more critics. It has a very liberal supply of them now. But we are to remember that everything that carries the world forward is creative and affirmative. Now I believe in aggressive advocacy, though I do not mean censorious and quarrelsome advocacy. Be aggressive, but be sweetly aggressive. You will meet indifference. Hold up the truth. You will meet error. Hold up the truth. You will meet antagonism. Hold up the truth. You will meet those who think differently and do differently; they may be in error, but they may be terribly in earnest. But if they are in earnest regard them as fellow torch-bearers going out to light up the darkness of the world, for every honest teacher believes that he is a torch-bearer. You cannot add much to the general illumination of this world by blowing out the torches of other people. [Applause.] But let your own light shine, and while you work, not only in toleration of all but in love for all, hold your torch up high that it may illumine the path of men. And now I bid you good-by, not only with good wishes, but with assurance and conviction, that you go out to succeed, to serve, and to bless. [Loud applause.]

President Emerson next addressed the school as follows: I never found it quite so hard for me to speak as I do now, because somehow I cannot feel any necessity for my speaking. The Rev. Mr. Lansing has looked into our work and our thought. He has pierced its center and has presented its underlying principles to you.

I want to talk with you about your future. Your record in this college occupies a high place. I can but say amen in regard to what Professor Southwick has said as to our being satisfied and delighted with the work you have done during the time you have studied in this college. In coming to this institution and working with us you have become a part not only of this college, but a part of our blood and bone. We can no longer separate you from our lives. Our ambition is for you. Our hope is in you and your future. May I not repeat what I have said so many times to you, that, while we wish to see the result of every day's work, we care for it not for the present, but because of what it foretells of your future. It

is what you are *going to be*. The grass at the end of May seems to be but little taller than it was at the beginning of that month, but two weeks later its growth is very marked. It grows rapidly during the first two weeks in June. Why? Because all through May it was getting a deep hold of the fountain of life. So while students are in the college we are not looking to see them become tall, but we do want to see them come into contact with the sources of truth, knowledge, and spiritual power, that by and by they may bear fruit for others.

Most of you will go out as teachers. Some will go before the public as readers, and some as lecturers, but the majority of you are going out under the name of teacher. In fact all are to be teachers, because if the teaching element were left out of the pulpit, the pulpit would be a vacuum; if the teaching element were left out of the platform, the platform would be dark. Christ was a teacher. Teaching is the greatest thing under the heavens, and so far as we know it is the greatest thing in heaven that any being, mortal or immortal, finite or infinite, can possibly do. Therefore, wherever you are, you will be teachers—teachers in your examples, teachers in your special departments, teachers in the spirit which emanates from you and shines through you.

It is not merely by obeying physical laws that the body is redeemed, but by obeying spiritual laws as well. Take a healthy attitude of mind then, and be determined to keep well physically. The brain must be well and healthy, and active from the physical side, or it can take no impression. It can neither take nor hold impressions, unless it is vigorous. The first thing you should look after is health. You must be resolved on this point. People say, "I will not eat such a thing because it does not taste good. I will not drink a certain thing because I do not like it." Such people run after appetites, acquired, or coming from the lower instincts, following and obeying them regardless of whether they are healthful or not. You are not going to do that. You are going to eat and drink those things which will give you healthful bodies, doing so in the name of the Spirit, that your bodies may be found willing and able servants, consecrated and holy temples of the Holy Ghost. It is for this reason that I have urged upon you physical culture, it is for this reason that I have urged upon you regular hours and regular habits, for this reason that I have urged upon you the use of that food, of which you have so often heard, which nourishes the brain and nerves and is taken in the form of drink.

As missionaries carry these thoughts to others. You have been educated here into the missionary spirit. Do not forget you are to be missionaries wherever you go. Advance in study. Do not think you have learned all. You have only learned how to learn. The best thing any college can do for a young person is to teach him how to learn, to teach him how to use his powers.

Devote yourselves to those whom you teach. Consecrate yourselves unreservedly to their interest. Think of nothing else but their welfare. They have not come to you to pay you so many dollars for so many hours of service. Remember they have come to put themselves in your care for you to do the best you can for them. Think under what obligations you are to them. If you dare to think of your own interests when you are teaching your pupils you are condemned already. You are under the highest condemnation. You have no right to think of yourselves. Some one may think he is giving all he ought to give if he gives his services for a certain length of time, and that he is not responsible for the results in the pupil. You are responsible for them. A murderer said, "I am not my brother's keeper." But you are not murderers, you are not malefactors, but benefactors. You are responsible for your pupils; when your pupil succeeds, you succeed; when your pupil grows, you grow; when your pupil is happy, you are happy; when your pupil marches on, you march on, and you cannot advance one step in mind or spirit until that pupil moves. It is like a man who puts his shoulder behind a heavy car for the purpose of moving it forward; that man has resolved not to go until the car goes. So you put your heart and brain behind the pupil and you cannot go onward until he or she goes, for nature has so fixed it.

My brother here, who is a preacher, goes forward in the spiritual world just so fast as he lifts his congregation forward into the spiritual world, and no faster. The preacher cannot in spirituality outrun his congregation.

"Like priest, like people." You are consecrated teachers. We are fastened to others, and we go up when we take others up with us. No man can appear at the throne of God and claim his heirship to the Eternal unless he brings others with him. They are all the credentials that will admit a man into heaven. If he stands before the gate with a credential that says he is a member of a certain church, baptized in a certain way, believes in a certain creed, has attended faithfully all the prayer meetings, has always been found in his pew on Sunday, and has paid for the rent of that pew, it will not be sufficient to gain him admission into heaven. Heaven will say, "Have you brought any souls here, redeemed, purified, elevated, happy, glorified?" That is the question which heaven will ask of any one who appears there claiming the right to enter, and if you can say that your witnesses and credentials are in the students you bring with you, the gates of heaven will open wide and angels will sing, "Welcome home."

But the question always comes to us, "What are we going to do in *this* world? We have got to live? We have come here to develop ourselves so that we may have employment in this world. What is going to secure me employment?" That is the question that every pupil, that every far-seeing young man and woman, is asking himself or herself. Most of you — at least I know not one of you who has not — have come here not simply for the sake of accomplishment, as it is called, but you have come here to prepare yourselves for a career in this world. To put it in secular terms, you have come here to learn to do business; you have come here to learn how to join the great procession of the business world, and you are individually asking yourselves, "What shall I do?" I remember when I was at the medical college, one of the faculty began a lecture by saying, "Gentlemen, I am going to show you to-day in what your bread and butter lies." Every student's ear was eager. He opened a course then in Materia Medica, to me the driest study I ever took up, for I believe that medicine is in law, natural law, and that he that obeys it has all the medicine he wants. I had to take it up, however, because I had to pass an examination in it, but when the lecturer spoke of the bread and butter side, I was all attention. I never saw a person who was not interested in the bread and butter side. It is perfectly right to be so. "Muzzle not the ox when he treadeth out the corn." "The laborer is worthy of his hire." Now, how can you be made perfectly sure that you will always have employment, and the people will always hire you and pay you for teaching them? Can you do them any good? is the question; not, Can you teach them an abstraction? This is a needy world. Can you help people physically, mentally, morally? If so you are sure to have all you can do, *absolutely* sure. Your ability to serve others is a credential which will forever open to you every opportunity. What chances are there for business in teaching oratory? Make the teaching of it large enough and there is every opportunity for obtaining employment. Teaching this work is a crying need. It is said that a dog knows when meat is poisoned and won't eat it, but I heard a man say, "Starve a dog long enough, and he will eat it even if it is poisoned." The world is so hungry for what it feels intuitively that there may be in the study of expression, that it will eat meat that is poisoned. If it is so hungry then that it will eat poison, depend upon it that it is ready to devour the truth if it is presented. There never was a time when there was such a demand for this kind of work as now. I do not say there never will be, because the demand is increasing. You say that the educators of the world are getting tired of so called elocution. Thank God, they are. An educator looks to see whether a thing is educational or not; and when he sees that it is truly educational he takes hold of it. All educators find your work educational, and that is the reason that all educators indorse and encourage this work as soon as they learn what it is.

The great and good do not get along in this world because smooth surfaces only are presented to them; they get on because the omnipotent engine of truth is in them, and therefore there is no path so rough that they cannot walk in it, and no mountain so high that they cannot climb it with ease. Many of you will keep growing until you will become objects of envy to those who are incapable of succeeding. Then you will be like a magnificent elephant that I once saw led through the streets (the ele-

phant is the sublimest animal that walks on four legs)—all the dogs in the street barked at that elephant because he was bigger than they were; so they will bark at you. I know a little English pug that attacks a Newfoundland or mastiff every time either appears. The large dog looks ashamed and hurt for that little dog, to think that he should presume so much, but he never turns to look at him; just goes right on as a faithful dog should and pays not the slightest attention. If a little dog comes along and another little dog barks at him, he always barks back, because he is a little dog himself.

"When Michael the archangel contended with the devil over the body of Moses he brought no railing accusation against Satan, but said, 'The Lord rebuke thee.'" Keep ever this example before you. "He that was reviled, reviled not again." Let nothing embitter your spirit. Why, the wickeder the world is, the more it needs your love. Keep in touch with the Infinite Heart, so that divine love shall pour right through your souls. Preserve your sweetness through all the bitter experiences of life. Poor Demosthenes, when Athens failed to appreciate him, besought the young men never to go into public. Not because there was no need of them, not because freedom was established in Athens, but because, as he said, the public would not appreciate them. That was not Christ-like. Christ was hurt more than he, and he told his followers that they should have tribulation, but that they must rejoice when they suffered, and be exceeding glad, for great was their reward in heaven. The more a plant of sweet perfume is bruised the more it fills the air with its sweetness. So is it with the pure heart; the more it is bruised the sweeter the life which flows from it. Keep this inspiring truth ever before you: "So long as I can wipe away one tear of sorrow from any human being the world has need of me."

The world will employ you so long as you can help others. This cry that comes up from any class of persons that they cannot get employment, that they cannot get work to do, is not a criticism on the world, not a criticism on the public; it is a criticism on that crier. He is unconsciously revealing himself and virtually advertising to the whole world that he cannot dry a tear, he cannot do anything that helps anybody. Your success all rests upon your power to help. Do not advertise much. Let your work advertise for you. Let what you do be your advertisement.

The world feels the need of divine love to be manifested not only through Christ, but through his followers. A great and good man said, many years ago, in trying to show people how God loved persons through other persons, "I want God to see me, but I want he should see me through human eyes. I want God to hear me, but I want he should hear me through human ears. I want God to love me, but I want he should love me through human hearts." That is the cry of humanity. You tell men that God loves them, and they will say, "We want him to love us through our fellow-beings." Think of yourselves then as of those through whom God loves and blesses others.

If you have studied anything that does not directly help you to bless your fellow-beings, you have studied in vain; instead of feeding on the manna of heaven, you have fed on chaff and the winds. Everything you learn must become concrete, and when it becomes concrete you must give it to humanity. I do not know how to stop talking to you, but the time has come when I must bring my words to a close. I am not going to bid you good-by, because you and I are going to meet again. Whenever you come to this city you will feel, I know, that the doors of this college are not open to new-comers merely. If the children do not come home to visit us, so that we can have a day of thanksgiving, the parents will grieve. We beg of you that wherever we are, whatever building we are in, whether this or some other, this or that house which you are going to help to build by and by (applause)— which we are waiting to christen by the name of the Temple of Oratory —whether you come to us while we are in this building or in the new one (and it is a little while hence before we shall have that building erected), remember that whatever doors inclose us they are open to you. Come bringing your sheaves with you; come tell us what you have been doing for others. You do not need to tell us what salary you are getting. I know you will have enough — that you will have great gain if you will do good work — but tell us how

many persons you have helped. Tell us the results in others. You need not even stop to tell us that you have been full of the doctrines you have received in this college, for I should say, "What are the results?" If you can report as the disciples did when they told Christ that "the very devils are subject to us," we shall rejoice. Evil appears in many forms of mental and physical weakness—disease, ignorance, and stupidity. Bring reports that these are all subject to the power of your teaching and personal influence.

Now, you see this pile of diplomas before me. It is said, though I do not know how true it is, that when Daniel Webster received from old Dartmouth his diploma, he went outside of his class and tore it to pieces. "What did you do that for, Daniel?"—"Because I am afraid that if I keep it I shall lean on it; and I must lean on my work, my endeavor, in the future." One said to him, "Didn't it hurt you when you tore it in pieces?"—"O yes, but I felt that I should hurt it more if I leaned upon it." Now, you had better take these out with you, if you are going to lean on them, and tear them to pieces, but if you will take them out and not lean on them, you may keep them in remembrance of us. [A voice, "Do you think Daniel Webster worked as hard for his diploma as we have worked for ours?"] I don't know. I met an old man who told me how he left off using tobacco. "I heard a man praying about it, that the Lord would so move the hearts of these young men that they would not use any more tobacco. I had a big cud in my mouth and a plug in my pocket; I threw both into the fire. I have never used any since." Another old man told me he had been using tobacco for a number of years; but he got religion and found there was no room for religion and tobacco in the same man. He said he would not destroy his tobacco, but keep it. The other man was afraid he would use it again, but this man laid it in the stairway so that he could see it and smell it. "Then," said he, "if right in the midst of it and smelling it I am not obliged to use it I shall think my spirit has outgrown it as well as my practice. I never used it any more, nor did I feel the need of it." Yes, his spirit outgrew it and he is not now, I believe, where the smoke of such torments ascends forever and forever. So keep this with you, but do not lean upon it. Lean on the good you can do to others, and you will be carried not by a reward of your good work done, but by an ever-living present which will bear you on to greatness as the river's current bears the stately ship out into the ocean. Never rest upon past laurels, but constantly earn new and brighter crowns. As Sacred Writ enjoins, "Leave the first principles and go on unto perfection." The manna of merit will not keep. It must be gathered from the harvest of fresh endeavor each succeeding day.

The Following is a List of the Graduating Class.

Applicants for Diploma Curriculi Superioris Honoris.

Cousins, Elvira L.	Nichols, Edith L.
Cox, Edwin E.	Northrop, Cora E.
Farrington, Isabel H.	Palmer, Almond E.
Gaylord, Joseph S.	Plummer, Clare L.
Harper, Cecil	Roberts, Jesse M.
Hasie, George E.	Safford, Agnes M.
Husted, Edith M.	Shepard, Jessie L.
Jones, Grace S.	Trapp, Harriet J.
Kidder, Chas. W.	Tripp, Walter B.
Metcalf, Fredric A.	Weeks, Sara M.
Moore, Alice L.	Wetherbee, Maud L.

Applicants for Diploma Curriculi Honoris.

Acken, Eva A.	Hill, Estelle M.
Abbey, L. Pauline	Hoadley, Frances C.
Adams, Elizabeth E.	Holt, Ruth B.
Atwater, Wm. E.	Hornick, Ethel A.
Beebe, Gertrude	Johnson, Emma F.
Bell, Leon E.	Kingsley, Lettie M.
Brightman, Addie R.	Lake, Marion
Brooks, Alida W.	Lamkin, Grace M.
Brown, Nellie	Learoyd, Adaline K.
Burnett, Elvie E.	Lockwood, Grace A.
Burke, Mary E.	Martin, Blanche C.
Canney, Mary T.	Mills, Anna D.
Carey, Laura M.	Morgan, Minnie L.
Carlton, Jennie P.	Newton, Clara D.
Chase, Carrie D.	Newton, May T.
Chase, Wm. E.	Nicholson, Carrie E.
Colby, Gerta M.	Noone, Mary E.
Conant, Albert F.	Pierce, Alice R.
Crane, Edward G.	Puffer, Mabel E.
Crocker, Adelaide M.	Rainey, Ada E.
Crommett, Jessie B.	Robinson, Emily
Curry, Thomas A.	Roes, Addie E.
Dawson, Grafelia	Rogers, Catherine E.
Esterly, Ola	Russell, Maud
Freeman, Edith E.	Shapleigh, Bertram L.
Gatchell, Maud L.	Sherman, Mary L.
Gibbs, Emma D.	Snow, Mabel C.
Ginn, Mary	Stambaugh, Mary E.
Gould, Ethelynd	Sullivan, Eleanor L.
Gregory, Clara W.	Tebbetts, Ruth C.
Hackett, Sadie A.	Temple, Mary I.
Hardy, Grace M.	Teskey, Sara R.
Harris, Albert M.	Tracy, Geo. E.
Hatch, Martha A.	Walker, Susan M.

Williams, Eloise H.
Wilmot, Lillian S.
Woodruff, Florence G.,
Worcester, Waldo F.
Woodside, Winnifred J.

Applicants for Diplomas.

Anderson, Annie M.
Beatty, Ella F.
Bliss, Ella F.
Brockway, Rosamond
Clark, Lillian A.
Cone, Mary B.
Fitch, Elizabeth W.
Frost, Elizabeth M.
Greely, Mary A.
Grilley, Chas. T.
Gulick, Lizzie A.
Hovey, Annette E.
Jones, Gertrude S.
Lick, Emily
Lindsey, Alton C.
Love, Jenny C.
Lovejoy, Maud T.
MacColl, Christina
McDuffee, Cora E.
Neilsen, Theo.
Ogden, Florence
Phelps, Pauline I.
Poole, Grace L.
Pugh, Genevieve
Sawyer, Mary G.
Sprague, Edna M.
Whitcomb, Ethel
Wood, Lucy M.

College Societies.

Alumni Association.

The annual meeting of the Alumni Association of the Emerson College of Oratory was held on Saturday, May 6, at the College building. After the reading of reports the regular election of officers for the coming year took place. The result was as follows: president, Henry L. Southwick; vice-president, Mrs. Ida M. Riley; secretary and treasurer, Fredric A. Metcalf; executive committee, Mrs. Jessie E. Southwick, Mr. Walter B. Tripp, Miss Anne Blalock, Miss Sadie Tower, Miss Lillia E. Smith, Mr. Cecil Harper, Mr. Joseph S. Gaylord, Mrs. M. Florence Johnson, Mr. Wm. E. Atwater, Miss Ellen Hansen.

The meeting voted to arrange for an Alumni Day next year, with special exercises, banquet, etc. This was done from a feeling that the association should be made a yet more active factor in the welfare of the College. The meeting also gave its sanction to the College pin as shown them by the committee appointed by members of the College, and the pin was formally accepted as the authorized pin of the institution, with the understanding that it be worn only by the alumni and graduates.

No other business of importance was transacted and the meeting adjourned at 12.30 P. M.

History of the Association.

On the afternoon of April 20, 1889, a meeting of the postgraduates of the Monroe College of Oratory was held in the office of the College, for the purpose of forming an Alumni Association. It was organized, according to the preamble to its constitution, "as an association for promoting a closer union among graduates of the Monroe (now Emerson) College, and for the extension of the influence and usefulness of our Alma Mater."

The result of the meeting was so satisfactory that notices were sent to all graduates whose names and addresses could be obtained, and a committee was appointed to draft a constitution.

On May 3, 1889, the first meeting of the association was held in Wesleyan Hall, and after the constitution had been accepted the active work of the body began. At this meeting a petition was drawn up to be sent to the trustees requesting a formal change of name from the "Monroe College of Oratory" to the "Emerson College of Oratory," which resulted in the present name of the College. After the name of the College had been changed the Alumni Association took a corresponding title, becoming the "Alumni Association of the Emerson College of Oratory," which name it holds at the present time. Shortly after this the executive committee were requested by the class of '89 to do something toward raising a fund for a College building. Various plans were suggested. At last, in the spring of 1890, it was thought advisable to arrange an entertainment for the building fund. This was done, and through the kindness of eminent artists and the work of the committee, the association was able to present the trustees with $950 as a result of this enterprise. This sum is now held in trust for the building fund.

At the regular meeting in 1890 the possibility of starting a College periodical was presented, and a resolution advising such a move was adopted. Several unsuccessful attempts were made within the next two years, and at last, during the present session, the EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE has been issued.

At the meeting of 1891 the coupon plan of raising funds for the building to be called "The Emerson College Temple of Oratory" was discussed and adopted. Blanks were prepared by which means about $4000 was raised. The blanks are still in the hands of Mr. Walter B. Tripp, and may be had on application to him at the Emerson College of Oratory. He will be glad to give information concerning this fund.

The plan of an "Alumni Club" was also brought before the meeting, and from suggestions given by the association grew the Emerson Alumni Club, whose good work has proved so helpful to those who have attended. At this meeting also was appointed the first committee in regard to a College pin, from which movement resulted the choice of a College pin this year.

In 1892 the association again took up the Magazine question, and appointed a committee to act in conjunction with a committee from the Southwick Literary Society. The result, as has been before stated, was the present year's issue of the EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE, the success of which we all know.

Such is a brief recounting of the work of the Alumni Association of the Emerson College of Oratory, a society whose record as a helpful factor in the work of the College is unsurpassed, and an association which should be first in its influence for the good of our dear Alma Mater. We point with pride to the past, and extend to all graduates a cordial invitation to join with us in the good work. We have a great mission in the future. Our College must have a home, a building of its own, and we must help to build it. Let us then unite, and make this association what it should be, "the power behind the throne."

Will you aid us? If so, send one dollar together with your name and address to the secretary; this will entitle you to life membership. Members who have not done so are requested to send name and address to the secretary, as there are a number of names on the roll for which he has no place of residence.

FREDRIC A. METCALF, *Sec'y.*

The Southwick Literary Society.

The work of the Southwick Literary Society for the past year has been varied and constantly increasing in scope; it has, besides "promoting development in oratory," taken up and agitated subjects of importance to the entire school, and in short has been the right arm of the College.

The year began under Prof. Kidder's administration; his words of welcome greeted us at the first meeting of the year, and his cordial invitation urged both old and new members of the school to assist in carrying forward the work of the society. But Prof. Kidder's work this year, though brilliant, was brief; for before the close of the afternoon, while yet his honors were new upon him, he abdicated his right to the throne, and Prof. Metcalf reigned in his stead. "The king is dead. Long live the king" is the English translation of the applause that resounded through the hall as the new monarch ascended the throne. His reign was peaceful, and devoted largely to internal improvement; the constitution and by-laws were printed and distributed. A delightful afternoon of readings by Prof. Churchill was enjoyed at this period.

Prof. Metcalf was succeeded by Prof. Harper, who presided over three very enjoyable meetings; at one of them he

spoke to the students of the time-honored custom of making the College a present of some kind at the close of the year, and suggested that at present the great need was a library, or at least the nucleus of one. The suggestion was heartily approved, and a committee was appointed to discuss the possibility of the plan, and at a later meeting reported that the College would provide a room, book-shelves, and a librarian, also that it would assume all the expense of giving the play of "The Rivals" in Odd Fellows Hall, in order that all the proceeds might go unreservedly toward the purchase of books. The success of this — but "something too much of this," for we may be intrenching on forbidden ground.

On the first meeting of the last term Prof. Henry L. Southwick entered upon his second term of office. With his usual clear-sightedness he perceived that there were avenues of usefulness still unopened by the society, and among other improvements at once reëstablished the committee for the care of the sick. He took the entire work of rehearsing the play of "The Rivals," which surely amply repaid his labors and reflected great credit upon the president and the College as well. It was a great success and brought to a fitting close the excellent work of the year.

EDA LULETTE NICHOLS, *Sec'y*.

April Meeting.

The officers for the present term are H. L. Southwick, president; M. L. Swigert, vice-president; Eda L. Nichols, secretary; Sara M. Weeks, treasurer.

At the meeting held April 21, the following interesting program was presented:

CLARINET SOLO.—"Vier Charakterstücke," Op. . . . *Verhey*
Allegro vivace
Andante
Allegretto con moto
Moto vivace
C. L. STAATS, Clarinet Virtuoso.
MISS DOWNER, Pianist.

SONG.—"Of Thee I Fondly Dream" . . . . . *Salaman*
MISS CLARA WARNER.

DEBATE

Resolved, That the government should own and control the railroads of the United States.

Affirmative,	W. E. ATWATER.	Negative,	A. E. PALMER.
	FLORENCE C. SHERWOOD.		EMILY LICK.
	EDITH M. WHITMORE.		ELLEN A. HANSEN.
	B. C. EDWARDS.		F. S. BERNAUER.

SONG.—"Polacca," from Esmerald . . . . . *Goring Thomas*
MISS CLARA WARNER.

CLARINET SOLO.—{Canzonetta / Serenade} Op. 19 . . . . . *Pierue*
C. L. STAATS.

QUARTETTE.—Song "Star of the Evening" . . . . . *Giffe*
J. S. GAYLORD.
L. E. BELL.
W. E. CHASE.
G. E. HASIE.

On account of the necessary absence of Mr. Bell the last number was withdrawn, but the debate was spirited and excellent and the playing of Mr. Staats and Miss Downer exceedingly artistic.

The chairman of the library committee announced that Sheridan's comedy of "The Rivals" would be given on Friday afternoon, May 5, in Odd Fellows Hall, with a Faculty cast; the entire proceeds to be devoted to the purchase of books for the library, as the College would defray all expenses.

The Southwick Debating Club.

During the past year, the second of its history, the Southwick Debating Club has done a large amount of effective work. In addition to twenty regular meetings of its own it has met in friendly warfare with the debating clubs of Boston University and the Y. M. C. A. The discipline gained in its various forms of activity have been in educational value second only to the regular work of the College.

Emerson Alumni Club.

The fourth annual meeting of the Emerson Alumni Club was held at the Hotel Thorndike on Saturday, May 20, when the following officers were elected for the incoming year: President, Fredric A. Metcalf; vice-president, Fanny Darrow; secretary and treasurer, Lillian A. Clark; executive committee, Henry

L. Southwick, Charles W. Kidder, Cecil Harper. After a substantial lunch, to which all did ample justice, the time was spent in socially discussing the program for next year, which will consist of miscellaneous lectures delivered before the club. The work the past year has created much interest; all being engaged in the study of voice have gladly added to their knowledge of acoustics, while the part of each meeting devoted to the discussion of college work and methods has been helpful not only to present pupils of the College, but especially to those who are teaching outside, as it has kept them informed of the new ideas which are constantly developing. F. D.

Contributions

Reading in Our Public Schools.

By Margaret T. Hurley.

Supervisor of Reading in the Public Schools, Fall River Mass.

One must have an ideal in this work. The ideal may never be realized, but it is in the reaching for the ideal that a soul is breathed into the work. It is deplorable that in so many of our public schools the mechanical side of reading, if reading in its true sense can have a mechanical side, receives so much attention.

I have seen children eight years old, children who come from unlettered homes, find the pictures in Longfellow's poems and give them with the artist's touch. I recall a lesson from Evangeline where the child asked permission to go to the board to draw the fireplace as he saw it and show how the "smoke-wreaths struggled together like foes in a burning city."

There is no need to urge the expression after the child has the mental concept of the picture. He is anxious to show his picture. Herein he differs from older people. The pictures belong to a child after he has found them. Mr. Longfellow has painted them for him with a beautiful touch. It is through the imagination of childhood that we are enabled to teach the sense of beauty in its broadest meaning.

A visitor to one of our sixth grade schools wondered at the beautiful rendering of "King Robert of Sicily" by the pupils. She asked how it was possible to do such work. A poem, new to the pupils, "Bell of Atri," was taught, and she marveled more at the children's word-paintings than she had at the reading. I am happy to add that the teacher was from a training school in another city.

Pres. Emerson's physical exercises are taught in our schools, and there has been a perceptible change in the carriage of the children since these movements have been introduced. The time devoted daily to physical culture in our schools is necessarily short, so that the results are slow, but we know from our own experience and the experience of private pupils that the results are sure. It is only a case of reaching for the ideal. I should like to write you about a girl who works in a mill. She was a delicate girl, obliged to leave her work frequently on account of weakness. About a year and a half ago she began physical culture with me, and she informed me this week that for the last nine months she had not had a sick day, and is never tired after her day's work now. She is enthusiastic about Pres. Emerson's physical exercises. I have been asked to give a lecture on physical culture to a club composed mostly of working girls, and gladly consented.

If we are to ever have a strong nation it must be through the people. I feel with Abraham Lincoln that "God must love the common people because there are so many of them."

THE MEADOW BROOK.

By Hattie M. Dennison.

O sweet and tiny little rippling brook!
That through the meadow grasses flows along,
I wonder, can I catch your melody
Or put your bubbling sweetness into song?

O little brook! come whisper in my ear
Thy memories of summer in its prime;
Of bee and bird and odor-laden air,
That I may breathe their richness in my rhyme.

Thou hast no thought for all thy trials past,
No sigh for all the months of winter's reign,
But only gladness in thy heart and voice
That now at last the spring has come again.

I know thou didst not feel thy chains, O brook,
As human hearts feel misery or care,
Thou only slept'st through all the dreary time
And wak'dst rejoiced to feel the vernal air.

And yet I envy not thy lot, O brook,
I rather suffer pain if that must be,
Than not to feel the flow of deep, deep thought,
A soul to live through all eternity,

But there's a lesson in thy life for me,
Of patience, hope, and cheerfulness and glee.
Though long and drear the winter, dark the sky,
The sun and summer we again shall see.

Work for Workers.

By Helen Hamblen.

I have often asked my classmates who are now connected with the Emerson College as instructors if they were never siezed with a desire to start out and give to the world, that is, those parts of the English speaking world now struggling under the old-fashioned elocutionary methods, their better wisdom.

As far as I could learn after many months passed in England there is no so called college of oratory, no institution that devotes itself exclusively to this branch of art, in the British Isles. There is however a little school in London, started by a lady who was sent out by and was under the patronage of Mrs. Noble of Detroit, a well-known teacher in this line.

The school, though small, was considered a great success when I visited it, now two years since, and has probably been constantly increasing in strength. It always seemed to me that London would be a most excellent place for some energetic young men and women of the Emerson College to work, a place virtually empty of such workers.

Still many things are requisite for such an undertaking. One must have practical experience and plenty of it before starting, also a reputation. This shall be your handle, so to speak; by this people will be able to lift you and compare your weight with others.

Last, but not least, *influence;* one must have some "backing"; in conquering a new city one must be armed.

Now, then, we wonder who will shoulder arms first? We are convinced this is a most excellent field for battle. Living is not dearer than in Boston, and one would have the advantages of a great city—the great advantages of London.

Personals.

Brief items with reference to the work of our students are always interesting to our readers and consequently welcome in our columns. The kindly co-operation of our friends is earnestly requested in filling this department of the Magazine.

Armstrong . . .

During the past winter Rev. T. L. Armstrong gave, either wholly or in part, eight free concerts. At various times he was assisted by Mrs. Hackett, Misses Lick, Brown, Wood, Abbey, Brightman, Brooks, Mills, Acken, Neill, and Messrs. Roberts and Atwater.

Atkins . . .

Miss Mattie Josephine Atkins, '92, is now at her home in Denver, Col., where her work has received the hearty indorsement of pulpit and press. The *Colorado Sun* and Rev. Dr. McIntyre speak of her public reading in terms of the warmest appreciation. She is also

engaged in teaching a class in oratory in the Y. M. C. A.

Blalock . . .

Miss Anne Blalock, '91, lately delivered a lecture on the "Evolution of Art" before the Unity Club, 16 Arlington Street, of which a very full report appeared in the daily press. She will have charge of the department of oratory at the Monteagle Chautauqua this summer.

Chase . . .

Miss Harriet S. Chase has been teaching during the past school year at the Methodist Conference Seminary, Tilton, N. H.

Chase . . .

Mr. Wm. E. Chase, '93, of Newburyport, Mass., is spending the summer in preparation for work in the College next winter.

Coates and Husted . . .

On Thursday evening, March 2, Misses Coates, '92, and Husted, '92, read at the Congregational church, Nantasket, to a large and appreciative audience. Miss Coates has been engaged for the coming concert season by the Y. M. C. A. bureau of Boston. During July and August she will read and teach at the Y. M. C. A. convention to be held at N. Lubec, Me.

Colbath . . .

We are in receipt of a beautifully illuminated copy of the late Bishop Brooks' "Easter Angels," for which courtesy our gratitude is due to the publishers, Messrs. D. W. Colbath & Co., Jamaica Plain.

Crawford . . .

From her home in Minersville, Pa., Miss Norma D. Crawford, '91, sends greeting to all her friends. During the past two years she has been largely occupied in the lecture field. Next fall she contemplates a trip to Paris.

Farrington . . .

Through the months of May and June Miss Farrington will continue the instruction at Thayer Academy which she began there last year at this time.

Field . . .

Miss Clara L. Field, of Vineland, N. J., writes to a friend here that the MAGAZINE is a welcome visitor at her home, enabling her to live again in memory the helpful experience of several years ago when she was a pupil of the College. The portrait of Pres. Emerson in the first number was particularly appreciated.

Gelbart . . .

Miss Hallie F. Gelbart, '92, has been engaged in reading and teaching during the past winter at her home in Meriden, Conn. She has had two large private classes and has averaged two readings a week during the entire season. She is a member of the Hartford Ladies' Quartette and has lately made a tour to New Haven, New York, Brooklyn, Washington, and other large cities.

Gregory . . .

Miss Clara Weeks Gregory gave a charming recital and reception Wednesday evening, May 3, at her parlors, 100 Pembroke street. Miss Lillian Eaton gave several artistic vocal selections and Mr. Shapleigh filled up the evening with music. Many friends were present and enjoyed all from the beginning to the end.

Hanson . . .

Miss Nellie A. Hanson will be prepared to receive pupils during the months of July and August at West Falmouth, Mass.

Hill . . .

We were favored during the last two weeks of the spring term with a visit from Miss Evelena Hill of the class of '89, who has been spending the past winter at her home in Williamsburg, Mass.

Hill . . .

Miss Florence Hill, '90, of Cambridge, is engaged in private teaching and public reading.

Hollingshed and Ward . . .

On Wednesday afternoon, April 5, Messrs. Hollingshed and Ward gave an illustrated lecture on "Our Country" in Berkeley Hall. The audience was not large, but it was appreciative, and those who staid at home missed a genuine treat. Starting from Philadelphia, the lecturer conducted us across the continent to San Francisco, Puget Sound, and the Pacific Coast. The views were excellent and the lecture highly instructive as well as entertaining. Mr. Hollingshed was the lecturer and Mr. Ward varied the exercises by several choice recitations well rendered. These gentlemen are deserving of the highest encouragement and we wish for them abundant success.

Hoyt . . .

During the coming season Miss Daisy Carroll Hoyt will be associated with "The Rivals" as a reader in the place of Mrs. Southwick.

Hussey . . .

Miss Mary L. Hussey is most successfully teaching physical culture and oratory in Salem, Mass. She recently gave an entertainment with her class which was much enjoyed.

Johnson . . .

Mrs. M. Florence Johnson, '86, of Milford, Mass., is engaged in private and class teaching.

Karnan . . .

Mrs. Ida W. Karnan, '92, in connection with the Y. W. C. A. of Cambridge recently gave an exhibition of her work in physical culture, voice culture, and rendering, to a very enthusiastic audience of nearly eight hundred people, among whom were many of the educators of the Cambridge public schools. Mrs. Karnan has private and class pupils in both Cambridge and Malden.

King . . .

Miss Julia T. King, '91, will spend her summer quietly at her home, Murray Hill Place, Denver, Col.

Klein . . .

With her well known enterprise Miss Margaret A. Klein, '90, who is teaching in the Sarah Randolph School and the Winchester School for Girls, Baltimore, Md., gave on April 23, a celebration of Shakespeare's birth, at which readings and songs were rendered by her pupils from "The Merchant of Venice," "Cymbeline," "Twelfth Night," "Macbeth," "Midsummer Night's Dream," and "As You Like It."

Knox . . .

Miss Elizabeth F. Knox, a junior of last year, is at the head of the department of oratory and vocal music in the Normal School at Truro, N. S. She has also introduced Visible Speech there, and created quite an interest in this new branch of study. During the past summer Miss Knox had charge of large classes in the Emerson system of physical culture and oratory at Fort Atkinson, Wis. Several readings by the same young lady have received favorable press notice in the local papers of both the above named places.

Lee . . .

Miss Ida Chase Lee, who was in the College last year, has lately made an extensive tour with her mother through Colorado and other Western States. They are at present in Boston, and Miss Lee, who has been engaged in literary work, is looking well.

Love . . .

Miss Jennie C. Love, '94, recently recited before the Epworth League of the Methodist church, Keene, N. H.

McBride . . .

Miss Hilda McBride, '92, is engaged in teaching the work of the College privately in the city, and has nearly thirty pupils.

Mellen . . .

Division E of the Freshman class were the guests of Miss Sarah Mellen of North Cambridge, Friday afternoon, April 27. Miss Mellen's beautiful home was thrown hospitably open, and after some most delightful hours a dainty luncheon was served. The time passed all too quickly for the happy Emersonians, who felt that they had learned to know each other better, and received a new supply of the true Emersonian spirit. The kindness of the hostess made it a long-to-be-remembered day for Division E.

Morgan . . .

Mrs. Ellsworth E. Morgan lately gave a recital in Berkeley Hall, assisted by Miss Georgie Pray, 'cello soloist, Mrs. Martha Dana Shepard, pianist, Miss Elvie E. Burnett, reader, and Mr. Mart Dow, reciter.

Neilsen . . .

We clip the following communication from *The Woman's Journal*, Boston, April 1:

"As a musical critic the writer attended last week Thursday the entertainment given by the Southwick Literary Society in this city, and wishes to say a word in favor of the singing on that occasion of Miss Theodora Neilsen, which evinced a contralto voice of richness and volume well adapted to opera and oratorio, which she sang. Her chest tones are especially fine, and she is strongest in the part of the range in which singers are generally weaker. Her articulation, both in the English and Italian, is remarkably clear. The study of Shakespeare with elocution and physical culture has been a benefit in her musical studies, a hint some of our older singers might profit by. She is still studying, and only study is needed to develop unusual powers and to make her a singer of great merit."

Nichols and Lamprell . . .

On Wednesday, May 10, Misses Nichols, '92, and Lamprell, '94, gave readings at the Congregational church, North Cohasset, which were greatly enjoyed.

Noyes . . .

Miss Adelaide E. Noyes is engaged in teaching at Lowell, Mass., and recently gave an entertainment at her rooms in the Swan building. The physical exercises of the class and the recitations of the juvenile members are spoken of in terms of warm praise by the local press.

Ormsby . . .

Mrs. Jennie Ray Ormsby, who graduated in '92, is meeting with grand success in teaching at her home in Bluffton, Ind. She writes that her friends were at first inclined to think it only a Boston fad, but she now has seventy-five pupils, this number having been kept good all through the winter.

Parker . . .

Mrs. J. A. Parker, '85, of Roxbury, Mass., has found the Emerson work of great value in the education of her children. To one of her daughters who was broken down in health she gave the physical exercises with the gratifying result of seeing her fully recover. Indeed so marked was the child's gain that she received the prize in calisthenics from her teacher, who was an officer of the British army.

Peck . . .

Miss Emily B. Peck, '82, is teaching in the public schools, Roxbury, Mass.

Plummer . . .

Miss Clare L. Plummer, '92, Boston, expects to visit the World's Fair and her friend Mrs. Scribner, *nee* Pitman, '92. During the coming winter she will be engaged in teaching in Boston.

Raymond . . .

Miss Glenn Raymond, '92, has been invited to join a concert company with Prof. Geo. Whelpton of Buffalo, to give entertainments at the prominent pleasure resorts in the Catskills.

Reger . . .

Mrs. L. Levering Reger has charge of the department of oratory and belles-lettres in Miss Marshall's preparatory and collegiate school, Philadelphia. She has also private classes from the School of Design, and a Shakespeare Club, which has secured the occasional assistance of Mr. Horace Howard Furness, the editor of the Variorum Shakespeare. Her work has received the indorsement of Prof. McAllister and other leading educators of Philadelphia.

Root . . .

Mrs. Susie B. Root, formerly a pupil of one of our students in the New York College for the training of teachers, and subsequently a pupil of our Summer School at Martha's Vineyard, and a private pupil of Prof. Kidder, is now supervisor of physical culture in the Salt Lake City public schools.

Rowe . . .

Miss S. F. Rowe of Dean Academy, Franklin, will carry on her summer work (private and class) at West Falmouth, where much pleasure and profit are anticipated.

Sanderson . . .

In our February issue we erroneously stated that Mrs. Hattie Colburn Sanderson, wife of Prof. George W. Sanderson of Indiana University, was assisting in the ladies' gymnasium of the same institution. We should have said that Mrs. Sanderson is *director* of the women's gymnasium, and has occupied the position ever since it was opened. As the office of director is one of greater dignity and responsibility, and one also commanding a much larger salary than that of assistant, we are well pleased to correct our error and accord a deserved honor to our esteemed alumna.

Scott . . .

Miss Maude A. Scott, '90, of Cambridge, has been meeting with great success in singing. During the coming winter she expects to read and teach in the vicinity of Boston.

Snow . . .

Miss Mabel Snow has recently given successful readings at Concord Junction, East Milton, Allston, People's Church, Boston. She also gave a recital at Hyde Park, March 7, which was commended most highly.

Tower . . .

Miss Sarah L. Tower, '90, St. Louis, Mo., while abroad in Europe during the past two years became much interested in the "Working Men and Women's Self Culture Clubs," and during the coming winter hopes to devote much time to them by reading, work in physical culture, and teaching the evolution of expression.